POEMS
WITH THE
MVSES
LOOKING-GLASSE:
AND
AMYNTAS.

By THOMAS RANDOLPH Master of Arts, and late Fellow of *Trinity* Colledge in *Cambridge.*



OXFORD,
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD Printer to the Vniversity, for FRANCIS BOWMAN:
M. DC. XXXVIII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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M. DC. XXXVIII.

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DEARE BROTHER Mr THO. RANDOLPH.

IN such a solemne traine of freinds that sing
Thy Dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring
Religious Anthemes to attend thy Hearse,
Striving t'embalme thy precious name in verse:
I, that should most, have no more power to raise
Trophies to thee, or bring one graine of praise
To crowne thy Altar, then the Orbes dispence
Motion without their sole Intelligence.
For I confesse that power which workes in mee
Is but a weake resultance tooke from thee;
And if some scatter'd seeds of heare divine
Flame in my brest, they are deriv'd from thine:
And these low sickly numbers must be such,
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch.
So like a spungy cloud that sucks up raine
From the fat soile to send it back againe;
There may be now from me some language shownc
To urge thy merit, but 'twas first thy owne:
For though the Doners influence be past
For new effects, the old impressions last;
As in a bleeding trunk we oft descry
Leaps in the head, and rowlings in the eye,
By vertue of some spirits, that alone
Doe tune those Organs though the soule be gone.

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By vertue of some spirits, that alone
Doe tune those Organs though the soule be gone.

But since I adde unto this generall noise
Only weake sounds, and Echoes of thy voice;
Be this a taske for deeper mouthes, while I
That cannot bribe the Phansy, thaw the eye:
And on that Grave where they advance thy praise
Doe plant a sprigge of Cypresse not of Bayes.
Yet slow these teares not that thy Reliques sit
Fix'd to their cell a constant Anchorit:
Nor am I stirr'd that thy pale ashes have
O're the darke Climate of a private Grave
No faire inscription: such distempers flow (know
From poore lay-thoughts, whose blindnesse cannot,
That to discerning Spirits the Grave can be
But a large wombe to Immortality:
And a faire vertuous name can stand alone
Brasse to the Tombe, and marble to the stone.
No, 'tis that Ghostly progeny we mourne,
Which careless you let fall into the Vrne:
We had not slow'd with such a lavish tide
Of teares and greife, had not those Orphans dy'd.
For what had been my losse, who reading thine,
A Brother might hatie kiss'd in every line.
These that are left, Posterity must have;
Whom a strict care hath reseu'd from the Grave
To gather strength by Vnion; as the beames
Of the bright Sunne shot forth in severall streames,
And thinly scatter'd with lesse fervour passe,
Which cause a flame contracted in a Glasse.
These, if they cannot much advance thy fame,
May stand dumbe Statues to preserve thy name:
And like Sun-dialls to a day that's gone,
Though poore in use, can tell there was a Sunne.
Yet (if a faire confession plant no Bayes,
Nor modest truth conceiv'd a lavish praise)
I could to thy great glory tell this age,
Not one invenom'd line doth swell the page.

With

With guilty legends; but so cleare from all
That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall,
That 'tis observ'd in every leafe of thine,
Thou hast not scatter'd snakes in any line.
Here are no remnants tortur'd into rime
To gull the reeling judgments of the time;
Nor any stale reversions patch thy writ
Gleand from the ragges and frippery of wit.
Each syllable doth here as truly runne
Thine, as the light is proper to the Sunne.
Nay in those feebler lines which thy last breath
And labouring brains snatch'd from the skirts of death
Though not so strongly pure, we may descry
The father in his last posterity,
As clearly showne, as Virgins looks doe passe
Through a thinne lawne, or shaddowes in a glasse:
And in thy setting, as the Suns, confesse,
The same large brightnesse, though the heare be lesse.
Such native sweetnesse flowes in every line,
The Reader cannot choose but sweare 'tis thine.
Though I can tell a rugged sect there is
Of some fly-wits will judge a squint on this,
And from thy easy flux of language guesse
The fancies weake, because the noise is lesse;
As if that Channell which doth smoothly glide
With even streames flow'd with a shallow tide.
But let a quick-discerning judgment looke,
And with a peircing eye untwist thy booke
In every loome, I know the second veiw
Shall finde more lustre then the first could doe.
For have you seene when gazing on the skies
With strict survey a new succession rise
Of severall starres, which doe not so appeare
To every formall glance that shootes up there:
So when the serious eye has firmly been
Fix'd on the page, such large increase is seen

Of various fancy, that each ſeverall veiw
Makes the ſame fruitfull book a Mart of new.
But I forbeare this mention; ſince I muſt
Ranſack thy aſhes, and revile thy duſt
With ſuch low characters, I mean to raiſe
Thee to my contemplation, not my praiſe:
And they that wiſh thy Picture clearly ſhowne
In a true Glaſſe, I wiſh would uſe thy owne:
Where I preſume how e're thy vertues come
Ill ſhap'd abroad, th'art fairly dreſt at home.

RO. RANDOLPH. M.A. Student of C. Church.

Lectori nimiùm critico qui Authoris Feſcenninos ſales plus juſto rigidus interpretatur.

DExtra quid Archetypæ nudas myſteria charta?
Privatiq; aperis limina clauſa jocis?
Non lucem patitur ſed cœlebs margo venenum,
Et videt ingenuis toxica miſta jocis.
Quaq; ſtolata dedit ſanctus Floralia vates,
Exuis, & nudos das ſine veſte ſales.
Hinc tota immeritam jugulat cenſura papyrum,
Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo ſales.
Carnifices calamos & rauca jurgia Muſæ
Simplicitas caſti ſentit honeſta libri.
Quid culpæ fuerit ſi vatis amabile carmen
Laſcivam caſto ſchemate luſit anum?
Lintea ſi nudis iniecit pulchra pudendis?
Vel tegit incaſtam larva modeſta Deam?
Nulla tuis regnant niſi nomina maſcula chartis,
Si quod fœmineum eſt culpa legentis erit;
(Vt proles uteri primò qui clauſtra reliquit,
Maſcula, fœmineum vidimus arte Sporum.)
Das thalami luſus cortinæ at tegmine ſanctos,

Cynthia

Cynthia quos lectos gestiat esse suos.
Dii bene, quam sanctiùs loquitur Venus impia verbis?
Tyndaris & raptus hic stupet esse pios.
Lecta puella tuis dum spectat crimina chartis,
Visa sibi est furto sanctior ire suo.
I nunc ingenuæ parcas lex Iulia chartæ,
Scripta librum dederat, lecta lupanar erat.

Ro. Randolph. ex Ædę Christi.

BLest Spirit, when I first did see
The Genius of thy Poetrie,
Nimble and fluent; in a straine
Even with, if not beyond the braine
Of Laureats that crown'd the stage,
And liv'd the wonders of the age:
And this but sparkles from a fire
That flam'd up, and soar'd much higher;
I gaz'd desierous to see
Whither thy wit would carry thee.
Thy first rise was so high, that even
As needs it must, the next was heaven.

I. T. A. M.

In Authorem.

CAnescant alii, sterilique ætatis honore
Lætentur; fecit te tua Musa senem.
Parcarum labor est vitæ mensura peractæ:
Texuntur propria stamina vestra manu.
Felix qui primo excedis, Randolphe, sub ævo,
Nec Genii extincti prævia fata vides;
Dii bene non dederint effœtæ frigora vitæ:
Debes quo fueras natus in igne mori.

Tho. Terrent M. A. de
Ædę Christi.

Vpon Mr Randolph's Poems, collected and published after his Death.

As when a swelling Cloud melted to showres,
Sweetly diffuses fresh and active powers
Into the shrunke and thirstie veines of earth;
Blessing her barren wombe with a new birth
Of graine and fruit: and so redeemes a land
Of desperate people from th' destroying hand
Of merc'lesse Plague, Famine, or Dearth; and then
Collects it's streames unto the Ocean:
So thy diffusive soule, and fluent parts,
(Great miracle of naturall wit and Arts,)
Rapt up some Regions 'bove our Spheare, did flow
And showre their blessings downe on us below:
Whilst we, dull earth, in extasies did sit,
Almost o'rewhelmed with thy Floods of Wit.
What bloud of verse is pump't from our dry Braines,
Sprung like a rushing Torrent from thy Veines.
When a long Drought presag'd some fatall Dearth,
Thy unexhausted Founts gave us new byrth
Of Wit and verse: when *Cham*, or *Isis* fell,
Thy open'd Floudgates made their Riv'lets swell
'Bove their proud Banks: Where planted by thy hand
Th' *Hesperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Myrtles stand,
And those sweet Shades, where Lovers tell their blisses
To' th' whisp'ring leaves, and summe 'em up in kisses.
There in full Quire the Muses us'd to sing
Melodious Odes, bathing in *Cham*, their Spring:
And all the Graces, Tom, dwelt with thee too,
Crowning thy Front for old *Citherons* Brow.
Nor were we rich alone; Climes farre from hence
Acknowledge yet thy soveraigne influence:
Sicilians owe to thee their fruitfull *Vale*,
And *Cotswold Hill* thy Dewes created *Dale*.

All

All Lands and Soyles from hence were fruitfull growne,
And multipli'd the measures thou hadst sowne.
Green-sword-untilled milk-maids wish no blisses
Beyond a stammel Petticoat, and kisses,
And thy sweet *Dowry*! This alone, they cry,
Will make our Beasts and Milk to multiply.
And the dull Fallow Clownes, who never thought
Of God or Heaven but in a floud or drought,
Doe gape and pray for Crops of Wit, and vow
To make their Lads and Wenches Poets now.
For they can make their fields to laugh and sing
To th' Muses Pipe, and Winter rhime to spring.
They pray for the first curse, like Schollers now,
To earne their livings by their sweaty Brow.
Then the fine Gardens of the Court, are set
With Flowers sprung from thy Muses Coronet.
Those pretty Imps in Plush, that on trust goe
For their fine clothes, and their fine Iudgments too,
The Frontispice or Titlepage of Playes,
Whose whole discourse is —*As the Poet sayes*.
That Tavernes draine, (for Ivy is the signe
Of all such sack-shop wits, as well as wine.)
And make their verses dance on either hand
With numerous feet, whilst they want feet to stand.
That score up jests for every glasse or cup,
And th' totall summe behind the Doore cast up;
These had beene all dry'd up, and many more,
That quasse up *Helicon* upon thy score.
The sneaking Tribe, that drinke and write by sits,
As they can steale or borrow coine or wits,
That Pandars fee for Plots, and then belie
The paper with— *An excellent Comedie,*
Acted (more was the pitty,) *by th' Red Bull*
With great applause, of some vaine City Gull,
That damne Philosophy, and prove the curse
Of emptinesse, both in the Braine and Purse;

These

Theſe that ſcrape legges and trenchers to my Lord,
Had ſtarv'd but for ſome ſcraps pickt from thy Bord.
They'had try'd the Balladiers or Fidlers trade,
Or a *New Comedie* at Tiburne made.
Thus, Tom, thy pregnant Phancy crown'd us all
With wealthy ſhowers, or Mines Poeticall.
Nor did thy dews diſtill in a cold raine,
But with a flaſh of Lightning op't thy braine,
Which thaw'd our ſtupid ſpirits with lively heat,
And from our froſts fore'd a Poëticke ſweat.
And now, W it's Common-wealth by thee repriv'd,
(For its conſumption ſhewes it not long liv'd,)
Thy farre diſperſed Streames divert their courſe,
(Though ſome are damned up) to th' Muſes Sourſe.
This Ocean:--He that will ſadome it,
By's Lines ſhall ſound an *Ocean* of wit;
Not ſhallow, low, and troubled, but profound,
And vaſt, though in theſe narrow limits Bound.
The tribute of our eyes or pens, all we can pay,
Are ſome poore drops to thy *Pactolus* Sea,
And firſt ſtolne thence, though now ſo muddy growne
With our fowle channels, they ſcarce ſeeme thy owne.
Thus have I ſeene a peice of Coine, which bore
The Image of my King or Prince before,
New caſt into ſome Peaſant, looſe its grace;
Yet's the ſame body with a fowler face.
If our owne ſtore muſt pay, that Gold which was
Lent us in ſterling we muſt turne in braſſe.
Hadſt thou writ leſſe or worſe, then we might lay,
Something upon thy Vrne thou didſt not ſay:
But thou hadſt Phanſies vaſt Monopolie,
Our ſtocke will ſcarce amount t'an Elegie!
Yet all the Legacies thy Fatall day,
Bequeath'd, thy ſad Executour will pay.
To late Divines (by Will and Teſtament)
A Paraphraſt on each Commandement.

In Morall *Precepts*; with a *Disputation*
Ending the Quattells 'bout *Predestination*.
To those that study how to spend the Day,
And yet grow wise--*The Ethicks in a Play*.
To Poets, 'cause there is no greater curle,
Thou bequeathdst--Nothing, *in thy empty Purse*.
To City-Madams, that bespeak new faces
For every Play or Feast, *Thy Looking-glasses*.
And to their chamber-maids, who only can
Adorne their Ladies head, and dreame on man,
Th'ast left a *Dowry*; They till now, by stealth
Writ only members of the Common-wealth.
To Heaven thy *Ravish't Soule*, (though who shall look
Will say it lives in each line of thy Book.)
Thy *Dust*, unnaturall Reliques that could die,
To Earth; Thy *Fame* unto Eternitie.
A *Husband* to thy Widdow'd Poetrie,
Not from the Court but Vniversitie.
To thy sad Aunt, and now despairing mother,
Thy litle Orphans, and thy younger Brother;
From all of which this free Confessions fit,
The younger sister had the elder Wit.

Ad Auhorem.

MOllia quòd tenuis currunt mihi carmina filo,
Et manus in gyro stet breviore labor,
Dum tua constrictis assurgit Musa Cothurnis,
Et Veneres casto vincit Avena Ioco,
Cedimus inculti! Fato par Gloria nostro
Quod Tua mirentur Carmina, Nostra legant.

R. BRIDE-OAKE. A.M. No. Coll.

WHat need thy book crave any other fame,
It is enough that it beares *Randolphs* name.

Who sees the title, and him understood,
Must much condemne himself, or say tis good.
Goe forth example to the Neophyte,
Who hence should learne to Catechize his wit:
And dresse his Phancy by this glasse: whose Muse
Welfavour'd is, should here her face peruse,
It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace
She takes from th'owner of a beuteous face:
But if a menstruous, and illiterate eye
Blast her, the various specks shall soone descry
The foule beholder, and proclaime her spoile
Not to result from thence, but his own foyle.

ED. GAYTON. *M. A: Ioan.*

IMmortall BEN is dead; and as that ball
On *Ida* tos'd, so is his Crowne by all
The Infantry of wit. Vaine Priests! That chaire
Is only fit for his true Sonne and Heire.
Reach here the Lawrell: *Randolph*, 'tis thy praise:
Thy naked Scull shall well become the Bayes.
See, *Daphne* courts thy Ghost: and spite of fate,
Thy *Poems* shall be Poet *Laureat*.

G. W. *Ioan.*

To his worthy friend Mr ROBERT RANDOLPH. *of* Ch. Ch. *on the publishing of his Brothers Poems.*

WE thank you, worthy sir; that tis our hap
To praise even *Randolph* now without a clap,
And give our suffrage yet, though not our voice,
To shew the odds betwixt his fame and noyse:

Whose

Whose only modesty we could applaud,
That seldome durst presume to blush abroad;
And bear his vast Report, and setting forth
His vertues, grow a suff'rer of his worth,
Was scarce his own acquaintance, and did use
To hear himselfe reported but as newes;
So distant from himselfe, that one might dare
To say those two were nere familiar:
Whose polliſht Phancy hath so smoothly wrought,
That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought
To guesse it spent in every birth, to writ
Not as the guift but Legacy of his wit:
Whose unbid braine drops so much flowing worth,
That others are deliver'd, he brought forth;
That did not course in wit, and beat at least
Ten lines in fallow to put up one Iest;
Which still prevents our thought, we need not stay
To th'end, the Epigram is in the way.
The Towne might here grow Poet, nay tis se'd
Some *May'ors* could hence as eas'ly rime as read;
Whose losse we so much weepe, we cannot heare
His very *Comedyes* without a teare;
And when we read his mirth, are faine to pray
Leave from our griefe to call the worke a play:
Where fancy plaies with judgement, and so fits
That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits;
Where lines fulfill themselues, and are so right
That but a combats mention is a fight.
His phrase does bring to passe, and hee has lent
Language enough to give the Things Event;
The lines pronounce themselves, and we may say
The Actors were but Echoes of the Play:
Me thinkes the book does act, and we not doubt
To say it rather Enters then Comes out;
Which even you seeme to envy, whose device

Has made it viler even by its price.
And taught its value, which we count so great
That when we buy it cheapest we but cheat;
And when upon one Page we bleſſe our look,
How-ere we bargaine we have gain'd the book;
Freſh-men in this are forc't to have their right,
And 'tis no purchaſe though 'twere ſold in ſpight;
So doe we owe you ſtill, that Iesus know
He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show.

Ios. Howe. *Trin. Coll.* Oxon.

On his beloved friend the Author,
and his ingenious Poems.

WHat need theſe buſy wits? who hath a Mine
His owne, thus rich, needs not the ſcatter'd ſhine
Of leſſer heapes: Day dimmes a taper's light:
And Lamps are uſeleſſe, where there is no night.
Why then this traine of writers? forreigne verſe
Can adde no honour to a Poet's hearſe,
Whoſe every line, which he to paper lent,
Builds for himſelfe a laſting Monument.
Brave verſe this priviledge hath; Though all be dumbe,
That is the Authors Epitaph and Tombe.
Which when ambitious Pyles, th'oſtents of Pride,
To duſt ſhall fall, and in their ruins hide
Their then no more remembred Founders Name:
Theſe (like *Apollo* ever young) ſhall fame
The firſt compoſer; whoſe weigh'd workes ſhall tell
What Noble thoughts did in his boſome dwell.
But now I find the cauſe: they that doe praiſe
Deſert in others, for themſelves plant Baies:
For he that praiſes merit, loves it: thus

Hee's

Hee's good, for goodneſſe that's ſolicitous.
Elſe, though Hee diamonds keenly pointed write,
They but proclaime a quainter Hypocrite:
Thus in the future, it ſhall honour bee,
That men ſhall read their names bound up with thee,
So country Moles, that would at Court appeare,
Intrude ſome Camels traine that does live there.
So Creatures that had drown'd elſe, did imbarke
With *Noah*, and liv'd by being in his Arke.
Or if not thus; as when in Royall ſtate
Nobles attend Kings to inaugurate:
Or as laſt yeare when you both courts did ſee
Beget joyes noone in th' Vniverſity;
All the learn'd tribe in reverend Habits meet,
As if the Schooles were turn'd into the ſtreet;
Where each one ſtrove ſuch duty to put on,
As might give honour to their own Sunnes Sunne.
Such honour here our dimmer pennes would have,
In pompe to wait him to his ſolemne grave:
Since what he was, his own fruits better ſhow,
Then thoſe which planted here, by others, grow.
Rich jewels in themſelves ſuch luſtre caſt,
As gold about them, is no grace, but Waſt.
Such was his *Genius*: Like the eyes quick wink;
Hee could write ſooner, then an other think.
His play was Fancies flame, a lightning wit,
So ſhot, that it could ſooner pierce, then hit.
What e're he pleas'd, though but in ſport to prove,
Appear'd as true, as pitty dwells with love.
Had he ſaid thus, That diſcreet zeale might ſtan
Both with the Ieſuit, and the Puritan,
T'had been believ'd; That ſtoit from heat proceeds,
That chaſtity from eaſe, and fulneſſe breeds,
That women ought to wooe, as *Eve* at firſt
Woo'd Man, to make the world, and man accurſt.

All

All would be taken up for Truth: and ſenſe
Which knew Truth coming, would not going hence.
Had he maintain'd Rich *Lucans* worke had been
Meere Hiſtory; there would no pen be ſeen,
To call it Poem. If for *Ceſar* ſtood,
Great *Pompey* ſhould be neither weak, nor Good.
Oh! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Law,
Which now unſetled holds the world in awe:
He would have met ſome Oſtraciſme, I feare,
Leſt he had charm'd the purple Iudge to erre.
Nor could he only in his Native ſpeech
Robe his ripe thoughts; but even the Copious, Rich,
And lofty Greek, with Latine, did appeare
In him, as Orient in their proper ſphere:
That when in them, himſelfe he pleas'd t' expreſſe;
The raviſht hearer, could not but confeſſe,
He might as well old *Rome*, or *Athens* claime
For birth, as *Britaine*, circled with the Maine.
'Tis true, we have theſe languages ſtill left;
But ſpoken, as apparrell got by theft
Is worne: diſguis'd, and ſhadowed. Had hee
Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity;
Though wee ſhould ever in his change have loſt,
Wee might have gaind enough whereof to boaſt
Our nations better Genius; But now
Our hopes are nipt, e're they began to blow.
And ſure I am, his loſſe muſt needs ſtrike deep,
For whom in verſe, thus *Englands Eye* doth weepe.
Whoſe teares thus dew'd upon his mournefull duſt
I will not longer trouble. They that muſt
Carp though at beſt things; let them only read;
Theſe Poems here will ſtrike that humour dead.
Which I ſhould praiſe too: but in them I ſee
There is one blemiſh; for he hath nam'd mee.
Elſe, I'le not think the Reader ſo diſtreſt

In wit: but that he will admire the reſt,
Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth,
(And what I now ſhall write is modeſt truth,)
He knowes not him, who doth ſo much excell,
That could ſo quickly, doe ſo much, ſo well.

OWEN FELTHAM *Gent.*

On the death of Mr Randolph.

WHen *Donne*, and *Beaumont* dyed, an Epitaph
Some men (I well remember) thought unſafe;
And ſaid they did *preſume to write, unleſſe*
They could their teares in their expreſſion dreſſe.
But love makes me more bold, and telles me I
In humble termes to vent my piety
May ſafely dare; and reaſon thinks not fit,
For which I lov'd, I now ſhould feare that wit.
Reſpect lookes like a bargaine, if confinde
To rules preciſe; and is more juſt then kinde,
If by a poiz'd and equall teſtament
It turnes good-will, into a covenant;
Muſt every preſent offer'd to a Prince
Be juſt proportion'd to his eminence?
Or ought my *Elegy* unjuſt be thought
Becauſe I cannot mourne thee as I ought?
Such lawes as theſe, (if any be ſo bold)
Ought thoſe unskilfull but proud ſoules to hold,
Who think they could and did, at a due rate
Love thee; not mee, whoſe love was paſſionate,
And hath decreed, how ere the cenſure goe,
Thus much, although but thus, to let men know,
I doe admire no Comet did preſage
The mournfull period of thy wonder'd age;
Or that no *Sybill* did thy death fore tell,

***

Since

Since that by it alone more ill befell
The *Laurell-God*, then when the day was come
Wherein his *Delphick-Oracle* was dumbe:
In meaner wits that proverbe chance may hold
(That they which are soon ripe are seldome old)
But 'twas a poore one, and for thee unfit,
Whose infancy might teach their best years wit;
Whose talk was exemplary to their pains,
And whose discourse was tutor to their straines;
If thou wett serious, then the audience
Heard *Platoe's* works in *Tullies* eloquence:
If sad, the mourners knew no thrifty size
In teares, but still cri'd out, oh lend more eyes.
If merry, then the juyce of *Comedy*
Soe sweetned every word, that we might see
Each stander by having enough to doe
To temper mirth, untill some friend could wooe
Thee take the pains to write, that so that pressure
Checking thy soules quick motions, some small leasure
Might be obtain'd to make provision
Of breath, against the next *Scen's* action.
I could goe through thy works, which will survive
The funerall of time; and gladly strive
Beyond my power, to make that love appeare,
Which after death is best seen in a teare;
But praising one, I should dispraise the rest,
Since whatsoere thou didst, was still the best:
Since then I am perswaded that in thee
Wit at her acme was, and wee shall see
Posterity not daring to aspire
To equalize, but only to admire
Thee as their archetype; with thought of thee
Henceforth I'le thus enrich my memory.

While

While others count from Earth-quakes, and great frost;
And say i'th' last deare yeare, 'twould thus much cost.
My time-distinctions this shall be among,
Since wits-decay, or *Randolph's* death, —so long.

R. GOSTELOW. M^r. A. *Oxon.*

To the pious Memory of my deare Brother in-Law M^r Thomas Randolph.

READers, prepare your Fayth; who truly tells
His History, must needs write miracles.
Hee lisp'd Wit worthy th'Presse, as if that hee
Had us'd his Cradle as a Librarie.
Some of these Fruits had birth, when other Boyes
(His Elders) play'd with Nuts; Books were his Toyes.
Hee had not long of Playes Spectatour beene
But his small Feete wore *Socks* fit for the Seene.
Hee was not like those costive Wits, who blot
A quire of paper to contrive a Plot.
And e're they name it, crosse it, till it look
Rased with wounds like an old Mercers Book.
What pleas'd this yeare, is next in peices torne,
It suffers many deaths e're it be borne.
For Humours to lye leidger they are seene
Oft in a Taverne, and a Bowling-greene.
They doe observe each place, and company,
As strictly as a Traveller or Spie.
And deifying dunghills, seeme t'adore
The scumme of people, Watchman, Changling, Whore.
To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
With any Ragges they'le drink a pot of Ale;
Nay, what is more (a strange unusuall thing
With Poets) they will pay the reckoning;

And sit with patience an houre by th' Heeles
To learne the Non-sence of the Constables.
Such Iig-like flim-flams being got to make
The Rabble laugh, and nut-cracking forsake,
They goe Home (if th'have any) and there sit
In Gowne and Night-cap looking for some wit.
E're they compose, they must for a long space
Be dieted as Horses for the race.
They must not Bacon, Beefe, or Pudding eate,
A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meate.
The Good Houre come, and their Braine tun'd, they write,
But slow as dying men their Wills indite.
They pen by drams and scruples, from their quill
Words (although dreggy) flow not, but distill.
They stare, and sowre their faces; nay to vent
The Braines they eate their fingers excrement:
And scratch their Heads, as if they were about
(Their wit so hide-bound is) to pull it out.
Ev'ry bald speech though Comicall it bee
To their rack'd members proves a *Tragœdie*.
When they have had the Counsell of some freind,
And of their begging *Epilogue* made an end,
Their Play salutes the world, and claimes the Stage
For its inheritance, being now of Age.

But while they pump't their Phansy day and night,
Hee nothing harder found then not to write.
No dyet could corrupt, or mend his straine;
All tempers were the best to his sure Braine.
He could with raptures captivate the King,
Yet not endanger Button, or Bandstring.
Poems from him gush'd out so readily
As if they'd only been in's Memory;
Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought,
As theirs whose pen waits for the thirteenth thought.

They

They erre who say things quickly done soone fade;
Nature and Hee all in an Instant made.
Those that doe measure Fansies by the glasse,
And dote on such as cost more time, may passe
In rank with Gulls, whom folly doth entice
To thinke that best which has the greatest price.
Who poreing on their Spungy Braine still squeeze,
Neglect the creame, and only save the Lees.
Stopping their flying quill, they clip Fames wing,
Make *Helicon* a puddle that's a Spring.
Nor was his Hast hoodwinkt; his Rage was wise,
His Fury counsell had, his rashnesse eyes.
Though hee (as Engines arrowes) shot forth wit,
Yet aim'd with all the proper marks to hit.
His Inke ne're stain'd the Surplice; he doth right
That sometimes takes a care to misse the white.
Hee turn'd no Scripture phrase into a jest;
Hee was inspir'd with raptures, not possest.
Some Divelish Poets thinke their *Muse* dotes ill
Vnlesse their verses doe prophane or kill.
They boldly write what I should feare to thinke,
Words that doe paie their paper, black their Inke.
The Titles of their *Satyrs* fright some more
Then *Lord have mercy* writ upon a doore.
Although his wit was sharp as others, yet
It never wounded; thus a Razer set
In a wise Barbers hand tickles the skin,
And leaves a smooth not carbonaded chin.
So soveraigne was his Phansy, that you'd think
His quickning pen did Balsam drop not Inke.
Read's *Elegies* and you will see his praise
Doth many soules fore th' Resurrection raise.
No venom's in his Book; his very *Snake*
You may as safely as a Flower take.

There's none needs feare to surfet with his phrase,
He has no *Gyant* raptures to amaze
And torture weake capacities with wonder:
He (by his Laurell guarded) nere did Thunder
As those strong bumbast Wits, whose Poetrie
Sounds like a Charme, or *Spanish* Pedigree.
Who with their Phancy towring 'bove the Sun,
Have in their stile *Babells* confusion.
If puny eyes doe read their verses, they
Will think 'tis *Hebrew* writ the *English* way.
His Lines doe runne smooth as the feet of time;
Each leafe though rich, swells not with gouty rime.
Here is no thrum, or knot; *Arachne* ne're
Weav'd a more even webb; and as they are
Listed for smoothnesse, so in this againe
That each Thread's spun, and warp'd by his own braine.
We have some *Poetasters*, who although
They ne're beyond the writing-Schoole did goe,
Sit at *Apollo's* Table, when as they
But midwives are, not Parents to a Play.
Were they betray'd, they'd be each Coblers scoffe,
Laught at, as one whose Periwig's blowne off.
Their Braines lye all in Notes; Lord! how they'd looke
If they should chance to loose their Table-book!
Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all
But by some neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.
With what an extasy shall we behold
This Book, which is no Ghost of any old
Wormeaten Authour; heres no jest, or hint,
But had his Head both for it's Ore an' mint.
Wer't not for some Translations, none could know
Whether he had e're look'd in Book or no.
He could discourse of any subject, yet
No cold premeditated sence repeat;

As he that nothing at the Table talkes,
But what was cook'd in's ſtudy or the walkes;
Whoſe wit (like a ſun-diall) only can
Goe true in this, or that *Meridian*.
Each Climate was to him his proper Sphеare,
You'd think he had been brought up every where.
Was he at Court? his Complements would be
Rich wrought with Phanſies beſt embroderie;
Which the ſpruſe Gallants *Echo* like would ſpeake
So oft, as they'd be thread-bare in a weeke.
They lov'd even his Abuſes, the ſame jeere
So witty 'twas, would ſting and pleaſe their eare.
Read's flowry *Paſtoralls*, and you will ſweare
Hee was not *Johnſons* only, but *Pans* Heire.
His ſmooth *Amyntas* would perſwade even me
To think he alwaies liv'd in *Sicilie*.
Thoſe happier Groves that ſhaded him, were all
As *Trees of knowledge*, and Prophеticall.
Dodon's were but the type of them; Leaves were
Books in old time, but became Schollers here.
Had he liv'd till *Weſtminſter Hall* was ſeen
In *Forreſt Townes*, perhaps he *ſin'd* had been.
Whilſt others made Trees *Maypoles*, he could doe
As *Orpheus* did, and make them Dancers too.
But theſe were the light ſports of his ſpare time;
He was as able to diſpute as rime:
And all (two gifts ne're injoy'd before) outwent
As well in Syllogiſme as Complement.
Who looks within his clearer *Glaſſe*, will ſay
At once he writ an *Ethick*, *Truth* and *Play*.
When he in *Cambridge Schooles* did *moderate*,
(Truth never found a ſubtler Advocate)
He had as many Auditours, as thoſe
Who preach, their mouths being *Silenc'd*, through the Noſe.

The

The Grave Divines ſtood gazing, as if there
In words was colour, or in th' eye an eare:
To heare him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a Throng, and love a noyſome ſmother.
Though plodding Pates much time and oyle had ſpent
In beating out an obſcure Argument;
He could untie, not break, the ſubtleſt knot
Their puzling Art could weave; nay he had got
The trick on't ſo, as if that he had been
Within each Braine, and the nice folding ſeen.
Who went to th' *Schooles Peripateticks*, came,
If he diſputed, home in *Plato's* name.
His *Oppoſitions* were as *Text*; ſome le'd
With wonder, thought he had not *urg'd* but read.
Nor was his Judgment all *Philoſophy*;
He was in points of deepe *Divinitie*
Only *Not* Doctor; his true Catho'lique Braine
The Learning of a *Councell* did containe.
But all his *Works* are loſt, his *Fire* is out;
Theſe are but's Aſhes, which were throwne about
And now rak'd up together, all wee have
With pious ſacrilege ſnatch'd from his Grave
Are a few meteours; which may make it ſeem
That Tom is yet alive, but *Randolph's* dead.
Thus when a Merchant poſting o're the ſea
With his rich loaden ſhippe is caſt away,
Some light ſmall Wares doe ſwim unto the ſhore,
But th' great and ſolid Prizes ne're riſe more.

RIC. WEST, *Bac. of Arts, and*
Student of Chr. Church.

ON THE INESTIMABLE CONTENT HE INIOYES IN THE MVSES, TO THOSE of his Friends that dehort him *from* POETRY.

GOE sordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
My high-borne soule, that flies a nobler pitch!
Thou can'st not tempt her with adulterate show,
She beares no appetite that flaggs so low.
Should both the *Indies* spread their lapps to me,
And court my eyes to wish their Treasurie,
My better *will* they neither could entice;
Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.
For what poore things had these possessions showne,
When all were mine, but I were not mine owne!
Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,
And I am rich in wishing none of these.
For say; which happinesse would you beg first,
Still to have drink, or never to haue thirst?

No ſervants on my beck attendant ſtand,
Yet are my paſſions all at my command;
Reaſon within me ſhall ſole ruler be,
And every ſenſe ſhall weare her livery.
Lord of my ſelfe in cheife; when they that have
More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my ſlaue.
Yet I as well as they, with more content
Have in my ſelfe a Houſhold government.
My intellectuall ſoule hath there poſſeſt
The Stewards place, to governe all the reſt.
When I goe forth my Eyes too Vſhers are,
And dutifully walke before me bare.
My Leggs run Footmen by me. Goe on ſtand
My ready Armes waite cloſe on either hand.
My Lipps are Porters to the dangerous dore:
And either Eare a truſty Auditor:
And when abroad I goe, *Fancy* ſhall be
My skilfull Coachman, and ſhall hurry me
Through Heaven & Earth, and *Neptune's* watry plaine,
And in a moment drive me back againe.
The charge of all my Cellar, Thirſt, is thine;
Thou Butler art and Yeoman of my wine.
Stomacke the Cooke, whoſe diſhes beſt delight,
Becauſe their only ſawce is *Appetite*.
My other Cooke *digeſtion*; where to me
Teeth carve, and Palat will the taſter be.
And the two Eylids, when I goe to ſleepe,
Like carefull groomes my ſilent chamber keepe.
Where leaſt a cold oppreſſe my vitall part,
A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.

And

And leaſt too great a heat procure my paine,
The Lungs ſame winde to coole thoſe parts againe.
Within the inner cloſet of my braine
Attend the nobler members of my traine.
Invention Maſter of my Mint growes there,
And *Memory* my faithfull Treaſurer.
And though in others' tis a treacherous part,
My Toungue is *Secretary* to my heart.
And then the pages of my ſoule and ſenſe,
Love, Anger, Pleaſure, Griefe, Concupiſcence,
And all affections elſe are taught t'obey
Like ſubjects, not like favourites to ſway.
This is my Mannor-houſe, and men ſhall ſee
I here live Maiſter of my family.
Say then thou man of worth, in what degree
May thy proud fortunes over-ballance me?
Thy many barks plough the rough Oceans backe,
And I am never frighted with a wracke.
Thy flocks of ſheepe are numberleſſe to tell,
And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well.
Thou haſt a thouſand ſeverall farmes to let;
And I doe feede on ne're a Tenants ſweat.
Thou haſt the Commons to Incloſure brought;
And I have fixt a bound to my vaſt thought.
Variety is ſought for to delight
Thy witty and ambitious Appetite;
Three Elements, at leaſt, diſpeopled be,
To ſatisfie judicious gluttony:
And yet for this I love my Commons here,
Above the choiceſt of thy dainty cheere.

Noe widdowes curſe caters a diſh of mine,
I drinke no teares of Orphans in my wine.
Thou maiſt perchance to ſome great office come,
And I can rule a Common wealth at home.
And that preheminence injoy more free,
Then thou puft up with vaine Authority.
What boots it him a large command to have,
Whoſe every part is ſome poore vices ſlave!
Which over him as proudly Lords it there,
As o're the ruſticke he can domineere.
Whilſt he poore ſwaines doth threat, in his own eyes
Luſt and Concupiſcence doe Tyrannize.
Ambition wrackes his heart with jealous feare,
And baſtard flattery captivates his eare.
He on poſterity may fixe his care,
And I can ſtudy on the times that were.
He ſtands upon a pinacle to ſhow
His dangerous height, whilſt I ſit ſafe below.
Thy father hords up gold for thee to ſpend,
When death will play the office of a friend,
And take him hence, which yet he thinkes too late:
My nothing to inherit is a fate
Above thy birth-right, ſhould it double be;
No longing expectation tortures me.
I can my fathers reverend head ſurvay,
And yet not wiſh that every haire were gray.
My conſtant *Genius* ſayes I happier ſtand,
And richer in his life, then in his land.
And when thou haſt an heyre, that for thy gold
Will thinke each day makes thee an yeare to old;

And ever gaping to poſſeſſe thy ſtore,
Conceives thy age to be above foureſcore
'Cauſe his is one and twenty, and will pray
The too ſlow houres to haſt, and every day
Beſpeake thy Coffin, curſing every bell,
That he heares tole, 'cauſe 'tis anothers knell;
(And juſtly at thy life he may repine,
For his is but a wardſhip during thine.)
Mine ſhall have no ſuch thoughts, if I have one
He ſhall be more a pupill then a ſonne:
And at my grave weepe truth, and ſay deaths hand,
That bountifully unto thine gave land,
But rob'd him of a Tutor; Curſed ſtore!
There is no piety but amongſt the poore.
Goe then confeſſe which of us fathers be
The happier made in our poſterity:
I in my Orphane that hath nought beſide
His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide.
Thou ſeverall Artiſts doeſt imploy to ſhow
The meaſure of thy lands; that thou maiſt know
How much of earth thou haſt: while I doe call
My thoughts to ſcan how little 'tis in all.
Thou haſt thy hounds to hunt the timorous hare,
The crafty fox, or the more noble deere;
Till at a fault perchance thy Lordſhip be,
And ſome poore citty varlet hunt for thee.
For 'tis not poore *Actæons* fault alone;
Hounds have devour'd more Maſters ſure then one.
Whilſt I the while purſueing my content,
With the quicke Noſtrils of a judgement, ſent

The hidden ſteps of nature, and there ſee
Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye.
Thou haſt a Hawke, and to that height doth flye
Thy underſtanding, if it ſoare ſo high:
While I my ſoule with Eagles Pinions wing;
To ſtoope at Heaven, and in her Talons bring
A glorious conſtellation, ſporting there
With him whoſe belt of ſtarres adornes the ſpheare.
Thou haſt thy landskips, and the painters try
With all their ſkill to pleaſe thy wanton eye.
Here ſhadowy groves, and craggy mountaines there;
Here Rivers headlong fall, there ſprings runne cleare;
The Heavens bright Raies through clouds muſt azure ſhow,
Circled about with *Iris* gawdy bow.
And what of this? I reall Heavens doe ſee,
True ſprings, true groves, whilſt yours but ſhadows be.
Nor of your houſhhold ſtuffe ſo proudly boaſt,
Compoſ'd of curioſity and coſt.
Your two beſt chambers are unfurniſhed,
Th' inner and upper roome, the heart and head.
But you will ſay the comfort of a life
Is in the partner of our joyes, a wife.
You may have choice of brides, you need not wooe
The rich, the faire; they both are proferd you:
But what fond virgin will my love preferre,
That only in *Parnaſſus* joynture her!
Yet thy baſe match I ſcorne, an honeſt pride
I harbour here that ſcornes a market bride.
Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold,
And ſacred love is baſely bought and ſold.

Wives

Wives are growne traffique, marriage is a trade,
And when a nuptiall of two hearts is made,
There muſt of moneyes too a wedding be,
That coine as well as men may multiplye.
O humane blindneſſe! had we eyes to ſee,
There is no wealth to valiant poetry!
And yet what want I Heaven or Earth can yeeld?
Me thinkes I now poſſeſſe the *Eliſian* field.
Into my cheſt the yellow *Tagus* flowes,
While my plate fleete in bright *Pactolus* rowes.
Th' *Heſperian* Orchard's mine, mine, mine is all:
Thus am I rich in wealth poëticall.
Why ſtrive you then my friends to circumvent
My ſoule, and rob me of my bleſt content?
Why out of ignorant love counſell you me
To leave the Muſes and my poëtry?
Which ſhould I leave and never follow more,
I might perchance get riches and be poore.

In Anguem, qui *Lycorin* dormientem amplexus eſt.

VEr erat, & flores per apertum libera campum
(Vt Cereris *ſpes una) legit mea flamma Lycoris.*
At nimio tandem ſtudio, nimioq; labore
Admiſit ſomnos virides defeſſa per herbas.
Vtq; erat, & placidum carpebant membra ſaporem,
Alternâ varius maculâ de flore propinquo

Per

Per veſtes tacitè ſubrepſit Lubricus anguis.
Vidi ego, & attonitam perculſus frigore mentem,
Omnia pertimui: Tu me Rhodopëia *conjux*
Serpentum inſidiis blando directa marito,
Prima feris: ſed cum tendentem innoxia vidi
Spicula, nec laſſæ fraudem intentare puellæ:
Quam longè timor hic abiit, maiore ſecuto
Namq; levis totum luſtravit vipera corpus;
Iamq; ſuam Lybiam *& ſteriles faſtidit arenas:*
Et mirata femur, ventremq; atque ubera lacte
Candidiora ſuo; Tali fas, *dixit,* in arvo
Fas mihi ſemper erit, perq; iſtos ſerpere colles.
Me videt & metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis.
Sub niveoque latet collo, ſua lilia credens;
Purpureis mox uſque genis allapſus, in iſtis
Tutiùs eſt hærere roſis, & dulciùs, *inquit.*
Tum frontem ſpectans, venaſq; in fronte tumentes,
Quænam (*ait ille*) jugo violæ naſcuntur in iſto?
Hinc ad Cæſariem ſurgit, flavoſq; capillos,
Et ſtupet auratam formoſo in vertice ſylvam.
Heſperiumq; *nemus iam credit, credidit hortum.*
Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde ſuperbâ
Non illi Myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaq; Quercus,
Theſſala *nec* Pinus, *nec erat* Penëia *laurus.*
Gaudia iam tota implèrant ſecura perîcli
Fœtora, deſcendit rurſus, totoſq; per artus
Laſcivus geſtit numeroſo ludere gyro.
Caudaq; formoſum cingat dum frigida collum,
Labra petit labris, & Nectaris oſcula libat,
Spirantesque haurit Zephiros, atque omnia Phœnix

Qu

Quæ potuit moriens precioso imponere busto.
Quicquid olent Arabes, *sævum non inde venenum,*
Sed velut Hyblæos *discurrens incola campos,*
Mella legit nova nuper Apis: jam credite, possit
Inter Aristæi *serpens armenta vagari.*
Ah quoties metui cœlestes frigidus Artes,
Rivalemq; Iovem! formâ ne callidus istâ
Appeteret nostram, petiit Deoïda Nympham.
Exerit ille caput (toto iam corde voluptas
Insedit) Cantuq; suæ blanditur amicæ,
Dulciaq; erectis modulatur sibila cristis.
Excutitur Nymphæ somnus, iam membra refecta
Luminaq; attollit totum admittentia Phœbum.
Dumq; ibi dispersos flores, lapsamq; coronam
Colligit in gremio, maculosus cernitur anguis.
Illa (sibi notæ quanta est fiducia formæ!)
Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,
Admovitq; sinu, colloq; & pectore fovit.
Hic ludens modo per digitos novus annulus ibat,
Splendida nunc mediam complexus Zona puellam;
Vivaq; per teretes pendens armilla lacertos.
Gratior ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras
Flectitur, innumeros sese variavit in orbes,
Candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.
Ah nimium superis, nimium est dilecta Lycoris!
Eoos alii fluctus, & littora rubra
Scrutantur; nulli misit prius Africa gemmas.
Perniciem quæcunq; parant & flebile virus
Humano generi, cupiunt ornare Lycorin.
Namq; eâ, parva licet, summo quæ pendula tecto

Nectit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta
Æmula vidisset, subito novus ardor amantis
Pectus agit: Serpens nè, *inquit*, tibi gemma Licoris:
Nulla ego contulerim divinæ munera formæ!
Nec mora; deposcit radios, sua retia mittit,
Quæq; solet trepidis venabula tendere muscis,
Et tibi subtiles meditatur Aranea telas.
Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix
Deliciis fruere & triplici rapis oscula linguâ,
(*Sic semper novus exuviis & pelle renatâ*
Perfectam repetas per secula mille juventam!)
Vestras pulchram artes & pharmaca vestra Lycorin
Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,
Nec fronti turpes inscribant tempora rugas.
At nova perpetuò facies, eademq; Lycorin
Monstret, & in speculo nunquam sese altera quærat,
Et Venerem *formâ superans ævoq;* Sybillam.
At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissime Serpens,
Quando renascentes numerâsti sæpius annos,
Accedas astris sidus, Pythone *remoto,*
Fluminis in morem flexus; Tu deinde Lycori
Cum tædet vitæ Serpenti *proxima charo*
Stella nites, cœlumq; bea, tibi detq; Cathedram
Cassiopæa *suam, det* Bacchi Virgo Coronam.

Englished thus Ἡ ἔαρ ἐγένετο.

THe spring was come, and all the fields growne fine,
My flame *Lycoris* like young *Proserpine*

Went

Went forth to gather flowers, betuing their ſcent
They tooke more ſweetneſſe from her, then they lent.
Now loaden with her harveſt, and o'repreſſ't
With her ſweete toyle, ſhe laid her downe to reſt.
Lyllies did ſtrow her couch, and proud were growne
To beare a whitneſſe purer then their owne.
Roſes fell downe ſoft pillowes to her head,
And bluſht themſelves into a deeper red
To emulate her cheekes: *Flora* did ſet
Her maids to worke to weave the Violet
Into a purple rugge, to ſhield the faire
Lycoris from the malice of the Ayre.
When loe a ſnake hid in the neighbour bowres,
(Ah who could think treaſon ſhould lurke in flowers?)
Shootes forth her checker'd skin, and gently creepes
Ore my *Lycoris*, that as gently ſleepes.
I ſaw it, and a ſodaine froſt poſſeſt
My frighted ſoule in my then troubled breſt.
What feares appear'd not to my mind and me?
Thou firſt wert call'd bemoan'd *Euridice*;
By ſerpents envy forced to expire,
From *Orpheus* rapt, and his death conquering lyre.
But when I found he wore a guiltleſſe ſting,
And more of love did then of treaſon bring:
How quickly could my former feare depart;
And to a greater leave my iealous heart!
For the ſmooth Viper every member ſcands,
Africk he loaths now, and the barren ſands
That nurſt him, wondring at the glorious ſight
Of thighes and belly, and her breſts more white

Then their owne milke: *Ah might I ſtill* (quoth he)
Crawle in ſuch fields, 'twixt two ſuch mountaines be!
There me he ſpied, and fearing to be ſeen,
Shrowds to her neck, thinking 't had Lyllies been.
But viewing her bright cheekes, he ſoone did crye
Vnder you Roſes ſhall I ſafer lye.
Thence did her forehead with full veines appeare,
Good heaven (quoth he) *what violets growe here*
On this cleare Promontary? Hence he ſlides
Vp to her lockes, and through her treſſes glides,
Her yellow treſſes; dazel'd to behold
A gliſtring groue, an intire wood of Gold.
Th' *Heſperian* wood he thinkes he now hath ſeene,
That thought, But now, they had an Orchard beene;
For leaves and boughs the *Archimenian* vine,
The *Dodon* Oak and the *Theſſalian* Pine
muſt yeeld to theſe, no trees ſo bright as they,
Nor *Paphian* Mirtles, nor *Penëian* bay!
Ioy now filld all his breſt, no timorous feare
Of danger could find roome to harbour there.
Downe ſlips he and about each limbe he hurles
His wanton body into numerous curles.
And while his taile had throwne it ſelfe a chaine
About her necke, his head beares up againe;
With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
And there with kiſſes ſteept in *Nectar* meets.
Thence *Zephyr's* breath he ſuckes, then doth he ſmell
Perfumes that all th' *Arabian* gummes excell.
And ſpices that doe build the *Phœnix* Pyre,
When ſhe renewes her youth in funerall fire.

Nor seekes he poyson there, but like the Bee
That on mount *Hybla* plyes her husbandry.
He gathers honey thence, now, now I know
With *Aristæus* flocks a snake may goe.
Ah cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly sleight,
And I*ove* my rival, that his old deceit
Had once againe this borrowed shape put on
To court my Nimph, as he *Deöis* wonne.
Up lift the snake his head (for pleasure now
Held all his soule) and with erected brow
To flatter's Loue he sung; he strives to play,
And hisses forth a well tun'd Roundelay.
This wakes the Nymph, her eyes admit the day;
Here flowers, and there her scatter'd garlands lay,
Which as shee picks up and with bents reryes,
Shee in her lap the speckled Serpent spyes.
The Nymph no signe of any terrour shows,
(How bold is beauty when her strength shee knows!)
And in her hand the tender worm shee grasp'd,
While it sometimes about her finger clasp'd.
A ring enamel'd, then her tender waist
In manner of a gitdle round imbrac't;
And now upon her arme a braslet hung,
Where for the greater ornament, he flung
His limber body into severall folds,
And twenty winding figures, where it holds
Her amorous pulse, in many a various twist,
And many a love-knot ryes upon her wrist.
Lycoris to the Gods thou art too deare,
And too too much of heaven belov'd I feare.

This or that Nymph's the red-sea spoiles may be,
But *Lybia* ne're sent Iewels but to thee.
What e're to us are deaths and poysons sent,
Desire to be *Lycoris* ornament.
For that same litle spider that hangs up,
Together with her web on the house top,
When shee beheld the snake a bracelet made,
Struck with an envy, and a love; shee said,
And shall a snake thy Gemme Lycoris bee,
And such bright formе receive no tyres from mee?
Then flings her nets away, and throwing by
Her subtle toyl shee sets to catch the fly;
To th'loom Arachne goes, and plyes it there,
To work a robe for my *Lycoris* weare.
But thou, ô Serpent, which so blest canst bee
To reap those joyes for which I envy thee:
That, happy worm, upon her lip hast hung,
Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue,
(So may'st thou age and skin together cast,
And oft recall thy youth, when it is past.)
Teach my *Lycoris* what your Arts may bee,
Let her th' Ingredients of thy Cordials see.
That shee may ne're grow old, that times dull plow
May never print a wrincle in her brow.
I charge thee in the pow'rfull *Cupids* name
May a new beauty alwayes and the same
Lycoris shew, ne're may shee in her glasse
Look for her own, and find another face.
Venus for beauty may shee then appear,
When shee has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* year,

And when, deare Snake, thou wilt no more renew
Thy youthfull vigour, bid base earth adiew.
Adde glory to the night, or from his sphcare
Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there:
Where like a river thou shalt bending go,
And through the Orbe a starry torrent flow.
And thou *Lycoris*, when th' art pleas'd to take
No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake*
Shine forth a constellation, full, and bright;
Blesse the poor heavens with more majestick light.
Who in requitall shall present you there,
Ariadnes Crown, and *Cassiopæas Chayr*.

A complaint against Cupid *that he never made him in Love.*

HOw many of thy Captives (Love) complaine
Thou yoak'st thy slaves in too severe a chaine?
I' have heard 'em their Poetique malice shew,
To curse thy Quiver, and blaspheme thy bow.
Calling thee boy, and blind; threatning the rod,
Prophanely swearing that thou art no God.
Or if thou be; not from the starry place;
But born below, and of the Stygian race.
But yet these Atheists that thy shafts dislike,
Thou canst be freindly to, and daigne to strike.
This on his *Cloris* spends his thoughts and time;
That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rime.

A third ſpeaks raptures, and hath gaind a wit
By praiſing *Celia*, elſe had miſ't of it.
But I that think there can no freedom be,
(*Cupid*) ſo ſweet, as thy Captivity.
I that could wiſh thy chains, and live content
To wear them, not my Gives, but ornament:
I that could any ranſom pay to thee,
Not to redeem, but ſell my liberty;
I am neglected; let the cauſe be known;
Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,
That wert ſo prodigall? or doſt thou pleaſe
To ſet thy Pillars up with Hercules
Weary of conqueſt? or ſhould I diſgrace
Thy victories, if I were daign'd a place
Amongſt thy other Trophies? none of theſe,
Witneſſe thy dayly triumphs: who but ſees
Thou ſtill purſueſt thy game from high to low;
No age, no Sexe can ſcape thy pow'rfull bow.
Decrepite age whoſe veins and bones may bee
An Argument againſt Philoſophy,
To prove an emptineſſe, that has no ſenſe
Left but his feeling, feels thy influence,
And dying dotes: not babes thy ſhafts can miſſe;
How quickly Infants can be taught to kiſſe! (row,
As the poor Apes being dumb theſe words would bor-
I was born to day to get a babe to morrow.
Each plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,
Tilling the earth, and wiſhing t' were his love.
Am I invulnerable? is the dart
Rebeaten, which thou level'ſt at my heart?

Ill rest my Parents bones, if they have done
As *Tethis* once did to her God-like sonne
The great *Archilles*, dipt in Stygian lake;
Though I am so, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,
Try where I am not proof, and let me feel
Thy 'archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel.
Perchance my heart lyes there; who would not be
A Coward, to be valiant made by thee.
I cannot say thy blindnesse is the cause,
That I am barr'd the freedom of thy laws;
The wretched out-Law of thy Mothers Court,
That place of comfort, Paradise of sport.
For they may say, that say thou blind canst be,
Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see.
Not *Argus* with so many lights did shine,
For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine.
Think'st thou because I doe the Muses love,
I in thy Camp would a faint souldier prove?
How came *Musæus*, and *Anacreon* then
Into thy troops? how came *Tibullus* pen
Amongst thy spears; and how came *Ovid* (say)
To be enrold great Generall in thy pay?
And doubts thou me? suspect you I will tell
The hidden misteries of your *Paphian* cell,
To the straight lac'd *Diana*? or betray
The secrets of the night, unto the day?
No *Cupid*, by thy mothers doves I swear,
And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear.
If *Philomel* descend to sport with me;
Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as shee.

Though shee hath lost her tongue; in such delights
All should be like her, only talk by nights:
Make me thy Preist (if Poets truth divine)
I'le make the Muses wanton; at thy shrine
They all shall wait; and *Dian's* selfe shall be
A votresse to thy Mothers Nunnerie.
Where zeale with nature shall maintaine no strife;
Where none swear chastity, and single life.
To *Venus*-Nuns an easier oath is read,
Shee breaks her vow, that keeps her maiden head.
Reject not then your *Flamin's* ministry:
Let me but deacon in thy Temples be:
And see how I shall touch my pow'rfull lyre,
And more inspir'd with thine, then *Phœbus* fire,
Chaunt such a moving verse, as soon should frame
Desire of dalliance in the coyest dame;
Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone;
And force her to untrusse her Virgin Zone.
Is *Lucrece*, or *Penelope* alive?
Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* wife;
Or any of the *vestals* hither call,
And I will make them be thy converts all.
Who like good Proselites more in heart then show,
Shall to thy origies all so zealous go,
That *Thais* shall, nor Helen such appeare;
As if they only Loves precisians were.
But now my Muse dull heavy numbers sings,
Cupid'tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings.
The Lawrell-wreath I never shall obtaine,
Vnlesse thy torch illuminate my braine.

Love

Love Laurell gives; *Phœbus* as much can ſay,
Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay.
Why is my *Preſentation* then put by?
Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny?
Can any Lady ſay I am unfit?
If ſo, I'le ſue my *Quare Impedit*.
I'am young enough, my ſpirits quick and good;
My veins ſwell high with kind and active blood.
Nor am I marble; when I ſee an eye
Quick, bright, and full, 'raid round with maieſtie;
I feel my heart with a ſtrange heat oppreſt,
As 'twere a lightning darted through my breſt.
I long not for the cherries on the Tree,
So much as thoſe which on a lip I ſee.
And more affection beare I to the Roſe
That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.
I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight,
And feel my temper vary at the ſight;
I know not why; but warmer ſtreams doe glide
Thorough my veins, ſure 'tis a wanton tide.
But you perchance eſteem my love the leſſe,
Becauſe I have a fooliſh baſhfulneſſe,
A ſhame-fac'd roſe you find within my face,
Whoſe modeſt bluſh frights you from my embrace;
That's ready now to fall, if you'le but daigne
To pluck it once, it ſhall not grow againe.
Or doe you therefore caſt my love away,
Becauſe I am not expert in the play?
My skill's not known till it be ventred on;
I have not *Ariſtotle* read alone.

I am in *Ovid* a proficient too;
And if you'd heare my Lecture, could to you
Analize all his art, with so much more
Iudgment and skill, then e're 'twas taught before.,
That I might be cheife master, he, dull foole,
The under usher in the *Cyprian* Schoole:
For petty Pædagogue, poore Pedant, he
First writ the Art, and then the remedie:
But I could set downe rules of love so sure,
As should exceed Art, and admit no cure.
Pictures I could invent (*Love*, were I thine)
As might stand copies unto *Aretine*:
And such new dalliance study, as should frame
Variety in that which is the same.
I am not then uncapable (great *Love*)
Would'st thou my skill but with one arrow prove.
Giue me a Mistresse in whose looks to joy,
And such a Mistresse (*Love*) as will be coy,
Not easily wonne, though to be wonne in time;
That from her niceneſſe I may store my rhime:
Then in a Thousand sighes, to thee I'le pay
My Morning Orisons, and every day (ers.
Two Thousand groans, and count these amorous pray-
I make to thee, not by my *Beads*, but *Teares*.
Besides, each day I'le write an Elegy,
And in as lamentable Poetry
As any Inns of Court-man, that hath gone
To buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*.
But (*Love*) I see you will not entertaine
Those that desire to Live amidst your traine,

For

For death and you have got a trick to fly
From ſuch poore wretches as doe wiſh you nigh.
You ſcorne a yeelding ſlave, and plainly ſhew it, (it:
Thoſe that contemne your pow'er you make to know
And ſuch am I; I ſlight your proud commands;
I mar'le who put a bow into your hands,
A hobby-horſe, or ſome ſuch pretty toy;
A rattle would befit you better, Boy.
You conquer Gods and men? how ſtand I free,
That will acknowledge no ſupremacie
Vnto your childiſh Godhead? does it cry?
Give it a plumme to ſtill it's Diety.
Good *Venus* let it ſuck; that it may keep
Leſſe bawling; gentle Nurſe rock it a ſleep.
Or if you be paſt babie; and are now
Come to weare breeches, muſt we then allow
Your Boyſhip leave to ſhoot at whom you pleaſe?
No, whip it for ſuch wanton tricks as theſe:
If this doe anger you, I'le ſend a Bee,
Shall to a ſingle duell challenge thee:
And make you to your Mam run, and complaine
The little ſerpent ſtung thee once againe.
Go hunt the butter flyes, and if you can
But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan.
Wee'le give you leave to hunt and ſport at them,
So you let men alone. ----- But I blaſpheme
(Great *Love*) I feare I have offended thee,
If ſo, be merciſull, and puniſh me.

A gratulatory to Mr Ben. Johnson for his adopting of him to be his Son.

I Was not borne to *Helicon*, nor dare
Presume to thinke my selfe a Muses heire.
I have no title to *Parnassus* hill,
Nor any acre of it by the will
Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I bee
Ought but a tenant unto Poëtrie.
But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,
And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
I am a kinne to *Hero's* being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine.
Orpheus, *Musæus*, *Homer* too; beside
Thy Brothers by the *Roman* Mothers side;
As *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and the *Latine Lyre*,
That is so like thy Horace, the whole quire
Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all
My uncles; thou hast given me pow'r to call
Phœbus himselfe my grandsire, by this graunt
Each Sister of the nine is made my Aunt.
Go you that reckon from a large descent
Your lineall Honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a Herralds faith you build the same:
I do not envy you, nor thinke you blest
Though you may beare a Gorgon on your Crest
By direct line from *Perseus*; I will boast

No

No farther then my Father; that's the moſt
I can, or ſhould be proud of; and I were
Vnworthy his adoption, if that here
I ſhould be dully modeſt; boaſt I muſt
Being ſonne of his Adoption, not his luſt.
And to ſay truth, that which is beſt in mee
May call you father, 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a ſparke of that cœleſtiall flame
Within me, I confeſſe I ſtole the ſame
Prometheus like, from thee; and may I feed
His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more moones thou haſt, that ſhine by night;
All Bankrups, wer't not for a borrow'd light;
Yet can forſweare it; I the debt confeſſe,
And thinke my reputation ne're the leſſe.
For Father let me be reſolv'd by you;
Is't a diſparagement from rich *Peru*
To raviſh gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore
To ranſack *Tagus*, or *Pactolus* ſhore?
Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want
Doth take from him a ſprig or two, to plant
A leſſer Orchard? ſure it cannot bee:
Nor is it theft to ſteale ſome flames from thee.
Grant this, and I'le cry guilty, as I am,
And pay a filiall reverence to thy name.
For when my Muſe upon obedient knees,
Askes not a Fathers bleſſing, let her leeſe
The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curſe
I wiſh her 'cauſe I cannot thinke a worſe.
And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat

Phœbus

Phœbus to lend thee ſome of his own heat,
To cure thy Palſie; elſe I will complaine
He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vaine
Make him the God of Phyſicke; 'twere his praiſe
To make thee as immortall as thy Baies;
As his owne *Daphne*; 'twere a ſhame to ſee
The God, not love his Preiſt, more then his Tree.
But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

In Leſbiam, & Hiſtrionem.

I Wonder what ſhould Madam *Leſbia* meane
To keep young *Hiſtrio*, and for what ſcene
So bravely ſhee maintaines him; that what ſence
He pleaſe to bleſſe, 'tis done at her expence!
The play-boy ſpends ſecure; he ſhall have more;
As if both *Indies* did ſupply his ſtore.
As if he did in bright *Pactolus* ſwim,
Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him:
And yet has no revenews to defray
Theſe charges, but the Madam, ſhee muſt pay
His prodigall diſburſments: Madams are
To ſuch as he, more then a treble ſhare.
Shee payes (which is more then ſhee needs to doe)
For her owne comming in, and for his too.
This is reward due to the ſacred ſin;
No charge too much done to the beardleſſe chin:

Allthough

Although shee stint her poore old Knight *Sir John*,
To live upon his exhibition,
His hundred marks *per Annum*, when her Joy,
Her sanguine darling, her spruce active boy
May scatter Angels, rub out silks, and shine
In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine:
Keepe his Race-nags, and in Hide-parke be seen
Briske as the best (as if the stage had been
Grownethe Court's Rivall) can to *Brackly* goe,
To *Lincolne* Race, and to *New-market* too;
At each of these his hundred pounds has vie'd
On *Peggabrigs*, or *Shotten-herrings* side;
And looses without swearing. Let them curse
That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse,
Nor such a Madam; if this world doe hold
(As very likely 'twill) Madams growne old
Will be the best Monopolies; *Histrio* may
At *Maw*, or *Gleeke*, or at *Primero* play.
Still Madam goes to stake, *Histrio* knows
Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes
As deepe, the Caster, as the only Sonne
Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one
A whole weeke since; you'd know the reason why
Lesbia does this; guesse you as well as I;
Then this I can no better reason tell,
'Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well.
I see old Madams are not only toyle;
No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soyle.
Ah poore day labourers, how I pitty you
That shrinke, and sweat to live with much adoe!

When had you wit to understand the right,
'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.
Yet some that resting here, doe only thinke
That youth with age is an unequall linke:
Conclude, that *Histrio's* taske as hard must bee,
As was *Mezentius* bloody cruelty:
Who made the living to embrace the dead,
And so expire: but I am rather lead
His bargaine of the two the best to call;
He at one game keeps her, shee him at all

De Histrice. Ex Claudiano.

FAm'd *Stymphall*, I have heard, thy birds in flight
Shoot showers of arrowes forth all levied right.
And long the fable of those quills of steele
Did seeme to me a tale incredible,
Now have I faith; the Porcupine I see,
And then th' Herculean birds no wonders bee.
Her longer head like a swines snowt doth show,
Bristles like hornes upon her forehead grow.
A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye;
Vnder her shaggy back the shape doth lye
As 'twere a whelpe: nature all Art hath try'd
In this small beast, so strangely fortified.
A threatning wood o're all her body stands,
And stiff with Pikes the spectled stalks in bands
Grow to the warre; while under those doth rise.

An other troope, girt with alternate dyes
Of severall hue; which while a blacke doth fill
The inward space, ends in a solid quill.
That lessning by degrees, doth in a while,
Take a quick point, and sharpens to a Pile,
Nor doth her squadrons like the hedghogs stand
Fixt; but shee darts them forth, and at command
Farre of her members aimes, shot through the skie
From her shak'd side the Native Engines flie.
Sometimes retiring, *Parthian* like, shee'l wound
Her following foe; sometimes in trenching round,
In battaile forme, marshalling all her flanks,
Shee'l clash her javelins to affright the ranks
Of her poore enemies: lincing every side
With speares, to which shee is her selfe allied.
Each part of her's a souldier, from her back
But stir'd, a horse and horrid noise doth crack;
That one would think the trumpets did incite
Two adverse Armies to begin to fight,
So great a noise, from one so small did rise.
Then to her skill in Armes shee is so wise
As to adde Policy, and a thrifty feare
Of her owne safety; shee a wrath doth beare
Not prodigall of weapons, but content
With wary threatning, and hath seldome sent
An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
But spends 'em only to secure her life!
And then her diligent stroke so certaine is
Without all error, shee will seldome misse.
No distance cozens her, the dumbe skin aimes right,

And rules the levy of the skillfull fight.
What humane labour, though we boast it such,
Withall her reason can performe so much?
They from the *Cretan* Goats their hornes must take;
And after, those with fire must softer make.
Buls guts must bend their bows, and e're they fight
Steele armes their darts; and fethers wing their flights.
When loe a little beast wee armed see
With nothing but her owne Artillery:
Who seeks no forraine aide, with her all goe,
Shee to her selfe is Quiver, darts, and bow.
One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows;
If from examples then the Practice flows
Of humane life, hence did th' Invention grow
At distance to incounter with our foe.
Hence the *Cydonians* instructed are
Their Stratagems, and manner of their warre.
Hence did the *Parthians* learne to fight, and fly;
Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

In Archimedis Spheram ex Claudiano.

Iove saw the Heavens fram'd in a little glasse,
And laughing, to the Gods these words did passe;
Comes then the power of mortall cares so farre?
In brittle Orbes my labours acted are.
The statutes of the Poles, the faith of things,
The Laws of Gods this *Syracusian* brings

Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend
Their severall spheares, and with set motions bend
The living worke: Each yeare the faigned Sun,
Each Month returnes the counterfeited Moon;
And viewing now her world, bold Industrie
Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects bee.
Beleive *Salmonius* hath false thunders thrown,
For a poore hand is Natures rivall grown.

De Magnete. Ex Claudiano.

WHo in the world with busy reason pryes,
Searching the seed of things, & there descryes
With what defect labours th' Ecclipsed
What cause commands a paleness in the Sun, (moon,
Whence ruddy comets with their fatall haire,
Whence winds doe flow, and what the Motions are
That shake the bowels of the trembling earth; (birth
What strikes the lightning forth; whence clouds give
To horrid thunders; and doth also know
What light lends lustre to the painted Bow:
If ought of truth his soule doth understand,
Let him resolve a question I'le demand:
There is a stone which we the loadstone stile,
Of colour ugly, darke, obscure, and vile:
It never deck'd the sleiked locks of Kings,
No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings
To Virgins beauteous necks, it never showne

A splendent buckle in ther mikiden Zone:
But only heare the wonders I will tell
Of his black peeble, and 'twill then excell
All bracelets, and what e're the diving *Moore*
'Mongst the red weeds seeks for 'ith Easterne shore:
From Iron first it lives, Iron it eats;
But that sweet feast it knows no other meats;
Thence shee renews her strength, vigor is sent
Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment;
Without that food shee dies, a famine numm's
Her meager joynts, a thirst her veins consumes.
Mars that frights Cities with his bloody speares,
And *Venus* that releases humane feares,
Doe both together in one Temple shine,
Both joyntly honour'd in a common shrine;
But different Statues, *Mars* a steele put on,
And *Venus* figure was Magnetique stone.
To them (as is the custome every yeare)
The Preist doth celebrate a Nuptiall there.
The torch the Quire doth lead, the threshold's green
With hallowed Mirtles, and the beds are seen
To smell with rosy flowers, the Geniall sheet
Spred over with a purple Coverlet.
But heare (O strange) the statues seem'd to move,
And *Cytherea* runs to catch her Love;
And like their former joyes in heaven possest,
With wanton heat clings to her *Mars*'es brest;
There hangs a gratefull burden; then shee throwes
Her armes about his helmet, to inclose
Her Love in amorous Gives, least he get out,

Here

Here live embraces chaine him round about.
He ſtir'd with love breath'd gently through his veins,
Is drawne by unſeene links and ſecret chaines
To meet his ſpouſed Gemme; the ayre doth wed
The ſteele unto the ſtone, thus ſtrangely led
The Deities their ſtolne delights replay'd,
And only Nature was the bridall mayd.
What heat in theſe two Metals did inſpire
Such mutuall league? what concords powrefull fire
Contracted their hard minds? the ſtone doth move
With amorous heat, the ſteele doth learne to love.
So *Venus* oft the God of warre withſtood,
And gives him milder looks; when hot with blood
He rages to the fight, fierce with deſire,
And with drawn points whets up his active Ire;
She dares goe forth alone, and boldly meet
His foaming ſteeds, and with a winning greet
The tumour of his high ſwolne breaſt aſwage,
Tempring with gentle flames his violent rage.
Peace courts his ſoule, the fight he diſavows,
And his red plumes he now to kiſſes bows.
Ah cruell Boy large thy dominions bee,
The Gods and all their Thunders yeild to thee.
Great love to leave his heaven thou can'ſt conſtraine,
And midſt the briniſh waves to Love againe.
Now the cold Rocks thou ſtrik'ſt, the ſenſeleſſe ſtone
Thy weapon feeles, a luſtfull heat doth runne
Through veins of flint, the ſteele thy Pow'r can taine;
And rigid Marble muſt admit thy flame.

De Senе Veronensi. Ex Claudiano.

HAppy the man that all his dayes hath ſpent
Within his owne grounds, and no farther went:
Whom the ſame houſe that did him erſt behold
A little Infant, ſees him now grown old,
That with his ſtaffe walkes where he crawl'd before,
Counts th' age of one poore cottage and no more,
Fortune ne're him with various tumult preſt,
Nor dranke he unknown ſtreams, a wandring gueſt.
He fear'd no Merchants ſtormes, nor drummes of war,
Nor ever knew the ſtrifes of the hoarſe Bar.
Who though to th' next Towne he a ſtranger bee,
Yet heav'ns ſweet proſpect he injoyes more free.
From fruits, not Conſuls, computation brings,
By Apples Autumnes knows, by flowers the ſprings.
Thus he the day by his owne orbe doth prize,
In the ſame feild his Sunne doth ſet and riſe.
That knew an oake a twigge, and walking thither
Beholds a wood and he grown up together,
Neighbou'ring *Keron* he may for India take,
And thinke the red ſea is *Benacus* lake.
Yet is his ſtrength untam'd, and firme his knees,
Him the third age a luſty Grandſire ſees.
Goe ſeeke who s' will the farre *Iberian* ſhore,
This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more.

The

The second Epod: of Horace translated.

HAppy the man which farre from city care;
(Such as ancient Mortals were)
With his own oxen plowes his fathers land,
Free from Vsurers griping hand.
The souldiers trumpets never breake his sleepe,
Nor angry seas that raging keepe.
He shunnes the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth set
On the proud thresholds of the Great:
His life is this (O life almost divine)
To marry Elmes unto the Vine,
To prune unfruitfull branches, and for them
To graft a bough of happier stemme.
Or else within the low couch'd vallies views
His well cloth'd floc'ks of bleating ewes.
Sometimes his hony he in pots doth keepe,
Sometimes he sheares his fleecy sheepe.
And when his fruits with Autumne ripened bee
Gathers his Apples from the Tree.
And joyes to tast the peares himselfe did plant,
And Grapes that naught of purple want.
Vnder an Oake sometimes he layes his head,
Making the tender grasse his bed.
Meane while the streams along their banks doe float,
And birds doe chaunt with warbling throat;
And gentle springs a gentle murmure keepe,
To lull him to a quiet sleepe.

When winter comes, and th'ayre doth chiller grow,
Threatning ſhowers and ſhivering ſnow;
Either with hounds he hunts the tusked ſwine
That foe unto the corne and vine;
Or layes his nets; or limes the unctuous buſh
To catch the blackbird, or the thruſh.
Sometimes the Hare he courſes, and one way
Makes both a pleaſure and a prey.
But if with him a modeſt wife doth meet,
To guide his houſe and children ſweet;
Such as the *Sabine* or *Apulean* wife,
Something brown but chaſt of life;
Such as will make a good warme fire to burne,
Againſt her wearied Mate's returne;
And ſhutting in her ſtalls her fruitfull Neat,
Will milke the kines diſtended Teat:
Fetching her husband of her ſelfe-brew'd beere,
And other wholeſome Country cheere.
Suppe him with bread and cheeſe, Pudding or Pye,
Such dainties as they doe not buy:
Give me but theſe, and I ſhall never care
Where all the *Lucrine* oiſters are;
Theſe wholſome Country dainties ſhall to mee
Sweet as *Tench* or *Sturgeon* bee.
Had I but theſe I well could be without
The *Carp*, the *Sammon*, or the *Trout*:
Nor ſhould the Phœnix ſelfe ſo much delight
My not ambitious appetite,
As ſhould an Apple ſnatch'd from mine own trees,
Or hony of my labouring Bees.

My

My Cattels udders ſhould afford me food,
My ſheep my cloth, my ground my wood.
Sometimes a lambe, ſnatch'd from the wolfe ſhall bee
A banquet for my freind and mee.
Sometimes a Calfe ta'ne from her lowing Cow,
Or tender Iſſue of the Sow.
Our Gardens ſallets yeild, Mallows to keepe
Looſe bodies, Lettice for to ſleepe.
The cakling Hen an egge for breakfaſt layes,
And Duck that in our water playes.
The Gooſe for us her tender plumes hath bred
To lay us on a ſofter bed.
Our blankets are not dy'd with Orphans teares,
Our Pillows are not ſtuff'd with cares.
To walke on our owne grounds a ſtomack gets,
The beſt of ſawce to tart out meats.
In midſt of ſuch a feaſt, 'tis joy to come
And ſee the well fed Lambs at home.
'Tis pleaſure to behold th' inverſed Plow
The Languid necks of Oxen bow.
And view th' induſtrious ſervants that will ſweat
Both at labour and at meat.
Lord grant me but enough, I aske no more
Then will ſerve mine, and helpe the poore.

An Elegie upon the Lady Venetia Digby.

Death, who'ld not change prerogatives with thee,
That doſt ſuch rapes, yet mayſt not queſtion'd
Here ceaſe thy wanton luſt, be ſatisfi'd, (bee
Hope not a ſecond, and ſo faire a bride.
Where was her *Mars*, whoſe valiant armes did hold
This *Venus* once, that thou durſt be ſo bold
By thy too nimble theft? I know 'twas feare,
Leſt he ſhould come, that would have reſcu'd her.
Monſter confeſſe, didſt thou not bluſhing ſtand,
And thy pale cheeke turne red to touch her hand?
Did ſhee not lightning-like ſtrike ſuddaine heat
Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy froſt to ſweat?
Well ſince thou haſt her, uſe her gently, *Death*,
And in requitall of ſuch pretious breath
Watch ſentinell to guard her, doe not ſee
The wormes thy rivals, for the Gods will bee.
Remember *Paris*, for whoſe pettier ſin,
The *Troian* gates let the ſtout *Grecians* in,
So when time ceaſes, (whoſe unthrifty hand
Ha's now almoſt conſum'd his ſtock of ſand)
Myriads of Angels ſhall in Armies come,
And fetch (proud raviſher) there *Helen* home.
And to revenge this rape, thy other ſtore
Thou ſhalt reſigne too, and ſhalt ſteale no more.
Till then faire Ladies (for you now are faire,

But

But till her death I fear'd your juſt diſpaire,
Fetch all the ſpices that *Arabia* yeelds,
Diſtill the choyceſt flowers of the fields:
And when in one their beſt perfections meet
Embalme her courſe, that ſhee may make them ſweet.
Whilſt for an Epitaph upon her ſtone
I cannot write, but I muſt weepe her one.

Epitaph.

Beauty it ſelfe lyes here, in whom alone,
Each part injoy'd the ſame perfection.
In ſome the Eyes we praiſe, in ſome the Haire;
In her the Lips; in her the Cheeks are faire;
That Nymphs fine Feet, her Hands we beaureous call,
But in this forme we praiſe no part, but all.
The ages paſt have many beauties ſhowne,
And I more plenty in our time have knowne;
But in the age to come I looke for none,
Nature deſpaires, becauſe her pattern's gone.

An Epitaph upon Mrs I. T.

READer if thou haſt a teare,
Thou canſt not chooſe but pay it here.
Here lyes *modeſty*, *meekneſſe*, *zeale*,
Goodneſſe, *Piety*, and to tell
Her worth at once, one that had ſhowne
All vertues that her ſex could owne.
Nor dare my praiſe too laviſh bee,

Leaſt her duſt bluſh for ſoe would ſhee.
Haſt thou beheld in the ſpring's bowers
Tender buds breake to bring forth flowers:
So to keepe vertues ſtock, pale death
Tooke her to give her infant breath.
Thus her accounts were all made even,
Shee rob'd not earth to adde to heaven.

An Epithalamium.

MVſe be a bride-maid, doſt not heare
How honoured *Hunt* and his faire *Deere*,
This day prepare their wedding cheere?

The ſwifteſt of thy pinions take,
And hence a ſuddaine journey make,
To helpe 'em breake their bridall Cake.

Haſt 'em to Church, tell 'em love ſayes
Religion breeds but fond delayes,
To lengthen out the tedious dayes.

Chide the ſlow Preiſt, that ſo goes on,
As if he feard he ſhould have done
His ſermon, e're the glaſſe be runne.

Bid him poſt o're his words, as faſt
As if himſelfe were now to taſt

The pleasure of so faire a wast.

Now lead the blessed Couple home,
And serve a dinner up for some;
Their banquet is as yet to come.
Maids dance as nimbly as your blood,
Which I see swell a purple flood
In Emulation of that good.

The bride possesseth, for I deeme
What shee enjoyes will be the theme
This night of every virgins dreame.

But envy not their blest content,
The hasty night is almost spent,
And they of *Cupid* will be shent.

The Sunne is now ready to ride,
Sure 'twas the morning I espide,
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the lusty bridegrooms veins
Swell, till the active torrent strains
To breake those o're stretcht azure chains.

And the faire bride ready to cry
To see her pleasant losse so nigh,
Pants like the sealed Pigeons eye.

Put out the torch, Love loves no light,

Those

Thoſe that performe his miſticke rites
Muſt pay their Oriſons by nights.

Nor can that ſacrifice be done
By any *Prieſt*, or *Nun* alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that taſt of *Hymens* cheere,
See that your lips doe meet ſo neare,
That Cockels might be tutor'd there;

And let the whiſprings of your love
Such ſhort and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in ſuch ſtrict embraces twine
As if you read unto the Vine,
The, Ivy and the Columbine.

Then let your mutuall boſomes beat,
Till they create by virtuall heat
Mirrhe, Balme, and ſpikenard in a ſweat.

Thence may there ſpring many a paire
Of Sonnes and Daughters ſtrong and faire:
How ſoone the Gods have heard my praier!

Me thinks already I eſpy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drouſy Nurſes Lullaby.

An Epitaph upon his honour'd freind Mr Warre.

HEre lyes the knowing head, the honeſt heart,
Faire blood, and courteous hands, and every part
Of gentle *Warre*, all with one ſtone content,
Though each deſerv'd a ſeverall monument.
He was (beleive me Reader) for 'tis rare
Virtuous though young, and learned though an heire.
Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content
He paid them both their tribute which they lent.
His anceſtors in him fixed their pride,
So with him all reviv'd, with him all dyed.
This made death lingring come, aſham'd to bee
At once the ruine of a familie.
Learne Reader here, though long thy line hath ſtood,
Time breeds conſumptions in the nobleſt blood.
Learne (Reader) here to what our Glories come,
Here's no diſtinction 'twixt the Houſe and Toombe.

Vpon the loſe of his little finger.

ARithmetique nine digits, and no more
Admits of, then I ſtill have all my ſtore.
For what miſchance hath tane from my left hand,
It ſeemes did only for a Cipher ſtand.
But this I'le ſay for thee departed joynt,
Thou wert not given to ſteale, nor pick, nor point

At any in disgrace; but thou didst go
Vntimely to thy Death only to show.
The other members what they once must doe;
Hand, arme, legge, thigh, and all must follow too.
Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse
Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.
A fingers losse (I speake it not in sport)
Will make a verse a Foot too short.
Farewell deare finger, much I greive to see
How soone mischance hath made a Hand of thee.

On the Passion of Christ.

WHat rends the temples vail, wher is day gone?
How can a generall darknesse cloud the Sunne?
Astrologers their skill in vaine doe try;
Nature must needs be sick, when God can dye.

Necessary observations.

1. Precept.

FIrst worship God, he that forgets to pray
Bids not himselfe good morrow nor good day.
Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin;
And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

2. Pre.

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end,

With

With them though for a truth doe not contend.
Though all ſhould truth defend, doe thou looſe rather
The truth a while, then looſe their *Loves* for ever.
Who ever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

3 Pre.

Thinke that is juſt; 'tis not enough to doe,
Vnleſſe thy very thoughts are upright too.

4 Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who will not dye,
A coward is, and gives himſelfe the lye.

5 Pre.

Honour the King, as ſonnes their Parents doe,
For he's thy Father, and thy Country's too.

6 Pre.

A freind is gold; if true heele never leave thee,
Yet both without a touchſtone may deceive thee.

7 Pre.

Suſpicious men thinke others falſe, but hee
Cozens himſelfe that will too credulous bee.
For thy freinds ſake, let no ſuſpect be ſhown;
And ſhun to be too credulous for thine own.

8 Pre.

Take well what e're ſhall chance, though bad it bee;
Take it for good, and 'twill be ſo to thee.

9 Pre.

Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart
Which ſhot rebounds to ſtrike the ſhooters heart.

10 Pre.

The law's the path of life; then that obey,

Who keeps it not, hath wandring loſt his way.

11 Pre.

Thanke thoſe that doe thee good, ſo ſhalt thou gaine
Their ſecond helpe, if thou ſhouldſt need againe.

12 Pre.

To doubtfull matters doe not headlong run;
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13 Pre.

Be well adviſ'd, and wary counſell make,
E're thou doſt any action undertake.
Having undertaken, thy endeauours bend
To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14 Pre.

Safe in thy breſt cloſe lock up thy Intents;
For he that knows thy purpoſe, beſt prevents.

15 Pre.

To tell thy miſeries will no comfort breed,
Men helpe thee moſt that thinke thou haſt no need.
But if the world once thy miſfortunes know,
Thou ſoone ſhalt looſe a freind, and find a foe.

16 Pre.

Keepe thy freinds goods; for ſhould thy wants bee (known,
Thou canſt not tell but they may be thine own.

17 Pre.

To gather wealth through fraud doe not preſume,
A little evill got will much conſume.

18 Pre.

Firſt thinke, and if thy thoughts approve thy will
Then ſpeake, and after what thou ſpeakſt fulfill.

19 Pre.

Spare not, nor ſpend too much; be this thy care,
Spare but to ſpend, and only ſpend to ſpare.
Who ſpends too much may want, and ſo complaine.
But he ſpends beſt that ſpares to ſpend againe.

20 Pre.

If with a ſtranger thou diſcourſe firſt learne
By ſtricteſt obſervations to diſcerne,
If he be wiſer then thy ſelfe, if ſo
Be dumbe, and rather chooſe by him to know.
But if thy ſelfe perchance the wiſer bee,
Then doe thou ſpeake that he may learne by thee.

21 Pre.

If thou diſpraiſe a man let no man know,
By any circumſtance that he 's thy foe.
If men but once find that, they 'l quickly ſee
Thy words from hate, and not from judgment bee.
If thou wouldſt tell his vice, doe what you can
To make the world believe thou lov'ſt the man.

22 Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incenſed men,
Good councell comes cleane out of ſeaſon then.
But when his fury is appeaſ'd and paſt,
He will conceive his fault and men at laſt.
When he is coole, and calme then utter it,
No man gives Phyſick in the midſt oth' Fit.

23 Pre.

Seeme not too conſcious of thy worth, nor be
The firſt that knows thy own ſufficiency.
If to thy King and Country thy true care

Mòre ſerviceable is then others are.
That blaze in court, and every Action ſway
As if the Kingdome on their ſhoulders lay.
Or if thou ſerv'ſt a maſter, and doſt ſee
Others prefer'd of leſſe Deſert then thee.
Doe not complaine though ſuch a Plaint be true,
Lords will not give their Favours as a Due.
But rather ſtay and hope: it cannot bee
But men at laſt muſt needs thy vertues ſee.
So ſhall thy truſt endure and greater grow,
Whilſt they that are above thee, fall below.

24 Pre.

Deſire not thy meane-fortunes for to ſet
Next to the ſtately Mannors of the Great.
He will ſuſpect thy labours, and oppreſſe,
Fearing thy greatneſſe makes his wealth the leſſe.
Great ones doe love no Æquals: But muſt bee
Aboue the Termes of all comparitie.
Such a rich Neighbour is compared beſt
To the great Pike that eats up all the reſt.
Or elſe like *Pharaohs* Cow, that in an houre
Will ſeaven of his fatteſt freinds devoure.
Or like the ſea whoſe vaſtneſſe ſwallows cleane
All other ſtreams, though no encreaſe be ſeene.
Live by the Poore, they doe the Poore no harme;
So Bees thrive beſt when they together ſwarme.
Rich men are Bears, and Poore men ought to feare 'em
Like ravenous wolfes; 'tis dangerous living neare 'em.

25 Pre.

Each man three Divels hath ſelfe borne afflictions;

Th'

Th' unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections.
Charme these, such holy Conjurations can
Gaine thee the friendship both of God and man.

26 Pre.

So liue with man as if Gods curious eye,
Did every where into thine Actions prie.
For never yet was sinne so void of sence,
So fully fac'd with brazen Impudence.
As that it durst before mens eyes commit
Their beastly lusts, least they should witnesse it.
How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
That must alone both Iudge and Iury bee.

27 Pre.

Take thou no care how to deferre thy death,
And give more respit to this Mortall breath.
Would'st thou live long? the only means are these
'Bove *Galens* diet, or *Hippocrates*.
Strive to live well; Tread in the upright wayes,
And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes,
Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,
For every day well spent I count a yeare.
Live well, and then how soone so e're thou die,
Thou art of Age to claime Æternitie.
But he that out lives *Nestor*, and appeares
T' have past the date of gray *Mathusalem's* yeares.
If he his life to sloth and sinne doth give,
I say he only *Was*, he did not *Live*.

28 Pre.

Trust not a man unknown he may deceive thee;
And doubt the man thou know'st for he may leave thee.

And

And yet for to prevent exceptions too,
'Tis beſt not ſeeme to doubt although you doe.

29 Pre.

Heare much but little ſpeake, a wiſe man feares,
And will not uſe his tongue ſo much as eares.
The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth doe breake
Will others ſhame, and its own Ruine ſpeake.
I never yet did ever read of any
Vndone by hearing, but by ſpeaking many.
The reaſon's this, the Eares if chaſt and holy,
Doe let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30 Pre.

To all alike be curteous, meeke, and kind,
A winning carriage with indifferent mind,
But not familiar, that muſt be exempt,
Groomes ſaucy love, ſoone turnes into contempt.
Be ſure he be at leaſt as good as thee,
To whom thy freindſhip ſhall familiar bee.

31 Pre.

Iudge not between two freinds, but rather ſee
If thou canſt bring them freindly to agree.
So ſhalt thou both their Loves to thee encreaſe,
And gaine a Bleſſing too for making Peace;
But if thou ſhould'ſt decide the cauſe i'th' end,
How e're thou judge thou ſure ſhalt looſe a freind.

32 Pre.

Thy credit wary keepe, 'tis quickly gone,
Being got by many Actions, loſt by one,

33 Pre.

Vnto thy Brother buy not, ſell, nor lend,
Such Actions have their own peculiar end; But

But rather choose to give him, if thou see
That thou hast pow'er, and hee necessitie.

34 Pre.

Spare in thy youth, least Age should find thee poore
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more.
No coupl'd misery is so great in either,
As Age and Want when both doe meet together.

35 Pre.

Fly Dunkennesse, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sence.
Till with *Circean* cups thy mind possest
Leaves to be man, and wholy turnes a Beast.
Thinke whilst thou swalloweſt the capacious Bowle,
Thou let'st in Seas to wrack and drown the soule.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And thinke how subject drunkards are to Fall.
Consider how it soone destroyes the grace
Of humane shape, spoyling the beauteous face.
Puffing the cheekes, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vitious Heraldry.
What Pearles and Rubies doth the wine disclose,
Making the purse poore to enrich the Nose?
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
Drawing some sickneſſe into every part!
The stomack overcloyd, wanting a vent
Doth up againe resend her excrement.
And then (ô see what too much wine can doe!)
The very soule being drunke spews secrets too.
The Lungs corrupted breath contagious ayre,
Belching up fumes that unconcocted are.

The Braine o'rewarm'd (loosing her sweet repose)
Doth purge her filthy ordure through the nose.
The veins doe boyle glutted with vitious food,
And quickly Fevers the distemper'd blood.
The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand
Lam'd with the Gout, the Palsie shakes the Hand.
And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,
Doe bladder-like puffe up the dropsi'd skin.
It weaks the Braine, it spoiles the memory;
Hasting on Age, and wilfull Poverty.
It drownes thy better parts; making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy freinds a shame.
'Tis vertues poyson, and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuell unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turne not to't againe,
Vpon Presumption of a stronger braine.
For he that holds more wine then other can,
I rather count a Hogshead then a man.

36 Pre.

Let not thy Impotent lust so pow'rfull bee
Over thy Reason, Soule, and Liberty,
As to enforce thee to a marryed life,
E're thou art able to maintaine a wife.
Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face
Shee cannot cloth thee with a poore imbrace.
My selfe being yet alone, and but one still,
With patience could endure the worst of ill.
When fortune frownes, one to the wars may goe
To fight against his foes, and fortunes too.
But (ô) the greife were trebled for to see.

Thy

Thy wretched Bride halfe pin'd with Povertie.
To see thy Infants make their dumb complaint
And thou not able to releive their want.
The pooreſt begger when he's dead and gone,
Is rich as he that ſits upon the Throne.
But he that having no eſtate is wed,
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37 Pre.

If e're I take a wife I will have one
Neither for beauty nor for portion,
But for her vertues; and I'le married bee
Not for my luſt, but for poſteritie.
And when I am wed, I'le never jealous bee,
But make her learne how to be chaſt by mee.
And be her face what 'twill, I'le thinke her faire
If ſhee within the houſe confine her care.
If modeſt in her words and cloths ſhee bee,
Not daub'd with pride and prodigalitie.
If with her neighbours ſhee maintaines no ſtrife,
And beare her ſelfe to me a faithfull wife;
I'de rather unto ſuch a one be wed,
Then claſpe the choiceſt *Helen* in my bed.
Yet though ſhee were an Angell my affection
Should only love, not dote on her perfection.

An Elegie.

LOve, give me leave to ſerve thee, and be wiſe
To keepe thy torch in, but reſtore blind eyes.

I will a flame into my bosome take,
That Martyrs Court when they embrace the stake:
Not dull, and smoakie fires, but heat divine,
That burnes not to consume, but to refine.
I have a Mistresse for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most faire.
Like Tapers on the Altar shine her eyes,
Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice.
And where soe're my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
I touch her like my Beads with devout care,
And come unto my Courtship as my Praier.
Wee sit, and talke, and kisse away the houres,
As chastly as the morning dews kisse flowers.
Goe wanton Lover spare thy sighs and teares,
Put on the Livery which thy dotage weares,
And call it Love, where heresie gets in
Zeal's but a coale to kindle greater sin.
Wee weare no flesh, but one another greet,
As blessed soules in separation meet.
Wer't possible that my ambitious sin,
Durst commit rapes upon a *Cherubin*,
I might have lustfull thoughts to her, of all
Earths heav'nly Quire the most Angelicall,
Looking into my brest, her forme I find
That like my Guardian-Angell keeps my mind
From rude attempts; and when affections stirre,
I calme all passions with one thought of her.
Thus they whose reasons love, and not their sence,
The spirits love: thus one Intelligence

Reflects

Reflects upon his like, and by chaſt loves
In the ſame ſpheare this and that Angell moves.
Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought
Begets an other, and that ſtill is brought
To bed of more; vertues and grace increaſe,
And ſuch a numerous iſſue ne're can ceaſe.
Where Children, though great bleſſings, only bee
Pleaſures repriv'd to ſome poſteritie.
Beaſts love like men, if men in luſt delight,
And call that Love which is but appetite.
When eſſence meets with eſſence, and ſoules joyne
In mutuall knots, thats the true Nuptall twine:
Such Lady is my Love, and ſuch is true;
All other Love is to your Sexe, not You.

An Apologie for his falſe Prediction that his Aunt Lane *would be deliver'd of a Sonne.*

Μάντις ἄριστος ὁ τὰ πολλὰ τοξεύων.

The beſt Prophets are but good Gueſſers.

ARe then the *Sibils* dead? what is become
Of the lowd Oracles? are the Augurs dumbe?
Live not the *Magi* that ſo oft reveald
Natures intents? is Gipſiſme quite repeald?
Is *Friar Bacon* nothing but a name?
Or is all witchcraft braind with Doctor *Lambe*?
Does none the learned *Bungies* ſoule inherit?
Has Madam *Davers* diſpoſſeſt her ſpirit?

Or will the Welchmen give me leave to say
There is no faith in *Merlin*? none, though they
Dare sweare each letter creed, and pawne their blood
He prophecied, an age before the flood,
Of holy *Dee*; which was, as some have said,
Ten generations ere the Arke was made.
All your predictions but Impostures are,
And you but prophecy of things that were.
And you Coelestiall Iuglers that pretend
You are acquainted with the starres, and send
Your spyes to search what's done in every spheare,
Keeping your state intelligencers there.
Your art is all deceit, for now I see
Against the Rules of deepe Astrologie,
Girles may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,
And boyes when *Venus* is Predominant.
Nor doth the Moone though moist and cold shee bee
Alwaies at full work to produce the shee:
Had this been true I had foretold no lie,
It was the Art was in the wrong, not I.
Thence I so dully err'd in my beleife,
As to mistake an *Adam* for an *Eve*:
O grosse mistake, and in the civill pleas
Error Personæ, Mr Doctor sayes,
And may admit divorce, but farewell now
You hungry star-fed Tribe, hence forth I vow
Talmud, *Albumazar*, and *Ptolomie*,
With *Erra-Pater* shall no Gospell bee.
Nor will I ever after this I sweare
Throw Dice upon the shepheards Calender.

But

But why doe I t' excuse my Ignorance
Lay blame upon the Art? no, no, perchance
I have loſt all my skill: for well I know
My Phyſiognomie two years agoe
By the ſmall Pox was mar'd, and it may bee
A fingers loſſe hath ſpoild my Palmiſtry.
But why ſhould I a groſſe miſtake confeſſe?
No I am confident I did but gueſſe
The very truth: it was a male child then,
But Aunt you ſtaid till 'twas a wench agen.
To ſee th' unconſtancy of humane things,
How little time great Alteration brings!
All thing are ſubject unto change we know,
And if all things, then why not ſexes too?
Tyreſias we read a man was borne
Yet after did into a woman turne.
Levinus a Phyſitian of great fame,
Reports that one at *Paris* did the ſame.
And devout Papiſts ſay certaine it is,
One of their Popes by Metamorphoſis
Indur'd the ſame, elſe how could *Joan* be heire
To the ſucceſſion of *Saint Peters* chaire.
So I at *Chairing treſſe* have beheld one
A ſtatue cut out of the *Parian* ſtone
To figure great *Aloides*, which when well
The Artiſt ſaw it was not like to ſell,
He takes his chiſſell, and away he pares
Part of his ſinewy neck, ſhaving the haires
Of his rough beard and face, ſmoothing the brow,
And making that looke amorous, which but now

Stood

Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
He poles the ſhaggy locks, that had o're ſpread
His brawny ſhoulders with a fleece of haire,
And workes inſteed more gentle treſſes there.
And thus his skill exactly to expreſſe,
Soone makes a *Venus* of an *Hercules*.
And can it then impoſſible appeare,
That ſuch a change as this might happen here,
For this cauſe therefore (Gentle Aunt) I pray
Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.
But this will not excuſe me, that I may
Directly cleare my ſelfe, there is no way
Vnleſſe the Ieſuits will to me impart
The ſecret depth of their myſterious art.
Who from their halting Patriot learne to frame
A Crutch for every word that fals out lame.
That can the ſubtle difference diſcry
Betwixt æquivocation and a lie.
And a rare ſcape by ſly diſtinction find
To ſweare the Tongue, and yet not ſweare the mind.
Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,
But my own cauſe thus confidently plead.
I ſaid there was a boy with in your wombe,
Not actually, but one in time to come.
Or by *Antiphraſis* my words might bee
That ever underſtands the contrary;
Or when I ſaid you ſhould a man-child beare,
Yourunderſtood me of the ſexe I feare,
When I did meane the mind; and thus define
A woman but of ſpirit maſculine.

Or

Or had I said it should a girle have been
And it had prov'd a boy you should have seen
Mee solve it thus, I meant a boy by fate,
But one that would have been effeminate.
Or thus I had my just excuse begun,
I said my Aunt would surely bring a sonne
If not a daughter; what we seers forsee
Is certaine truth unlesse it falshood bee.
Or I affirme because shee brought forth one
That will bring boyes, shee hath brought forth a sonne.
For doe not we call Father *Adam* thus,
Because that he got those that have got us.
What ere I said by simple Affirmation,
I meant the right by mentall reservation.

An Epithalamium to Mr F. H.

FRanke, when this Morne the harbinger of day
Blush'd from her Easterne pillow where shee lay,
Clasp'd in her *Tythons* arms red with those kisses
Which being injoy'd by night, by day shee misses:
I walk'd the feilds to see the teeming earth,
Whose wombe now swells to give the flowers a birth.
Where while my thoughts with every object rane,
In severall contemplations rapt my braine,
A suddaine lustre like the Sunne did rise,
And with to great a light eclips'd mine eyes.
At last I spyed a Beauty, such another,

As I have sometimes heard call her her Brother.
But by the chariot, and her traine of Doves,
I guest her to be *Venus*, Queene of Loves.
With her a pretty boy I there did see,
But for his wings I had thought it had been thee.
At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,
I knew t'was *Cupid* Emperour of our hearts.
Thus I accosted them, Goddesse divine,
Great Queene of *Paphos* and *Cytherian* shrine:
Whose Altars no man sees that can depart
Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart.
That conquerst Gods, and men, and heaven divine,
Yea and hell too: Beare witnesse *Proserpine*.
And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show
Over all these, and o're thy Mother too;
Witnesse the night which when with *Mars* shee lay,
Did all her sports to all the Gods betray:
Tell me great Powers; what makes such glorious beams
Visit the lowly banks of *Ninus* streams?
Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know
Cupid and shee must both to *Weston* goe.
I guest the cause, for *Hymen* came behind
In saffron robes, his Nuptiall knots to bind.
Then thus I pray'd: Great *Venus* by the Love
Of thy *Adonis*, as thou hop'st to move
Thy *Mars* to second kisses, and obtaine
Beauties reward, the Golden fruit againe:
Bow thy faire eares to my chast prayers, and take
Such Orisons as purest Love can make.
Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither.

To

To tye pure hearts in pureſt bonds together.
Cupid thou know'ſt the maid: I have ſeene thee lye
With all thy arrowes lurking in her eye.
Venus thou know'ſt her love, for I have ſeene
The time thou would'ſt have faine her Rivall been.
O bleſſe them both! Let their affections meet
With happy omens in the Geniall ſheet.
Both comely, beauteous both, both equall faire,
Thou canſt not glory in a fitter paire.
I would not thus have prai'd if I had ſeen
Fourſcore and ten, wed to a young fifteen.
Death in ſuch Nuptials ſeems with love to play,
And Ianuary ſeems to match with May:
Autumne to wed the Spring, Froſt to deſire
To kiſſe the Sun, Ice to embrace the fire.
Both theſe are young, both ſprightfull, both compleat,
Of equall moiſture, and of equall heat.
And their deſires are one; were all Loves ſuch
Who would love ſolitary ſheets ſo much?
Virginity (whereof chaſt fooles doe boaſt,
A thing not known what, 'tis till it be loſt)
Let others praiſe, for me I cannot tell
What vertue, 'tis to lead Baboons in hell.
Woman is one with man when ſhee is bride,
The ſame in kind, only in ſexe divided.
Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then,
Adam had been the firſt, and laſt of men.
How none O *Venus*, then thy power had ſeene
How then in vaine had *Cupids* arrowes been?
My ſelfe whoſe cooler thoughts feele no hot deſires,

That ſerve not *Venus* flames, but *Veſtas* fires;
Had I not vow'd the cloyſters, to confine
My ſelfe to no more wives then only nine
Parnaſſus brood; thoſe that beare *Phœbus* ſings,
Bathing their naked limbs in *Theſpian* ſpring.
I 'de ratherbee an Owle of Birds, then one
That is the *Phœnix* if ſhee live alone.
Two is the firſt of numbers, one naught can doe,
One then is good, when one is made of two.
Which miſtery is thine great *Venus*, thine,
Thy union can two ſoules in one combine.
Now by that power I charge thee bleſſe the ſheets.
With happy iſſue where this couple meets.
The maid's a *Harvy*, one that may compare
With fruit *Heſperian*, or the Dragonscare.
Her Love a *Ward*; not he that awed the ſeas,
Frighting the fearefull *Hamadryades*.
That Ocean terrour, he that durſt outbrave
Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave.
This *Ward* a milder Pirat ſure will prove,
And only failes the *Helleſpont* of Love,
As once *Leander* did; his theft is beſt
That nothing ſteales but whats within the breſt.
Yet let that other *Ward* his thefts compare,
And ranſack all his treaſures, let him beare
The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *Weſt*,
And all the richeſt treaſures of the *Eaſt*,
The ſands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* ore,
With both the *Indies*; yet this one gets more
At once by Love, then he by force could get,

Or

Or raviſh from the Marchants; let him ſet
His Ores together; let him vainely boaſt
Of ſpices ſnatch'd from the *Canary* coaſt;
The Gummes of *Egypt*, or the *Tyrian* fleece
Died in his Native purple, with what *Greece*,
Colchos, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeilds,
With all the Metals in *Guiana* feilds.
When this has ſet all forth to boaſt his pride
In various pompe; this other brings his Bride,
And I'le be judg'd by all judicious eyes,
If ſhee alone prove not the richer prize.
O let not death have power their Love to ſever!
Let them both love, and live and die together.
O let their beds be chaſt, and baniſh thence
As well all Iealouſies, as all offence!
For ſome men I have known, whoſe wives have been
As chaſt as Ice: ſuch as were never ſeen
In wanton dalliance, ſuch as untill death
Never ſmelt any, but their husbands breath.
Yet the Good-man ſtill dream'd of hornes, ſtill fearing
His forhead would grow harder; ſtill appearing
To his own fancy, bull, or ſtagge, or more,
Or Oxe at leaſt, that was an Aſſe before.
If ſhee would have new cloaths, he ſtreight will feare
Shee loves a Taylour, if ſhee ſad appeare
Hee gueſſes ſoone it is 'cauſe he 's at home;
If jocund, ſure ſhee has ſome freind to come.
If ſhee be ſick, he thinkes no greife ſhee felt,
But wiſhes all Phyſitians had been guelt.
But aske her how ſhee does, ſets him a ſwearing,

Feeling her pulse, is love tricks past the bearing.
Poore wretched wife, shee cannot looke a wry
But without doubt 'tis flat adultery.
And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
To entertaine a handsome Chamber-maid.
Farre, farre from them be all such thoughts I pray.
Let their Loves prove eternall, and no day
Adde date to their affections, grant (O Queene)
Their Loves like nuptiall bayes be alwaies greene.
And also grant---But here shee bid me stay,
For well shee knew what I had else to say.
I ask'd no more, wish'd her hold on her race
To joyne their hands, and send them night apace.
Shee smil'd to heare what I in sport did say,
So whip'd her doves and smiling rid away.

To Mr Feltham on his booke of Resolves.

IN this unconstant Age when all mens minds
In various change strive to outvie the winds,
When no man sets his foot upon the square,
But treads on globes and circles; when we are
The Apes of Fortune, and desire to bee
Revolved on as fickle wheeles as shee.
As if the planets, that our rulers are,
Made the soules motion too irregular,
When minds change oftner then the *Greek* could dream,
That made the Metempsycos'd soule his theame;

Yea

Yea oft to beauty forines! when truth to say
Moons change but once a month, we twice a day.
When none resolves but to be rich, and ill;
Or else resolves to be irresolute still.
In such a tide of minds, that every houre
Doe ebbe and flow, by what inspiring power,
By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,
Dost thou resolve so much, and yet so well?
While foolish men whose reason is their fence,
Still wander in the worlds circumference.
Thou holding passions raines with stricter hand
Dost firme and fixed in the Center stand.
Thence thou art seeled, others while they tend
To rove about the circle find no end.
Thy booke I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live as thou dost wright.
And yet I gueese thy life thy booke produces,
And but expresses thy peculiar rules.
Thy manners dictate, thence thy writing came,
So *Lesbians* by their worke their rules doe frame.
Not by the rules the worke, thy life had been
Patterne enough, had it of all been seen,
Without a book, books make the difference here,
In them thou liv'st the same but every where.
And this I gueese, though th'art unknown to me,
By thy chast writing, else it could not bee
(Dissemblers ne're so wary) but here and there
Some tokens of that plague would soone appeare,
Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout
In books would sometimes blister, and breake out.

Con-

Contagious sinnes in which men take delight
Must needs infect the paper when they write.
But let the curious eyes of *Lyncæus* look
Through every nerve, and sinew of this book,
Of which 'tis full: let the most diligent mind
Prie thorough it, each sentence he shall find
Season'd with chast, not with an itching salt,
More savouring of the Lampe, then of the malt.
But now too many thinke noe wit divine,
None worthy life, but whose luxurious line
Can ravish Virgins thoughts. And is it fit
To make a pandar, or a baud of wit?
But tell'em of it, in contempt they look,
And aske in scorne if you would geld their book.
As if th' effeminate braine could nothing doe
That should be chast, and yet be masculine too.
Such books as these (as they themselves indeed
Truly confesse) men doe not praise, but read.
Such idle books, which if perchance they can
Better the braine, yet they corrupt the man.
Thou hast not one bad line so lustfull bred
As to dye maid, or Matrons checke in red.
Thy modest wit, and witty honest letter
Makes both at once my wit, and me the better.
Thy book a Garden is, and helpes us most
To regaine that, which wee in *Adam* lost.
Where on the Tree of knowledge wee may feed,
But such as no forbidden fruits doth breed. (frame,
Whose leaves like those whence *Eve* her coat did
Serve not to cover, but to cure our shame.

Fraught

Fraught with all flowers, not only such as grows
To please the eye, or to delight the nose,
But such as may redeeme lost healths againe,
And store of Hellebore to purge the braine.
Such as would cure the surfet man did take
From *Adams* Apples: such as faine would make
Mans second Paradise, in which should bee
The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree.
It is a Garden, ha' I thus did say:
And maids, and Matrons blushing runne away.
But maids reenter these chast pleasing bowers,
Chast Matrons here gather the purest flowers.
Feare not: from this pure Garden doe not flye,
In it doth no obsceane *Priapus* lye.
This is an *Eden* where no serpents bee,
To tempt the womans imbecillitie.
These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise,
Nor doth the Cinnamon barke deserve lesse praise,
I meane the stile, being pure and strong and round,
Not long but Pythy: being short breath'd, but sound.
Such as the grave, acute, wise *Seneca* sings,
That best of Tutour to the worst of kings.
Not long and empty, lofty but not proud,
Subtle but sweet, high but without a cloud.
Well setled full of nerves, in breife 'tis such
That in a little hath comprized much,
Like th' *Iliads* in a Nutshell: And I say
Thus much for stile; though truth should not bee gay.
In strumpets glittering robes, yet ne'rtheleese
Shee well deserves a Matrons comelinesse.

Being too brave ſhee would our fancies glut;
But we ſhould loath her being too much the ſlut.
The reaſonable ſoule from heaven obtain'd
The beſt of bodies, and that man hath gain'd
A double praiſe, whoſe noble vertues are
Like to the face, in ſoule and body faire.
Who then would have a noble ſentence clad
In ruſſet-thread-bare words, is full as mad
As if *Apelles* ſhould ſo fondly dote,
As to paint *Venus* in old *Barnes* coat.
They erre that would bring ſtile ſo baſely under;
The lofty language of the Law was thunder.
The wiſeſt 'pothecary knows 'tis skill
Neatly to candy o're the wholeſome pill.
Beſt Phyſique then, when gall with ſugar meets,
Tempring Abſinthian bitterneſſe with ſweets.
Such is thy ſentence, ſuch thy ſtile, being read
Men ſee them both together happ'ly wed.
And ſo reſolve to keep them wed, as we
Reſolve to give them to poſteritie.
'Mongſt thy reſolves put my reſolves in too;
Reſolve who 's will, thus I reſolve to doe:
That ſhould my errours chooſe anothers line
Whereby to write, I meane to live by thine.

In Natalem Auguſtiſſimæ Principis Carolæ.

PRimitibi pertit ſoboles (dilecta Maria.)
Eluſit & uterum maſcula Diana ſuum.

Tunc

Tunc Cælo, nunc & terris fœcunda fuisti,
Quæ potes & reges & peperisse deos.
Thy first birth *Mary* was unto a tombe,
And sad *Lucina* cheated thy blest wombe.
To heav'n thou then wert fruitfull, now to earth,
That canst give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

Upon his Picture.

WHen age hath made me what I am not now;
And every wrinckle tels me where the plow
Of time hath furrowed; when an Ice shall
Through every vein, and all my head wear snow: (flow
When death displayes his coldnesse in my cheeke,
And I, my selfe in my owne Picture seeke,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to beleive, this, or my glasse:
Yet though I alter, this remaines the same
As it was drawne, retaines the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheeke, and Downe upon the chin,
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy Lip, and haire of youthfull dye,
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose Shaddow is lesse given to change then hee.

An Ode to Mr Anthony Stafford *to hasten him into the Country,*

COme ſpurre away,
I have no patience for a longer ſtay;
But muſt goe downe,
And leave the chargeable noiſe of this great Towne.
I will the country ſee,
Where old ſimplicity,
Though hid in gray
Doth looke more gay
Then foppery in pluſh and ſcarlat clad.
Farewell you City-wits that are
Almoſt at Civill warre.
'Tis time that I grow wiſe, when all the world grows mad.
More of my dayes
I will not ſpend to gaine an Idiots praiſe:
Or to make ſport
For ſome ſlight Punie of the Innes of Court.
Then worthy *Stafford* ſay
How ſhall we ſpend the day,
With what delights,
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got ſecure;
Where mirth with all her freedome goes,

Yet

Yet shall no finger loose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

There from the tree
Wee'l cherries plucke, and pick the strawbery.
And every day
Go see the wholesome Country Girles make hay.
whose browne hath lovlier grace,
Then any painted face,
That I doe know
Hide-Parke can show.
Where I had rather gaine a kisse then meet
Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate,
The beauties of the *Cheape*, and wives of *Lumbard street*.

But thinke upon
Some other pleasures, these to me are none,
Why doe I prate
Of woemen, that are things against my fate
I never meane to wed,
That torture to my bed.
My Muse is free
My Love shall bee.
Let Clowns get wealth, and theeves, when I am gone,
And the great Bugbeare grisly death
Shall take this life breath,
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Sonne.

Of this no more;
Wee 'l rather taſt the bright *Pomona* 's ſtore.
No fruit ſhall ſcape
Our pallats, from the damſen, to the grape.
Then full we 'l ſeek a ſhade,
And heare what muſique 's made;
How Philomell
Her tale doth tell:
And how the other Birds doe fill the quire;
The Thruſh and Blackbird lend their throats
warbling melodious notes;
Wee will all ſports enjoy, which others but deſire.
Ours is the skie,
Whereat what fowle we pleaſe our Hauke ſhall flye;
Nor will we ſpare
To hunt the crafty foxe, or timorous hare,
But let our hounds runne looſe
In any ground they 'l chooſe,
The Bucke ſhall fall,
The ſtagge and all:
Our pleaſures muſt from their owne warrants bee,
For to my *Muſe*, if not to mee,
I'me ſure all game is free;
Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty.
And when we meane
To taſt of *Bacchus* bleſſings now and then,
And drinke by ſtealth
A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health.

I'le

I'le take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody,
Which he that heares
Lets through his eares
A madnesse to distemper all the braine.
Then I another pipe will take
And Dorique musique make,
To Civilize with graver notes our wits againe.

An answer to Mr Ben Iohnson'd advice perswade him not to leave the stage,

BEn doe not leave the stage
Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For Pride, and Impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall heare it told
They trighted thee, and high as is thy cause,
Their hisse is thy applause
More just were thy disdaine,
Had they approv'd thy vaine.
So thou for them, and they for thee were borne,
They to incense, and thou as much to scorne.

Wilt thou engrosse thy store
Of wheat, and powre no more,
Because their Bacon-braines have such a taste
As more delight in mast?
No; set'em forth a board of dainties, full

As

As thy best Muse can cull;
While they the while doe pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell it selfe devise,
Then to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canst not find them stuffe
That will be bad enough
To please their pallats; let 'em thine refuse
For some Pye-corner Muse;
Shee is to faire an hostesse, I were a sinne
For them to like thine *Inne*:
'Twas made to entertaine,
Guests of a nobler straine,
Yet if they will have any of thy store,
Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy dore.

And let those things in plush;
Till they be taught to blush
Like what they will, and more contented bee
With what *Broome* swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty straines
Write not to clothes but Braines:
But thy great spleene doth rise
Cause moles will have no eyes;
This only in my *Ben*, I faulty find
He's angry, they 'le not see him that are blind.

Why should the Scene be Mute
Cause thou canst touch a Lute

And

And string thy *Horace*? let each Muse of nine
Claime thee, and say thou art mine.
'Twer fond to let all other flames expire
To sitt by *Pindar*'s fire:
For by so strange neglect,
I should my selfe suspect
The Palsie were as well, thy braines disease;
If they could shake thy Muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing,
The glories of thy King;
And on the wings of verse his chariot beare
To heaven, and fixe it there:
Yet let thy Muse as well some raptures raise,
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee choose
Only a treble Muse;
But have this envious, ignorant Age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

A Dialogue. Thirsis. Lalage.

Th. MY *Lalage* when I behold
So great a cold,
And not a spark of heat in thy desire,
I wonder what strange power of thine,
Kindles in mine
So bright a flame, and such a burning fire.

Lalag. Can *Thirsis* in Philosophy
A truant bee,
And not have learn'd the power of the Sun?
How he to sublunary things
A favour brings,
Yet in himselfe is subject unto none?

Th. But why within thy eyes appeare
Never a teare,
That cause from mine perpetuall showres to fall?

La. Foole 'tis the power of fire you know
To melt the snow,
Yet has no moisture in it selfe at all.

Th. How can I be, deare Virgin show,
Both fire and snow?
Doe you that are the cause, the reason tell;
More then miracle to me
It seemes to be,
That so much heate with so much cold should dwell.

La. The reason I will render thee;
Why both should bee.
Audacious *Thirsis* in thy love too bold,
'Cause thy sawcinesse durst aspire
To such a fire,
Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold.

Th. Let pitty move thy gentle brest
To one oppresst;
This way, or that, give ease to my desire;
And either let Loves fire be lost
In hopes cold frost,
Or hopes cold frost be warm'd in loves quick fire.

O neither

La. O neither Boy, neither of these
Shall worke thy ease.
I 'le pay thy rashnesse with immortall paine,
As hope doth strive to freeze thy flame,
Love melts the same:
Th. As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez 't again
Come gentle swaines lend me a groane
To ease my moane.
Chorus. Ah cruell Love how great a power is thine?
Vnder the Poles although we lye
Thou mak'st us frye:
And thou canst make us freeze beneath the line.

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepheard.

Nymp. WHy sigh you swain? this passion is not cõmon;
I'le for your kids, or Lambkins. *Sh.* For a woman
Nymp. How faire is shee that on so sage a brow
Prints lowring looks? *Shep.* Iust such a toy as thou.
Nymp. Is shee a maid? *Sh.* what man can answer that? what.
Nymp. Or widdow? *Sh.* No. *Nym.* what then? *Sh.* I know not
Saint-like shee looks, a Syren if shee sing.
Her eyes are starres, her mind is every thing.
Nymp. If shee be fickle, Shepheard leave to wooe
Or fancy mee. *Sh.* No thou art woman too,
Nymp. But I am constant. *Sh.* Then thou art not faire.
Nymp. Bright as the morning. *Sh.* Wavering as the Ayre.
Nymp. What grows upon this cheeke? *Sh.* A pure Carnation.

Nym. Come taste a kisse *Sh.* O sweet, ô sweet Temptation!
Cha. Ah Love, and canst thou never loose the feild?
Where *Cupid* layes a seige, the towne must yeild.
Hee warmes the chiller blood with glowing fire,
And thawes the icy frost of cold desire.

A Pastorall Ode.

COy *Celia* dost thou see
Yon hollow mountaine tottering o're the plaine,
O're which a fatall Tree
With treacherous shade betrayes the sleepy swaine?
Beneath it is a Cell,
As full of horrour as my breast of care,
Ruine therein might dwell,
As a fit roome for guilt and black dispaire.
Thence will I headlong throw
This wretched weight, this heape of misery;
And in the dust below,
Bury my Carcasse, and the thought of thee.
Which when I finish'd have,
O hate me dead, as thou hast done alive,
And come not neare my grave
Least I take heat from thee, and so revive.

A Song.

A Song.

MVsick thou Queene of foules, get up and ſtring
Thy pow'rful Lute, and ſome ſad requiem ſing,
Till Rocks requite thy *Eccho* with a groane:
And the dull clifts repeate the duller tone:
Then on a ſuddaine with a nimble hand
Runnne gently o're the Chordes, and ſo command
The Pine to dance, the Oake his Roots forgoe,
The holme and aged Elme to foot it too;
Mirtles ſhall caper, lofty Cedars runne,
And call the Courtly Palme to make up one;
Then in the midſt of all their lolly traine,
Strike a ſad note, and fixe 'em Trees againe.

The Song of Diſcord.

LEt *Linus* and *Amphions* lute,
With *Orpheus* cittern now be mute:
The harſheſt voice the ſweeteſt note;
The Raven has the choiceſt throate.
A ſet of Frogs a quire for mee,
The Mandrake ſhall the Chaunter bee.
Where neither voice, nor tunes agree,
This is diſcords Harmonie.

Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play,
The following Trees had run away.

To one Overhearing his private discourse.

I Wonder not my *Lada* farre can see,
Since for her eyes shee might an Eagle bee,
And dare the Sun, but that shee heares so well
As that shee could my private whisperings tell,
I stand amaz'd; her eares are not so long,
That they could reach my words; hence then it sprung:
Love overhearing fled to her bright eare,
Glad he had got a tale to whisper there.

Epigram: 47 ex decimo Libro Martialis,

THese are things that being possest
Will make a life that's truly blest:
Estate bequeath'd, not got with toyle;
A good hot fire, a gratefull soyle,
No strife, warme clothes, a quiet soule,
A strength intire, a body whole,
Prudent simplicity, equall freinds,
A diet that no Art commends,
A night not drunke, and yet secure,
A bed not sad, yet chast and pure.

Long sleepes to make the nights but short,
A will to be but what thou art.
Nought rather choose; contented lye,
And neither feare, nor wish to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

Grammaticam Diodore *doces Eunuche puellos,*
Credo Solaciſmum tu Diodore *facis,*
Cum ſis exectus quàm nec Sporus *ille* Neronis,
Nec merſus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.
Non unam liquit tibi ſæva novacula teſtem;
Propria quæ maribus cur Diodore *legis?*
Quæ genus aut ſexum variant, Heteroclyta tantum.
Poſthàc ſi ſapias tu Diodore *legas.*

To the Vertuous and noble Lady, the Lady Cotton.

This not to force more teares from your sad eye,
That we write thus; that were a Piety
Turn'd guilt and sinne; we only beg to come
And pay due tribute to his sacred tombe.
The muses did divide his Love with you,
And justly therefore may be mourners too.
Instead of Cypresse, they have brought fresh Baies
To crowne his Vrne, and every dirge is Praise.

But

But since with him the learned tongues are gone,
Necessity here makes us use our owne.
Read, in his praise your owne, you cannot misse;
For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

An Elegie on the death of that Renowned and Noble Knight Sir Rowland Cotton *of Bellaport in Shropshire.*

RIch as was Cottons worth, I wish each line;
And every verse I breath like him, a Mine.
That by his vertues might created bee
A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie.
But that invention cannot sure be poore,
That but relates a part of his large store.
His youth began, as when the Sun doth rise
Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies.
And whereas other youths commended bee
From conceiv'd Hopes; his was maturitie.
Where other springs boast blossoms fairely blowne,
His was a harvest, and had fruits full growne.
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raigne
In wisdome, *Æson*-like, turn'd young againe.
This, Royall *Henry*, whose majestique eye
Saw thorough men, did from his court descrye,
And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there
One of the prime starres in his glorious spheare.
And (Princely Master) witnesse this with mee,

Hee

He liv'd not there to serve himselfe but thee,
No Silk-worme Courtier such as study there
First how to get their cloaths, then how to weare.
And though in favour high, he ne're was known
To promote others suits to pay for's own.
He valued more his Master, and knew well,
To use his Love was noble, base to sell.
Many there be live in the Court we know
To serve for Pageants, and make up the show;
And are not serviceable there at all
But now and then at some great Festivall.
He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
Of common-wealths, and mystique State affaires;
And when great *Henry* did his Maximes heare,
He wore him as a Iewell in his Eare.
Yet short he came not, nay he all out-went
In what some call a Courtiers complement.
An Active body that in subtile wise
Turnes pliable to any exercise.
For when he lept, the people dar'd to say
He was borne all of fire, and wore no clay.
Which was the cause too that he wrestled so,
'Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
His course he so performe'd with nimble pace,
The time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race.
As it were true that some late Artists say,
The Earth mov'd too, and run the other way.
All so soone finish'd, when the match was wonne
The Gazers by ask'd why they not begunne.
When he in masque us'd his harmonious feet,

The Sphears could not in comelier order meet;
Nor move more gracefull, whether they advance
Their measures forward, or retire their dance.
There he have seene him in our *Henry*'s Court
The glory and the envy of that sport.
And capring like a constellation rise,
Having fixt upon him all the Ladies eyes.
But these in him I would not vertues call,
But that the world must know, that he had all.
When *Henry* dy'd (our universall woe)
Willing was *Carron* to dye with him too.
And as neare death he came as neare could bee;
Himselfe he buried in obscuritie,
Entomb'd within his study wals, and there
Only the Dead his conversation were.
Yet was he not alone, for every day
Each *Muse* came thither with her sprig of Bay.
The *Graces* round about him did appeare,
The *Genii* of all Nations all met there.
And while immur'd he sat thus close at home,
To him the wealth of all the world did come.
He had a language to salute the Sunne,
Where he unharnest, and where's teame begunne.
The tongues of all the East to him 'were known
As Naturall, as they were borne his own.
Which from his mouth so sweetly did intice,
As with their language he had mix'd their spice.
In Greeke so fluent, that with it compare
Th' *Athenian* Olives, and they sapleste are.
Rome did submit her *Fusees*, and confesse

Her *Tully* might talke more, and yet ſpeake leſſe.
All Sciences were lodg'd in his large breſt,
And in that Pallace thought themſelves ſo bleſt
They never meant to part, but he ſhould bee
Sole Monarch, and diſſolve their Heptarchie.
But ô how vaine is mans fraile Harmonie!
We all are ſwannes, he that ſings beſt muſt die.
Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there,
We need no Language, nor Interpreter.
Who would not laugh at him now, that ſhould ſeeke
In *Cotton*'s Vrne for Hebrew or for Greeke?
But his more heav'nly graces with him yet
Live conſtant, and about him circled ſit
A bright Retinue, and on each tals downe
A robe of Glory, and on each a Crowne.

Then Madam (though you have a loſſe ſuſtain'd
Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd
Here in this world) dry your ſad eyes, once more
You ſhall againe enter the Nuptiall dore
A ſprightly bride, where you ſhall clothed bee
In garments wear'd of Immortalitie.
Nor greive becauſe he left you not a ſonne,
To Image Cotton forth now he is gone.
For it had been a wrong to his great Name
T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven, and Fame.

Anſamii Epigram 38.

SHee which would not I would chooſe:
Shee which would I would refuſe.

Venus could my mind but tame,
But not satisfie the same.
Inticements offer'd I despise,
And deny'd I slightly prize.
I would neither glut my mind,
Nor yet too much torment find.
Twice girt *Diana* doth not take mee,
Nor *Venus* naked joyfull make mee.
The first no pleasure hath to joy mee,
And the last enough to cloy mee.
But a crafty wench I'de have,
That can sell the act I crave,
And joyne at once in me these two,
I will, and yet I will not doe.

On the Death of a Nightingale.

GOe solitary wood, and henceforth be
Acquainted with no other Harmonie,
Then the Pyes chattering, or the shreeking note
Of bodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throate.
Thy sweetest Chanters dead, that warbled forth
Layes, that might tempests calme, and still the North;
And call downe Angels from their glorious Spheare
To heare her Songs, and learne new Anthems there.
That soule is fled, and to *Elisium* gone;
Thou a poore desert left; goe then and runne,
Begge there to stand a grove, and if shee please
To sing againe beneath thy shadowy Trees;

The ſoules of happy Lovers crown'd with bliſſes
Shall flock about thee, and keepe time with kiſſes.

In filium *Manlii* inſepultum.

IN terrâ condi vetuit Pater improbus, at Te
In tumulo patitur nobiliore tegi.
Pars canis eſt tumuli, tumuli pars altera Tigris,
Altera pars Lupus eſt, & Leo forſan erit.
Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne, ſepulchra
Sunt aliis tantum mortua, viva tibi.

Vpon the report of the King of Swedens Death.

I'Le not beleive 't; if fate ſhould be ſo croſſe
Nature would not be ſilent of her loſſe.
Can he be dead, and no portents appeare?
No pale Eccliſpe of th' ſun to let us feare
What we ſhould ſuffer, and before his light
Put out, the world inveloped in Night?
What thundring torrents the flush'd welkin tare?
What apparition kill'd him in the aire?
When *Cæſar* dy'd there were convulſion fits;
And nature ſeem'd to run out of her wits.
At that ſad object *Tybers* boſome ſwell'd,
And ſcarce from drowning all, by *Iove* withheld.
And ſhall we give this mighty Conquerour
That in a great and a more holy warre,

Was pulling downe the Empire which he reard,
A fall unmourn'd of Nature and untear'd;
A death (unleſſe the league of heav'n withſtood)
Leſſe wept then with an univerſall flood:
If I had ſeene a Comet in the aire
With glorious eye, and bright diſheveld haire,
And on a ſuddaine with his gilded traine
Drop downe; I ſhould have ſaid that *Sweden*'s ſlaine,
Shot like that ſtarre; or if the earth had ſhooke
Like a weake floore, the falling roofe had broke;
I ſhould have ſaid the mighty King is gone;
Fel'd as the talleſt tree in *Libanon*.
Alaſſe if he were dead; we need no poſt,
Uery inſtinct would tell us what we loſt:
And a chill damp (as at the generall doome) whome.
Creepe through each breſt and we ſhould know for
His *German* conqueſts are not yet compleat,
And when they are, ther's more remaining yet.
The world is full of ſin, nor every Land
O're growne with ſchiſme hath felt his purging hand.
The Pope is not confounded, and the Turke,
Nor was he ſure deſign'd for a leſſe worke.
But if our ſinnes have ſtop'd him in the ſource,
In mid'ſt Careere of his victorious courſe.
And heaven would truſt the dulneſſe of our ſence
So farre, not to prepare us with portents.
'Tis we that have the loſſe, and he hath caught
His heav'nly garland e're his worke be wrought.
But I, before I'le undertake to greive
So great a loſſe, will choole not to beleive.

On

On Sr Robert Cotton the Antiquary.

POsterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
But ages long since past for thee have groan'd,
Times Trophies thou didst rescue from the grave
Who in thy death a second buriall have.
Cotton, deaths conquest now compleat I see,
Who ne're had vanquish'd all things but in thee.

An Elegie.

HEav'n knowes my Love to thee, fed on desires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the purest beams shot from the Sun
At his full height; and the devotion
Of dying Martyrs could not burne more cleare,
Nor Innocence in her first robes appeare
Whiter then our Affections; they did show
Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow.
So pure the Phoenix when shee did refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But now my daies o'recast, for I have now
Drawne Anger like a tempest o're the brow
Of my faire Mistresse; those your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to fet my day starre rise,
Threat like revengefull Meteors, and I feele
My torment, and my guilt double my hell.

'Twas

'Twas a miſtake, and might have veniall been,
Done to another, but it was made ſin,
And juſtly Mortall too by troubling Thee,
Slight wrongs are treaſons done to Majeſtie.
O all yee bleſt Ghoſts of deceaſed Loves,
That now live Sainted in th' *Eliſian* groves
Mediate for mercy for me; at her ſhrine
Meet in full quire, and joyne your praiers with mine.
Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings and preſent bliſſes.
Conjure her by your mutuall hopes, and feares;
By all your intermixed ſighes, and teares,
To plead my pardon; goe to her and tell
That you will walke the guardian ſentinell,
My ſoules ſafe Genii, that ſhee need not feare
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe rebell there.
But what needs that, when ſhee alone ſits there
Sole Angell of that Orbe; in her owne ſpheare
Alone ſhee ſits, and can ſecure it free
From all irregular motions, only ſhee
Can give the balſome that muſt cure this ſore;
And the ſweet Antidote to ſin no more.

Η' Ευφυὲς ἢ πολιὸς ἢ μανικὸς: *Ariſt.*

FRom witty men and mad
All Poetry conception had.
No ſires but theſe will Poetry admit
Madneſſe or wit.

This

This definition Poetry doth fit,
It is a witty madneſſe, or mad wit.
Only theſe two Poetique heat admits,
A witty man, or one that 's out of 's wits.

Ad Amicum Litigantem,

WOuld you commence a Poet Sr, and be
A graduat in the thredbare myſteries?
The Oxes ford will no man thither bring,
Where the horſe hoofe raiſd the *Pegaſian* ſpring.
Nor will the bridge through which low *Cham* doth (runne,
Direct you to the bankes of *Helicon*.
If in that art you meane to take degrees,
Bedlam 's the beſt of univerſities.
There ſtudy it, and when you would no more
A Poet be, goe drinke ſome Hellebore.
Which drugge when I had taſted, ſoone I left
The bare *Parnaſſus*, and the barren cleft;
And can no more one of their Nation bee,
Becauſe recover'd of my lunacie.
But you may then ſucceed me in my place
Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace
Denied you, for you goe to law, 'tis ſaid,
And then 'tis ta'ne for granted you are mad.

Felicem Anticyram! *nullos ibi credo Poetas*
Inſanos tumido corde fovere modos.

Hanc

Hanc, fama est tantum sanos admittere cives.
Exulat hinc vester, (turba molesta) furor!
Nullus in hâc Elegis, nullus jugulatur Iambis;
Incola non Satyram, non Epigramma timet.
Nullus in hâc teneras recitator verberat aures;
Non hic judicium, non petit ille tuum.
Non hic te Chloris, non hic Lamleta fatigat
Cœlia; nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem.
Putida nec medias disrumpunt carmina mensas;
Mucida nec quisquam vina legendo facit.
Nusquam aliquis, terra securior errat, ob unam hoc
Grates Hellebore quin agat ille suo.

In Corydonem & Corinnam.

AH miser, & nullo felix in amore! Corinnam
Cum rogat ille, negat; cum negat ille, rogas.
Ambos urit Amor, quid sit felicius? ambos
Tempore non una sed tamen urit amor.
Cum flagras Corydon, frigescit fibra Corinnæ
Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna calet.
Cur æstas Corydonis hyems sit fœta Corinnæ?
Quidvè Corinnæ æstas sit Corydonis hyems?
Vnde ignis glaciem? glacies unde efficit ignem?
Desine crudelis, sæve Cupido, jocus!
Desine! sed nec te Corydonis tollere flammas,
Tollere nec castos Virginis ora nives.
Vre duos, extingue duos, & pectus utrumq;
Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumq; gelu.

Para-

Paraphras'd.

AH wretch in thy *Corinna's* love unblest!
How strange a fancy doth torment thy brest:
When shee desires to sport thou saist her nay;
When shee denyes then thou desir'st to play.
Love burnes you both. (ô 'tis a happy turne!)
But 'tis at severall times love both doth burne.
When scorching heat hath *Corydons* heart possest,
Then raignes a frost in cold *Corinnas* brest.
And when a frost in *Corydon* doth raigne,
Then is *Corinnas* brest on fire againe.
Why then with *Corydon* is it summer prime,
When with *Corinna* it is winter time?
Or why should then *Corinnas* summer bee
When it is winter *Corydon* with thee?
Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceede?
Ah jest not Love in so severe a deed!
I bid thee not *Corydons* flame to blow
Cleane out, nor cleane to melt *Corinnas* snow,
Burne both! freeze both! let mutuall fervour hold
His and her brest, or his and her's a cold.

Ad Eassum.

NOstri, (Basse) *solent pretio conducere scyphos*
Quos in deliciis Auricus omnis habet.

At ſi quis cuperet ſapientem vendere præco,
Rarus erit minimo qui velit aſſe virum.
Vſq; adeò nocet ingenium, tantoq; putatur
Quo minus eſt cerebri, charius eſſe caput.
Vnde tot ignari veneres? cur ſtultus amatur?
Hei mihi! cur tanti non ſapuiſſe fuit?
Hæc ratio eſt, paribus gaudet Venus *atq;* Cupido;
Et nunquam ſimiles non ſibi iungit Amor.

To one admiring her ſelfe in a Looking-Glaſſe.

FAire Lady when you ſee the Grace
Of Beauty in your Looking-Glaſſe:
A ſtately forhead, ſmooth and high,
And full of Princely Majeſty.
A ſparkling eye no gemme ſo faire,
Whoſe luſtre dimmes the *Cyprian* ſtarre.
A glorious cheeke divinely ſweet,
Wherein both Roſes kindly meet.
A cherry lip that would entice
Even Gods to kiſſe at any price.
You thinke no beauty is ſo rare
That with your ſhaddow might compare.
That your reflection is alone,
The thing that men moſt dote upon.
Madam, alas your Glaſſe doth ly e,
And you are much deceiv'd; for I
A beauty know of richer grace
(ſweet.

(Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face,
Hence then ô learne more milde to bee,
And leave to lay your blame on mee;
It me your reall ſubſtance move,
When you ſo much your Shaddow Love.
Wiſe nature would not let your eye
Looke on her owne bright majeſtie;
Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
You could, except your ſelfe, love no ne:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot ſee:
Now you have what to loue, you'l ſay
What then is left for me I pray?
My face ſweet hart if it pleaſe thee,
That which you can, I cannot ſee:
So either love ſhall gaine his due,
Your's ſweet in mee, and mine in you.

An Eglogue occaſion'd by two Doctors diſputing upon predeſtination.

Corydon.

HO jolly *Thirſis* whither in ſuch haſte?
I'ſt for a wager that you run ſo faſt?
Or paſt your houre below yon hawthorne tree
Does longing *Galatea* looke for thee?

Thirſis.

No *Corydon*, I heard young *Daphnis* ſay

Alexis challeng'd *Tityrus* to day
Who best shall sing of Shepheards Art, and praise:
But hearke I heare 'em, listen to their laies.

Tityrus.

Alexis read, what means this mistique thing;
An Ewe I had two lambs at once did bring:
Th' one black as Iett; the other white as snow:
Say in just providence how it could be so?

Alexis.

Will you *Pan's* goodnesse therefore partiall call,
That might as well have given thee none at all?

Tityrus.

Were they not both eand by the selfe same Ewe?
How could they merit then so different hewe?
Poore lamb alas; and couldst thou, yet unborne,
Sin to deserve the Guilt of such a scorne?
Thou hadst not yet fowl'd a religious spring,
Nor fed on plots of hollowed grasse, to bring
Staines to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree
Sacred to *Pan* or *Pales* Deitie.
The Gods are ignorant if they not foreknow;
And knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

Alexis.

Tytir with me contend, or *Corydon*;
But let the Gods, and their high wills alone.
For in our flocks that freedome challenge wee,
This kid is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

Tityrus.

Feed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us
To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus.

This

This on the barren mountaines flesh can gleane,
That fed in flowry pastures will be leane.

Alexis.

Plow, sowe, and compasse, nothing boots at all,
Vnlesse the dew upon the Tilth's doe fall.
So labour sylly Shepheards what wee can
All's vaine, unlesse a blessing drop from *Pan.*

Tityrus.

Ill thrive thy Theves if thou these lyes maintaine.

Alexis.

And may thy Goats miscarry sawcy swaine.

Thyrsis.

Fie, Shepheards fie! while you these strifes begin,
Here creepes the woolfe, and there the fox gets in.
To your vaine piping on so deepe a reed
The Lambkins listen, but forget to feed.
It gentle swains befits of Love to sing,
How Love left heaven, and heav'ns immortall King,
His Coæternall Father. O admire,
Love is a Sonne as ancient as his sire.
His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a wombe!
His cradle was a manger; Shepheards see
True faith delights in poore simplicitie.
He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine,
But could of water make a brisker wine.
Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barne
The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grind the Corne.
Without all these Love could supply our need,
And with five Loaves, five thousand Hungers feed.

More

More wonders did he, for all which ſuppoſe
How he was crown'd, with Lilly, or with Roſe:
The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,
Or mirtle, with the which *Venus*, they ſay,
Girts her proud Temples? Shepheards none of them;
But wore (poore head) a thorny Diadem.
Feet to the Lame he gave; with which they run
To worke their Surgeons laſt deſtruction.
The blind from him had eyes; but uſ'd that light
Like Baſyliſques to kill him with their ſight.
Laſtly he was betray'd (ô ſing of this)
How Love could be betray'd! 'twas with a kiſſe.
And then his Innocent hands, and guiltleſſe feet
Were nayl'd unto the Croſſe, ſtriving to meet
In his ſpread armes his ſpouſe, ſo mild in ſhowe
He ſeem'd to court th' Imbraces of his foe.
Through his peare'd ſide, through which a ſpeare was ſent,
A torrent of all flowing Balſame went.
Run *Amarillis* run: one drop from thence
Cures thy ſad ſoule, and drives all anguiſh hence.
Goe ſunburnt *Theſtylis*, goe, and repaire
Thy beauty loſt, and be againe made faire.
Love-ſick *Amyntas* get a *Philtrum* here,
To make thee Lovely to thy truly deare.
But coy *Licoris* take the Pearle from thine,
And take the bloodſhot from *Alexis* eyne.
Weare this an Amulet 'gainſt all Syrens ſmiles,
The ſtings of ſnakes, and Teares of Crocodiles.
Now Love is dead: Oh no, he never dyes;
Three dayes he ſleepes, and then againe doth riſe.

(Like

(Like faire *Aurora* from the Easterne Bay)
And with his beams drives all our clouds away:
This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get.
But hoe, I see the Sun ready to set,
Good night to all; for the great night is come;
Flocks to your folds and shepheards hye you home.!
To morrow morning, when we all have slept,
Pan's Cornet's blowne, and the great *Sheepshears* kept.

An Eglogue to Mr Johnson.

Tityrus

VNder his Beech why sit'st thou here so sad
Son *Damon*, that wast erst a joviall lad? (sound
These groves were wont to Eccho with the
Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd round.
Rowse up thy soule, *Parnassus* mount stands high,
And must be climb'd with painefull industrie.
Damon. You Father on his forked top sit still,
And see us panting up so steepe a hill;
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
Never with wax, never to joynt it more.
Tit. Fond boy, 'twas rashly done; I meant to thee,
Of all the sons I have, by legacie
To have bequeath'd my pipe, thee, thee of all,
I meant it should her second Master call.
Dam. And doe you thinke I durst presume to play
Where *Tityrus* had worne his lip away!
Live long thy selfe to tune it; 'tis from thee,

It has not from it self such Harmony.
But if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our *Tytirus* in his grave;
Yonder upon yon aged Oak, that now
Old trophies bears on every sacred bow,
We'le hang it up a relique, we will doe it,
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.
Tyt. Canst thou farewell unto the Muses bid?
Then bees shall loath the Thyme, the new wean'd Kid
Browze on the buds no more; the teeming ewes
Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.
Dam. I by those Ladies now do nothing set;
Let 'em for me some other servant get:
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equall thine.
Thine which the floods have stopt their course to hear;
To which the spotted Linx hath lent an eare.
Which while the severall Ecchoes would repeat,
The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great
That *Pan* himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
Of all the Gods *Pan* doth the Pipe respect,
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.
Pan can distinguish what thy Raptures be
From *Bavius* loose lascivious Minstralsie,
Or *Mævius* windy Bagpipe, *Mævius*, he
Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympanie.
If ever I flock of my own doe feed,
My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.
Tyt. Two Altars I will build him, and each yeare

will

Will sacrifice two wel-fed Bullocks there.
Two that have horns; that while they butting stand
Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
But what can make thee leave the Muses man,
That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan*?
Whence is thy fury? Did the partiall eare
Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did heare
Ægon, and thee contend which best should play,
Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?
Does *Amarillis* cause this high despaire?
Or *Galatea's* coynesse breed thy care?
Dam. Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemn;
Thy pipe not alwaies *Tytirus* wins with them:
And as for Love, in sooth I doe not know
Whether he wears a bow, and shafts or no.
Or did I, I a way could quickly find,
To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,
Or *Amarillis*: I to both could send
Apples that with *Hesperian* fruit contend:
And on occasion could have quickly guest
Where two fayr ring-doves built their amorous nest.
Tyt. If none of these, my *Damon* then aread
What other cause can so much passion breed!
Dam. Father I will, in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears.
The Reapers that with whetted siccles stand,
Gathering the falling ears 'ith' other hand;
Though they endure the scorching summers heat,
Have yet some wages to allay their sweat:
The Lopper that doth fell the sturdy Oak

Labours, yet has good pay for every ſtroke.
The Plowman is rewarded: only we
That ſing, are paid with our own melody.
Rich churls have learn't to praiſe us, and admire,
But have not learn't to think us worth the hire.
So toyling Ants perchance delight to hear
The ſummer muſique of the Graſſopper,
But after rather let him ſtarve with pain,
Then ſpare him from their ſtore one ſingle grain.
As when great *Iunos* beauteous Bird diſplaies
Her ſtarry tail, the boyes doe run and gaze
At her proud train; ſo look they now adaies
On Poets, and doe think if they but praiſe,
Or pardon what we ſing, enough they doe:
I, and 'tis well if they doe ſo much too.
My rage is ſwel'd ſo high I cannot ſpeak it,
Had I *Pan's* pipe, or thine I now ſhould break it!
Tit. Let moles delight in Earth; Swine dunghils rake;
Crows prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleaſure take
In ſlimy pools; And Niggards wealth admire;
But we, whoſe ſouls are made of purer fire,
Have other aimes: Who longs for gain hath made,
Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade.
Hark how the Nightingale in yonder tree,
Hid in the boughes, warbles melodiouſly
Her various muſique forth, while the whole Quire
Of other birds, flock round, and all admire!
But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite
Part with her prey, to pay for her delight?
Or will the fooliſh, painted, pratling Iay

Now

Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play
Lend her a ſtraw? or any of the reſt
Fetch her a feather when ſhe builds her neſt?
Yet ſings ſhe ne're the leſſe, till every den
Doe catch at her laſt notes: And ſhall I then
His fortunes *Damon*'bove my own commend,
Who can more cheeſe into the market ſend?
Clowns for poſterity may cark and care,
That cannot out-live death but in an Heire:
By more then wealth we propagate our Names,
That truſt not to ſucceſſions, but our Flames.
Let hide-bound churls yoak the laborious Oxe,
Milk hundred goats, and ſhear a thouſand flocks;
Plant gainfull Orchards, and in ſilver ſhine;
Thou of all fruits ſhould'ſt only prune the Vine:
Whoſe fruit being taſted, might erect thy brain
To reach ſome raviſhing, high, and lofty ſtrain,
The double birth of *Bacchus* to expreſſe,
Firſt in the grape, the ſecond in the preſſe.
And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move
Thy mind, once fixed on the Muſes Love?
Dam. When I contented liv'd by *Cham's* fair ſtreams,
Without deſire to ſee the prouder *Thames*,
I had no flock to care for, but could ſit
Vnder a willow covert, and repeat
Thoſe deep and learned layes, on every part
Grounded on judgment, ſubtil'ty, and Art,
That the great Tutour to the greateſt King,
The ſhepheard of *Stagira*, us'd to ſing:
The ſhepheard of *Stagira*, that unfolds

All natures closet, shows what e'r it holds;
The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and measure
Of every thing contain'd in her vast treasure.
How Elements doe change; What is the cause
Of Generation; what the Rule, and Laws
The Orbs doe move by; Censures every starre,
Why this is fixt, and that irregular;
Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there,
And help't each Angell turn about her spheare.
The thirsty pilgrim travelling by land,
When the feirce Dog-starre doth the day command,
Half choak't with dust, parch't with the soultry heat;
Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with sweat,
Finding a gentle spring, at her cool brink
Doth not with more delight sit down and drink,
Then I record his songs: we see a cloud,
And fearing to be wet, doe run and shroud
Vnder a bush; when he would sit and tell
The cause that made her mystie wombe to swell;
Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
Sometimes dissolves her self in flakes of snow:
Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame
A reason why it wore a beard of flame.
Ah *Tytirus*, I would withall my heart,
Even with the best of my carv'd mazers part,
To hear him as he us'd divinely shew,
What 'tis that paints the diverse-colour'd bow: (stray,
Whence Thunders are discharg'd, whence the winds
What foot through heaven hath worn the milky way!
And yet I let this true delight alone,

Call'd

Call'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
Ah woe is me, anothers flock to keep;
The care is mine, the maſter ſhears the ſheep!
A flock it was that would not keep together;
A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither.
Nor would it learn to liſten to my layes,
For 'twas a flock made up of ſeverall ſtrayes:
And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear
A deſolation frights the Muſes there!
With ruſtique ſwains I mean to ſpend my time;
Teach me there father to preſerve my rime.
Tyt. To morrow morning I will counſel thee,
Meet me at *Faunus* Beech; for now you ſee
How larger ſhadows from the mountains fall,
And *Corydon* doth *Damon*, *Damon*, call.
Damon, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,
More then high time; did you not erſt behold
How *Heſperus* above yon clouds appear'd,
Heſperus leading forth his beauteous heard?

A Paſtorall Courtſhip.

BEhold theſe woods, and mark my *Sweet*
How all the boughes together meet!
The *Cedar* his fair arms diſplayes,
And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.
The lofty *Pine* deignes to deſcend,
And ſturdy *Oaks* doe gently bend.

One

One with another ſubt'ly weaves
Into one loom their various leaves;
As all ambitious were to be
Mine and my *Phyllis* canopie!
Let's enter, and diſcourſe our Loves;
Theſe are, my Dear, no tell-tale groves!
There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrats there,
To prate again the words they heare,
Nor babling Eccho, that will tell
The neighbouring hills one ſyllable.
Being enter'd let's together lye,
Twin'd like the *Zodiaks Gemini!*
How ſoon the flowres doe ſweeter ſmell!
And all with emulation ſwell,
To be thy pillow! Theſe for thee
Were meant a bed, and thou for me;
And I may with as juſt eſteem
Preſſe thee, as thou maiſt lye on them.
And why ſo coy? What doſt thou feare?
There lurks no ſpeckled Serpent here.
No Venemous ſnake makes this his rode,
No Canker, nor the loathſome toad.
And yon poor ſpider on the tree,
Thy ſpinſter will, no poiſner be.
There is no Frog to leap, and fright
Thee from my arms, and break delight;
Nor ſnail that o're thy coat ſhall trace,
And leave behind a ſlimy lace.
This is the hallowed ſhrine of Love,
No waſp nor hornet haunts this grove,

Nor

Nor pismire to make pimples rise,
Vpon thy smooth and ivory thighes.
No danger in these shades doth lye,
Nothing that wears a sting, but I:
And in it doth no venome dwell,
Although perchance it make thee swell.
Being set, let's sport a while, my Fair,
I will tye Love knots in thy haire.
See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play;
And braids thy locks: And shall I find
Lesse favour then a saucy wind?
Now let me sit, and fix my eyes
On thee that art my Paradise.
Thou art my all; the spring remains
In the fair violets of thy veins.
And that it is a summers day,
Ripe Cherries in thy lips display.
And when for Autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see winter in thy heart.
Strange, when at once in one appear
All the four seasons of the year!
I'le clasp that neck where should be set
A rich and Orient Carkanet:
But swains are poor, admit of then
More natural chains, the arms of men.
Come let me touch those brests, that swell
Like two fair mountains, and may well

Be ſtil'd the Alpes, but that I feare
The ſnow has leſſe of whiteneſſe there.
But ſtay (my Love) a faulr I ſpy,
Why are theſe two fair fountains dry,
Which if they run, no Muſe would pleaſe
To taſt of any ſpring but theſe.
And *Ganymed* employ'd ſhould bee
To fetch his *Iove Nectar* from thee.
Thou ſhalt be Nurſe fair *Venus* ſwears,
To the Next *Cupid* that ſhe bears.
Were it not then diſcreetly done
To ope one ſpring to let two runne?
Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mine,
Bluſhes to ſee no coyn ſtampt in't.
Employ it then, for though it be
Our wealth, it is your royaltie;
And beauty will have currant grace
That bears the Image of your face.
How to the touch the Ivory thighes.
Veil gently, and again doe riſe,
As pliable to impreſſion,
As Virgins waxe, or *Parian* ſtone
Diſſolv'd to ſoftneſſe, plump and full,
More white and ſoft then *Coiſall wooll*;
Or Cotten from the *Indian* Tree,
Or pretty ſilkworms huſwifrie.
Theſe on two marble pillars rais'd
Make me in doubt which ſhould be praiſd;
They, or their Columnes muſt; but when
I veiw thoſe feet which I have ſeen

So nimbly trip it o're the Lawns
That all the *Satyrs* and the fawns
Have ſtood amaz'd, when they would paſſe
Over the leyes, and not a graſſe
Would feel the weight, nor ruſh, nor bend
Drooping betray which way you went.
O then I felt my hot deſires
Burn more, and flame with double fires.
Come let thoſe thighes, thoſe legs, thoſe feet
With mine in thouſand windings meet,
And woven in more ſubtle twines
Then woodbine, Ivy, or the vines.
For when Love ſees us circling thus
He'le like no Arbour more then us.
Now let us kiſſe, would you be gone?
Manners at leaſt allows me one.
Bluſh you at this, pretty one ſtay,
And I will take that kiſſe away.
Thus with a ſecond, and that too
A third wipes of, ſo will we goe
To numbers that the ſtarrs out run,
And all the Atoms in the Sun.
For though we kiſſe till *Phœbus* ray
Sink in the ſeas, and kiſſing ſtay
Till his bright beams return again,
There can of all but one remain:
And if for one good manners call,
In one good manners grant me all.
Are kiſſes all? they but forerun
Another duty to be done.

What would you of that minſtrell ſay
That tunes his pipes and will not play?
Say what are bloſſoms in their prime,
That ripen not in harveſt time?
Or what are buds that ne're diſcloſe
The long'd for ſweetneſſe of the roſe?
So kiſſes to a Lover's gueſt
Are invitations not the feaſt.
See every thing that we eſpy
Is fruitfull, ſaving you and I:
Veiw all the feilds, ſurvey the bowers,
The buds, the bloſſoms and the flowers;
And ſay if they ſo rich could be
In barren baſe Virginitie:
Earth's not ſo coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the plow.
For how had man or beaſt been fed,
If ſhe had kept her maiden head?
Cælia once coy as are the reſt,
Hangs now a babe on either breſt,
And *Chloris* ſince a man ſhe took,
Has leſſe of greenneſſe in her look.
Our ewes have ean'd, and every damme
Gives ſuck unto her tender Lambe.
As by theſe groves we walk'd a long,
Some Birds were feeding of their young,
Some on their egges did brooding ſit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.
Thoſe that were ſlower then the reſt,
Were buſy building of their neſt.

You will not only pay the fine,
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the brook
With silken line and silver hook,
Through Christall streams you might descry
How vast and numberlesse a fry
The fish had spawn'd, that all along
The banks were crowded with the throng.
And shall fair *Venus* more command
By water then she does by land?
The *Phœnix* chast yet when she dyes,
Her self with her own ashes lyes.
But let thy Love more wisely thrive
To doe the act while th' art alive.
'Tis time we left our childish Love
That trades for toyes, and now approve
Our abler skill; they are not wise
Look Babies only in the eyes.
That smooth red smile shews what you meant,
And modest silence gives consent.
That which we now prepare, will bee
Best done in silent secresie.
Come doe not weep, what is't you feare?
Least some should know what we did here.
See not a flowre you prest is dead,
But re-erects his bended head;
That who soe're shall passe this way
Knows not by these where *Phyllis* lay.
And in your forehead there is none
Can read the act that we have done.

Phyllis.

Poore credulous and ſimple maid!
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betraid!
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day
For which thou canſt no ranſome pay.
How black art thou transform'd with ſin!
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within!
Greif will convert this red to pale;
When every Wake, and whitſund-ale
Shall talk my ſhame; break, break ſad heart
There is no Medicine for my ſmart,
No hearb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Vnleſſe you meet again to morrow.

Vpon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a voice incomparably ſweet.

I chanc'd ſweet *Lesbia's* voice to heare,
O that the pleaſure of the eare
Contented had the appetite;
But I muſt ſatisfy the ſight;
Where ſuch a face I chanc'd to ſee
From which good Lord deliver me.
I'ſt not prophane if I ſhould tell
I thought her one of thoſe that fell
With *Lucifers* Apoſtate traine
Yet did her Angels voice retaine?
A cherubin her notes deſcry'd,

A Divell every where beſide.
Aske the dark woods, and they'le confeſſe
None did ſuch Harmony expreſſe
In all their bowres from May to Iune,
Yet nere was face ſo out of tune.
Her Virginall teeth falſe time did keep,
Her wrinkled forhead went too deep.
Lower then *Gammath* ſunke her eyes,
'Bove *Ela* though her noſe did riſe.
I'le truſt Muſitians now that tell
Beſt muſique doth in diſcords dwell.
Her ayres entic'd the gentle quire
Of Birds to come, who all admire,
And would with pleaſure longer ſtay,
But that her looks frights them away.
Which for a good *Priapus* goes
And well may ſerve to ſcarre the crowes.
Her voice might tempt th'immortall race,
But let her only ſhew her face,
And ſoone ſhee might extinguiſh thus
The luſting of an *Incubus*.
So have I ſeene a lute ore worne,
Old and rotten, patcht and torne,
So raviſh with a ſound, and bring
A cloſe ſo ſweet to every ſtring,
As would ſtrike wonder in our eares,
And work an envy in the Spheares.
Say monſter ſtrange, what maiſt thou be?
Whence ſhall I fetch thy Pedigree?
What but a Panther could beget

A beaſt

A beast so foule, a breath so sweet?
Or thou of *Syrens* issue art,
If they be fish the upper part.
Or else blind *Homer* was not mad
Then when he sung *Vlysses* had
So strange a guift from *Æolus*,
Who odour-breathing *Zephyrus*
In severall bottles did inclose,
For certain thou art one of those.
Thy lookes, where other women place
Their chiefest Pride, is thy disgrace.
The tongue, a part which us'd to be
Worst in thy Sexe, is best in thee.
Were I but now to choose my deare
Not by my eye, but by my eare,
Here would I dote; how shall I wooe
Thy voice, and not thy body too?
Then all the brood I get of thee,
Would Nightingalls, and Cygnets be:
Cygnets betimes their throats to trye,
Borne with more Musique then they dye.
Say *Lesbia*, say, what God will blesse
Our Loves with so much happinesse.
Some women are all tongue, but ô
Why art not thou my *Lesbia* so!
Thy looks doe speak thee witch, one spell
To make thee but invisible,
Or dye; resigne thy selfe to death,
And I will catch thy latest breath;
But that the nose will scarce I feare,

Find

Finde it ſo ſweet, as did the eare.
Or if thou wouldſt not have me coy,
As was the ſelfe-inam our'd Boy,
Turne only Voice, an Eccho prove,
Here, here, by heav'n, I fixe my Love:
If not, you Gods, to eaſe my mind,
Or make her dumbe, or ſtrike me blind;
For griefe, and anger in me riſe,
Whil'ſt ſhee hath tongue, or I have eyes.

The milk-maids Epithalamium.

IOy to the Bridegroome and the Bride
That lye by one anothers ſide!
O fie upon the Virgin Bedds,
No loſſe is gain but Maiden heads.
Love quickly ſend the time may be
When I ſhall deal my Roſemary!

I long to ſimper at a feaſt,
To dance, and kiſſe, and doe the reſt.
When I ſhall wed, and Bedded be
O then the qualme comes over me,
And tells the ſweetneſſe of a Theame
That I ne're knew but in a dreame.

You Ladies have the bleſſed nights,
I pine in hope of ſuch delights.

And silly Dam'sell only can
Milk the cowes teats and think on man:
And sigh and wish to tast and prove
The wholesome Sillibub of Love.

Make hast, at once twin-Brothers beare;
And leave new matter for a starre.
Woemen and ships are never shown
So fair as when their sayles be blown.
Then when the Midwife hears your moane,
I'le sigh for grief that I have none.

And you, deare Knight, whose every kisse
Reapes the full crop of *Cupids* blisse,
Now you have found, confesse and tell
That single sheets doe make up hell.
And then so charitable be
To get a man to pitty me.

An Eglogue on the noble Assemblies revived on Cotswold Hills, by M. Robert Dover.

Collen, Thenot. (swains,

Coll. WHat Clod-pates, *Thenot*, are our Brittish
How lubber-like they loll upon the plaines
No life, no spirit in 'em; every Clown
Soone as he layes his Hook and Tarbox down,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his layes,

Or

Or nimbly run the winding of the Maze,
Now gets a buſh to roam himſelfe, and ſleepe;
Tis hard to know the ſhepheard from the ſheepe.
And yet me thinks our Engliſh paſtures be
As flowery as the Lawnes of *Arcadie*,
Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
Boaſt purer ayre, nor ſheer a finer fleece.
The. Yet view their out-ſide, *Collen*, you would ſay
They have as much brawn in their necks as they
Fair *Tempe* braggs of; luſty armes that ſwell
With able ſinews, and might hurle as well
The weightie ſledge; their leggs, and thighs of bone,
Great as *Coloſſus*, yet their ſtrength is gone.
They look like yonder man of wood, that ſtands
To bound the limits of the Pariſh lands.
Doſt thou ken, *Collen*, what the cauſe might be
Of ſuch a dull and generall Lethargie? (away,
Coll. Swain, with their ſports their ſoules were ta'ne
Till then they all were active, every day
They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now
Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow.
Early in May up got the jolly rout
Call'd by the Lark, and ſpred the feilds about:
One for to breath himſelfe, would courſing be,
From this ſame Beech, to yonder Mulberie.
A ſecond leapt, his ſupple nerves to try,
A third was practiſing his melody.
This a new Iigg was footing, others were
Buſied at wreſtling, or to throw the Barre:
Ambitious which ſhould beare the bell away,

And kisse the Nut-brown Lady of the *May*.
This stirr'd 'em up; a lolly swain was he
Whom *Peg*, and *Susan* after Victory
Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset
With Daisies, Pincks and many a Violet,
Cowslip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though small
Encourage vertue; but if none at all
Meet her, she languisheth, and dyes, as now
Where worth's deny'd the honour of a bough.
And, *Thenot*, this the cause I read to be
Of such a dull and generall Lethargie.
The. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gain-say,
Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports away!
Coll. Some melancholy swains about have gone
To teach all zeal their owne complection:
Choler they will admit sometimes I see,
But Fleagme, and Sanguine no Religions be.
These teach that Dauncing is a Iezabell;
And Barley-break, the ready way to Hell.
The Morrice Idols, Whitsun'-ales can be
But prophane Reliques of a Iubilee!
These in a Zeal, t'expresse how much they doe
The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too;
And harmlesse May-poles, all are rail'd upon
As if they were the towers of *Babilon*.
Some think not fit there should be any sport
I'th Country, 'tis a dish proper to t'h Court.
Mirth not becomes 'em, let the sawcy swain
Eate Beef, and Bacon, and goe sweat again.
Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be

When

When all is but ridiculous fopperie?
The. Collen, I once the famous *Spain* did ſee,
A nation glorious for her gravitie;
Yet there an hundred Knights on warlike ſteeds
Did skirmiſh out a fight arm'd but with Reeds;
At which a thouſand Ladies eyes did gaze,
Yet was no better then our Priſon-baſe.
What is the Barriers but a Courtly way
Of our more down right ſport, the Cudgell-play?
Foot-ball with us may be with them Baloone,
As they at Tilt, ſo we at Quintaine runne.
And thoſe old Paſtimes reliſh beſt with me,
That have leaſt Art, and moſt ſimplicitie.
Collen, they ſay at Court there is an Art
To dance a Ladies honour from her hart;
Such wiles poor ſhepheards know not, all their ſence
Is dull to any thing but Innocence.
The Country Laſſe, although her dance be good,
Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood.
And yet their Sports by ſome controul'd have been,
Who think there is no mirth but what is ſin.
O might I but there harmleſſe Gambols ſee
Reſtor'd unto an ancient libertie,
Where ſpotleſſe dalliance traces o're the Plains,
And harmleſſe Nymphs jet it with harmleſſe ſwains!
To ſee an age againe of Innocent Loves
Twine cloſe as Vines, yet kiſſe as chaſt as Doves,
Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have ſtrung,
Or tun'd my whiſtle to the *Mantuan* ſong.
Coll. Then tune thy whiſtle boy, and ſtring thy Lyre,

That age is come againe, thy brave desire
Pan hath approv'd; dauncing shall bee this yeare
Holy as is the motion of a Spheare.
The. Collen, with sweeter breath Fame never blew
Her sacred Trump, if this good newes be true! (land
Coll. Knowst thou not *Cotswold* hils? *Th:* Through all the
No Finer wooll runnes through the spinsters hand.
But silly *Collen*, ill thou dost divine,
Canst thou mistake a Bramble for a Pine?
Or think this Bush a Cedar? or suppose
Yo'n Hamlet, where to sleepe each shepheard goes
In circuit, buildings, people, power and name
Equalls the Bow[illegible]ring'd by the silver Thame?
As well thou maist their sports with ours compare,
As the soft wooll of Lambs, with the Goates haire.
Coll. Last evening Lad, I met a noble swaine,
That spurr'd his sprightfull Palfrey ore the plain,
His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay
As any Lasse upon her Bridall day:
I thought (what easy faiths we sheapheards prove!)
This, not the Bull, had been *Europa's* Love!
I ask't the cause, they told me this was he
Whom this daies Triumph crownd with Victory.
Many brave steeds there were, some you should finde
So fleet as they had been sonnes of the winde:
Others with hoofs so swift, beat o're the race
As if some engine shot 'em to the place.
So many and so well wing'd Steeds there were,
As all the Brood of *Pegasus* had been there.
Rider, and horse could not distinguish'd be,

Both

Both ſeem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaure's* Progeny.
A numerous troop they were, yet all ſo light
Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight.
Such Royall Paſtimes *Cotſwold* mountains fill,
When gentle ſwains viſit her glorious hill:
Where with ſuch packs of Hounds they hunting goe,
As *Cyrus* ne're did winde his Bugle to!
Whoſe noiſe is muſicall; and with full cries
Beats o're the feilds, and Ecchoes through the skies.
Orion hearing wiſh'd to leave his Spheare,
And call his Dogge from heaven, to ſport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
So brave a dirge ſung forth his funerall.
Not *Syrens* ſweetlier rill, Hares as they flie
Look back, as glad to liſten, loth to die.
The. No doubt but from this brave Heroick fire
In the more noble hearts, ſparks of deſire
May warme the colder Boores, and emulous ſtrife
Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.
When thoughts of fame their quickned ſouls ſhall fill
At every glaunce that ſhewes 'em *Cotſwold* hill.
Coll. There ſhepheard, there, the ſolemn games be playd,
Such as great *Theſeus*, or *Alcides* made:
Such as *Apollo* wiſhes he had ſeene,
And *Iove* deſires had his invention beene!
The *Nemean*, and the *Iſthmian* paſtimes ſtill
Though dead in Greece, ſurvive on *Cotſwold* hill.
The. Oh happy hill! the gentle Graces now
Shall trip o're Thine and leave *Citherons* brow:
Parnaſſus clift ſhall ſink below his ſpring,

And

And every Muſe ſhall on thy frontlet ſing.
The Goddeſſes againe in ſtrife ſhall be,
And from mount *Ida* make appeale to thee;
Olympus pay thee homage and in dread
The aged Alpes ſhall bow his ſnowy head;
Flora with all her ſtore thy Temples Crowne,
Whoſe height ſhall reach the ſtars: Gods looking down
Shall bleſſe the Incenſe that thy flowers exhale
And make thee both a Mountain and a Vale.
How many Ladies on thy top ſhall meet,
And preſſe thy treſſes with their od'rous feet?
Whoſe eyes when wondring men ſee from a farre,
They'le think thee Heaven and each of them a ſtarre,
Coll. But gentle *Collen* ſay what God or man
Fame we for this great worke, *Daphnis* or *Pan*?
Tho. *Daphnis* is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
Tell all your flocks 'tis loviall *Dover's* deed.
Behold the ſhepheards in their ribbands goe,
And ſhortly all the Nymphs ſhall wear 'em too:
Amaz'd to ſee ſuch glory met together,
Bleſſe *Dovers* pipe, whoſe Muſick call'd 'em hither.
Sport you my Rams at ſound of *Dovers* name;
Big-bellied ewes make haſt to bring a Lambe
For *Dovers* fold: Goe maids and Lillies get
To make him up a glorious Coronet.
Swains keep his holy-day and each man ſwear
To Saint him in the *Shepheards Calendar*.

THE

Ad Medicum.

HEu, quæ me Cholchis, magico quæ Thessala cantu
Sic cruciat miserũ, & tantis coquit ilia flammis?
Aut quæ cera meas torret liquefacta medullas?
Mitius in Lybiam Phœbi jubar antra leonũ
Ingressum furit, & Vulcania mitiùs Ætna
Sæviit, ardentes cineres, multamq; favillam
In Calâbros iaculata sinus: Heu, quis mihi vestes
Induit Herculeas? nam sentio virus, & omnes
Ebullire meas Nessæo sanguine venas!
Mille licet pascas fibrâ crescente volucres,
Felicem Titium, multo quem frigore stringit
Caucasus! O liceat mihi tecum monte sub illo
Æternum tractare gelu, glacieq; perenni
Demulcere animum, nivibusq; extinguere flammas!
Aut tecum sitiam, gelidis modò detur in undis
Stare, tuisq; meum lymphis solarier æstum,
Tantale; namq; error miserè miser, æstuat intùs
Indomitus, totosq; ignis depascitur artus.
Dum gliscit calor, & sævo coquit igne cruorem,
Intumet extemplò cutis, exurgitq; tumescens
Purpureâ maculâ, & multo distincta rubore;
Non aliter quàm de calo cum decidit imber,
Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat æquore bulla;
Aut quale in nostris (sæpe est videre) culinis
Cum primum verubus stridet caro: Belides in me,
In me perpetuam diffundite, Belides, urnam.
Gens est, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia, carnes
Condere visceribus; me, me, petat, & voret ore
Jam tostum jecur: heu, fervent mea & omnia membra

Apta Thyestæis *vivunt convivia mensis.*
At cum flamma satis totos bacchata per artus
Lenius ardescens deferbuit, illicò turgens
Descendit cutis, & paulò nunc mitius uror.
Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorq; repentè
Taygeti *montis, gelidive in vallibus* Hæmi
Ramorum densâ requiescere tectus in umbra;
Et tandèm revocata suas redit, improba, vires,
Flamma, premitq; iterum, solitisq; caloribus urit.
Tunc mihi scintillant oculi; tremulumq; videntes
Imbelli spectant acie, bina omnia, bina
Conspicor, & binis exurgit mensa lucernis;
Tum videor Stygiis *undis, ipsoq; Acharonte*
Immergi, videor flagranti claudier ære,
Inq; Perillæo *mugire incendia Tauro.*
Sum meus ipse Rogus: quantas pabula possunt,
Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammas?
Si qua est herbarum virtus (quæ maxima certe est)
Extinguas plusquam Phœbeos, *(Phœbe) calores:*
Extinguas, precor, & cocto mihi redde salutem,
Vt semel annosum reparaverat Æsona Colchis:
Vtq; Aries iuvenem rediit grandævus in Agnum.

The Song of Orpheus.

HAile sacred Deserts, whom kind nature made
Only to shelter with a loving shade,
The now neglected Musique, glad to see
Lyons afford her hospitality,

And Tigers bid her welcome, with the reſt
Of ſavage beaſts accept her for a gueſt,
Since Men refuſe her, and ſcarce daigne an eare
To her high notes; or if they pleaſe to heare,
Tis all; amongſt my Pupills, you may ſee
The birds that learn'd their ſweeteſt laies of me;
Thoſe that chant Carols in this thankleſſe age
To pleaſure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Maske for Lydia.

SWeet *Lydia* take this maske, and ſhroud
Thy face within the ſilken cloud,
And veile thoſe powerfull Skies:
For he whoſe gazing dares ſo high aſpire,
Makes burning glaſſes of his eyes,
And ſets his heart on fire.

Vaile, *Lydia*, vaile, for unto mee
There is no baſiliske but thee.
Thy very lookes doe kill:
Yet in thoſe lookes ſo fixt is my delight,
Poore ſoule (alas) I languiſh ſtill
In abſence of thy ſight.

Cloſe up thoſe eyes, or we ſhall finde
Too great a luſtre ſtrike us blind:
Or if a Ray ſo good
Ought to be ſeene, let it but then appeare

And every Muſe ſhall on thy frontlet ſing.
The Goddeſſes againe in ſtrife ſhall be,
And from mount *Ida* make appeale to thee;
Olympus pay thee homage and in dread
The aged Alpes ſhall bow his ſnowy head;
Flora with all her ſtore thy Temples Crowne,
Whoſe height ſhall reach the ſtars: Gods looking down
Shall bleſſe the Incenſe that thy flowers exhale
And make thee both a Mountain and a Vale.
How many Ladies on thy top ſhall meet,
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Aut quæ cera meas terret liquefacta medullas?
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Ingreſſum furit, & Vulcania *mitiùs* Ætna
Sæviit, ardentes cineres, multamq; favillam
In Calabros *iaculata ſinus: Heu, quis mihi veſtes*
Induit Herculeas? *nam ſentio virus, & omnes*
Ebullire meas Neſſæo *ſanguine venas!*
Mille licet paſcas fibrâ creſcente volucres,
Felicem Titium, *multo quem frigore ſtringit*
Caucaſus! *O liceat mihi tecum monte ſub illo*
Æternum tractare gelu, glacieq; perenni
Demulcere animum, nivibuſq; extinguere flammas!
Aut tecum ſitiam, gelidis modò detur in undis
Stare, tuiſq; meum lymphis ſolarier æſtum,
Tantale; *namq; uror miſerè miſer, æſtuat intùs*
Indomitus, totoſq; ignis depaſcitur artus.
Dum gliſcit calor, & ſævo coquit igne cruorem,
Intumet extemplò cutis, exurgit q; tumeſcens
Purpureâ maculâ, & multo diſtincta rubore;
Non aliter quàm de cælo cum decidit imber,
Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat æquore bulla;
Aut quale in noſtris (ſæpe eſt videre) culinis
Cum primum verubus ſtridet caro: Belides *in me,*
In me per petuam diffundite, Belides, *urnam.*
Gens eſt, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia, carnes
Condere viſceribus; me, me, petat, & voret ere
Jam toſtum jecur: heu, fervent mea & omnia membra

Apta Thyeſtæis *vivunt convivia menſis.*
At cum flamma ſatis totos bacchata per artus
Lenius ardeſcens deferbuit, illicò turgens
Deſcendit cutis, & paulò nunc mitius uror.
Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorq́ repentè
Taygeti *montis, gelidive in vallibus* Hæmi
Ramorum denſâ requieſcere tectus in umbra;
Et tandèm revocata ſuas redit, improba, vires,
Flamma, premitq́ iterum, ſolitiſq́ caloribus urit.
Tunc mihi ſcintillant oculi; tremulumq́ videntes
Imbelli ſpectant acie, bina omnia, bina
Conſpicor, & binis exurgit menſa lucernis;
Tum videor Stygiis *undis, ipſoq́ Ac*
Immergi, videor flagranti clau
Inq́ Perillæo *mugire incendia T*
Sum meus ipſe Rogus: quantas
Quo valeam tantas nutrire bit
Si qua eſt herbarum virtus (qua
Extinguas pluſquam Phœbeos
Extinguas, precor, & cecto mih
Vt ſemel annoſum reparaverat
Vtq́ Aries iuvenem rediit gran

Irregul
Paginat

The Song of Orpheus.

HAile ſacred Deſerts, whom kind nature made
Only to ſhelter with a loving ſhade,
The now neglected Muſique, glad to ſee
Lyons afford her hoſpitality,

And

And Tigers bid her welcome, with the reſt
Of ſavage beaſts accept her for a gueſt,
Since Men refuſe her, and ſcarce daigne an eare
To her high notes; or if they pleaſe to heare,
Tis all; amongſt my Pupills, you may ſee
The birds that learn'd their ſweeteſt laies of me;
Thoſe that chant Carols in this thankleſſe age
To pleaſure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Maske for Lydia.

dia take this maske, and ſhroud
hin the ſilken cloud,
nd veile thoſe powerfull Skies:
zing dares ſo high aſpire,
kes burning glaſſes of his eyes,
rt on fire.

ile, for unto mee
liske but thee.
Thy very lookes doe kill.
lookes ſo fixt is my delight,
Poore ſoule (alas) I languiſh ſtill
In abſence of thy ſight.

Cloſe up thoſe eyes, or we ſhall finde
Too great a luſtre ſtrike us blind:
Or if a Ray ſo good
Ought to be ſeene, let it but then appeare

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Et tandèm revocata ſuas redit, improba, vires,
Flamma, premitq́ iterum, ſolitiſq́ caloribus urit.
Tunc mihi ſcintillant oculi; tremulumq́ videntes
Imbelli ſpectant acie, bina omnia, bina
Conſpicor, & binis exurgit menſa lucernis;
Tum videor Stygiis *undis, ipſoq́ Acheronte*
Immergi, videor flagranti claudier ærâ,
Inq́ Perillæo *mugire incendia Tauro.*
Sum meus ipſe Rogus: quantas pabula poſſunt,
Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammas?
Si qua eſt herbarum virtus (quæ maxima carmine eſt)
Extinguas pluſquam Phœbeos, (Phœbe) *calores:*
Extinguas, precor, & cocto mihi redde ſalutem,
Vt ſemel annoſum reparaverat Æſona Colchis:
Vtq́ Aries iuvenem rediit grandævus in Agnum.

The Song of Orpheus.

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A Maske for Lydia.

SWeet *Lydia* take this maske, and ſhroud
Thy face within the ſilken cloud,
And veile thoſe powerfull Skies:
For he whoſe gazing dares ſo high aſpire,
Makes burning glaſſes of his eyes,
And ſets his heart on fire.

Vaile, *Lydia*, vaile, for unto mee
There is no baſiliske but thee.
Thy very lookes doe kill:
Yet in thoſe lookes ſo fixt is my delight,
Poore ſoule (alas) I languiſh ſtill
In abſence of thy ſight.

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Too great a luſtre ſtrike us blind:
Or if a Ray ſo good
Ought to be ſeene, let it but then appeare

When Eagles doe produce their brood
To try their young ones there.

Or if thou would'ſt have me to know
How great a brightneſſe thou canſt ſhew;
When they have loſt the Sun;
Then doe thou riſe, and give the world this theme,
Sol from th' *Heſperides* is run,
And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the *Goat* when he ſhall ſtray,
Thou through the *Crab* muſt take thy way;
For ſhould you both ſhine bright
In the ſame *Tropick*, we poore moles ſhould get
Not ſo much comfort by the light,
As torment by the heat.

Where's *Lydia* now? where ſhall I ſeeke
Her charming lip, her tempting cheeke
That my affections bow'd?
So dark a ſable hath eccliſpt my faire,
That I can gaze upon the cloud,
That durſt not ſee the Star.

But yet me thinkes my thoughts begin
To ſay there lies a white within,
Though black her pride controule:
And what care I how black a face I ſee,
So there be whiteneſſe in the ſoule,
Still ſuch an *Ethiop* be.

A parley with his empty Purse.

PVrſe, who'l not know you have a Poets been
When he ſhall look and find no gold herein?
What reſpect (think you) will there now be ſhown
To this foule neſt, when all the birds are flowne?
Vnnaturall *vacuum*, can your emptineſſe
Anſwer to ſome ſlight queſtions, ſuch as theſe?
How ſhall my debts be paid? or can my ſcores
Be cleer'd with verſes to my Creditors?
Hexameter's no ſterling, and I feare
What the brain coynes goes ſcarce for currant there.
Can meeter cancell bonds? is here a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalke with rime?
Or if I now were hurrying to the jaile
Are the nine *Muſes* held ſufficient baile?
Would they to any compoſition come,
If we ſhould morgage our *Eliſium*,
Tempe, *Parnaſſus*, and the golden ſtreames
Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, thoſe rich dreames
Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move
Thoſe rocks, and ſtones with his beſt ſtraines of love?
Should I (like *Homer*) ſing in lofty tones
To them *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons*;
Hector, and *Aiax* are but Sergeants names,
They relliſh bay-ſalt, 'bove the Epigrams
Of the moſt ſeaſon'd braine, nor will they be
Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy.
Muſe, burne thy baies, and thy fond quill reſigne,

One crosse of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
Of all the treasure which the Poets hold
There's none at all they weigh, except our gold,
And mine's return'd to th'*Indies*, and hath swore
Never to visit this cold climate more.
Thē crack your strings good Purse, for you need none;
Gape on, as they doe to be paid, gape on.

Vpon Love fondly refus'd for Conscience sake.

NAture, Creations law, is judg'd by sense,
Not by the Tyrant conscience.
Then our commission gives us leave to doe
What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
For we must question else heavens great decree,
And taxe it with a Treachery;
If things made sweet to tempt our appetite
Should with a guilt staine the delight,
Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing doe;
Who made us love, made 't lawfull too.
It was not love, but love transform'd to vice
Ravish'd by envious Avarice,
Made women first impropriate; all were free,
Inclosures mans Inventions be.
I'th' golden age no action could be found
For trespasse on my neighbours ground:
'Twas just with any Fayre to mixe our blood;
The best is most diffusive good.
She that confines her beams to one mans sight,

Is

Is a darke Lanth orne to a glorious Light.
Say, does the Virgin-spring lesse chast appear
Cause many Thirsts are quenched there?
Or have you not with the same odours met
When more have smelt your violet?
The Phenix is not angry at her nest,
Cause her perfumes make others blest:
Though Incense to th'eternall Gods be meant,
Yet mortalls Rivall in the sent.
Man is the Lord of creatures, yet we see
That all his vassals loves are free:
The severe wedlocks fetters doe not bind
The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind;
But that he may be like a Bridegroome led
Even to the Royall Lyons bed.
The birds may for a yeare their loves confine,
But make new choyce each *Valentine*.
If our affections then more servile be
Then are our slaves, where's mans soveraighty?
Why then by pleasing more, should you lesse pleale,
And spare the sweets being more sweet then these?
If the fresh Trunke have sap enough to giv e
That each insertive branch may live;
The Gardner grafts not only Apples there,
But addes the Warden and the Peare,
The Peach, and Apricock together grow,
The Cherry, and the Damson too.
Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry
An intire Orchard of one Tree.
So least our Paradise perfection want,

We

We may as well inoculate as plant.
What's Conſcience but a Beldams midnight theme?
Or nodding nurſes idle dreame?
So feign'd, as are the Goblins, Elves, and Fairies
To watch their Orchards, and their Dairies.
For who can tell when firſt her reigne begun?
I'th' ſtate of innocence was none:
And ſince large Conſcience (as the proverb ſhewes)
In the ſame ſenſe with bad one goes,
The leſſe the better then, whence this will fall,
'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.
Suppoſe it be a vertue rich, and pure,
'Tis not for Spring, or Summer ſure,
Nor yet for Autumne; Love muſt have his prime,
His warmer heats, and harveſt time.
Till we have flouriſh'd, growne, and reap'd our wiſhes,
What Conſcience dares oppoſe our kiſſes?
But when times colder hand leads us neare home,
Then let that winter-vertue come:
Froſt is till then prodigious; we may doe
What youth and pleaſure prompts us to.

FINIS.

THE MVSES LOOKING-GLASSE.

By T. R.

OXFORD,
Printed by *Leonard Lichfield*, for *Francis Bowman*. 1638.

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THE MVSES
LOOKING-GLASSE.

By

BRITISH MUSEUM

OXFORD,
Printed by Edmund Lichfield, for Francis
Burton, 1638.

THE MVSES LOOKING-GLASSE.

ACTVS I. SCEN. I.

Enter

Bird *a Featherman, and* Mrs Flowrdew *wife to a Haberdasher of small wares; the one having brought feathers to the Play-house, the other Pins and Looking-glasses, two of the sanctified fraternity of* Black-friers.

Flo. SEe Brother how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of Vanity! not a nooke, or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthinesse,
This den of spirituall theeves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuffed, and stuff'd full as is a cushion
With the lew'd Reprobate.
Bird. Sister, were there not before Innes,
Yes I will say Inns, for my zeale bids me
Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way;

But they build more and more, more ſhops of Satan.
Flowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeale
Teach, preach, huffe, puffe and ſnuffe at it, yet ſtill
Still it aboundeth. Had we ſeen a Church,
A new built Church erected North and South,
It had been ſomething worth the wondring at.
Bird. Good workes are done.
Flowrd. I ſay no works are Good.
Good works are meerely Popiſh and Apocryphall.
Bird. But th'bad abound, ſurround, yea & confound us.
No marveile now if Play-howſes increaſe,
For they are all grown ſo obſcene of late
That one begets another.
Flowerd. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay and I have heard
That in a--- Tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you ſell pinnes.
Flow. Or you ſell feathers brother.
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law growes partiall,
And findes it but Chance-medly: And their Comedies
Will abuſe you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increaſe
By lawfull Vſury, nor Breake in quiet,
Nor put off our falſe wares, nor keep our wives
Finer then others, but our Ghoſts muſt walke
Vpon their ſtages.

Flow. Is not this flat conjureing,
To make our Ghosts to walke ere we be dead?
Bird. Thats nothing Mr *Flowrdew*, they will play
The Knave, the Foole, the Divell and all for mony.
Flow. Impiety! O that men indued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitours,
Beadles, and Martialls men, the needfull instruments
Of the Republique; but to make themselves
Such monsters? for they are monsters, th'are monsters,
Base, sinfull, shameleſſe, ugly, vile, deform'd
Pernitious monsters.
Flow. I have heard our Vicar
Call Play-houses the Colledges of Transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sinnes are studied.
Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An Vniversity of Iniquity.
We dwell by *Black-Friers* Colledge, where I wonder
How that prophane nest of pernitious Birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well disposed persons.
O impudence!
Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a Brother make, concerning Play-houses:
Bird. For Charity what is it?
Flow. That the *Globe*
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd! The *Phœnix* burnt to Ashes.

The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Blackfriers*
He wonders how it ſcapd demoliſhing
I'th' time of reformation: laſtly he wiſh'd
The *Bull* might croſſe the *Thames* to the *Bear-garden*,
And there be ſoundly baited!
Bird. A good prayer.
Flow. Indeed it ſomething pricks my Conſcience,
I come to ſell 'em Pins and Looking-glaſſes.
Bird. I have their cuſtome too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we which are ſincere Profeſſors
Should gain by Infidels.

Scen. 2.

Enter Roſcius a Player.

Mr *Roſcius* we have brought the things you ſpake for.
Roſc. Why tis well.
Flow. Pray ſir what ſerve they for?
Roſc. We uſe them in our Play.
Bird. Are you a Player?
Roſc. I am Sir, what of that?
Bird. And is it lawfull?
Good ſiſter lets convert him, will you uſe
So fond a calling?
Flow. And ſo impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Flow. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Flow. To live by ſinne?
Roſc. My ſpleene is up: And live not you by ſinne?

Take

Take away vanity and you both may break.
What serves your lawfull trade of selling pins,
But to joynt gew-gawes, and to knit together
Gorgets, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other such like toyes as these,
To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?
And you sweet Featherman, whose ware though light
Oreweighs your Conscience, what serves your Trade
But to plume folly, to give Pride her wings,
To deck vain-glory? spoiling the Peacocks tayle
T'adorne an Idiots Coxcombe! O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we doe meane
For good and honest! They abuse our Scene,
And say we live by vice. Indeed tis true:
As the Physitians by diseases doe,
Only to cure them: They doe live we see
Like Cookes by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an Vsurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soule: A prodigall
Is taught by us how farre from liberall
His folly beats him: Boldly I dare say
There has been more by us in some one Play
Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from sinne
And foppish humours. Hence the cause doth rise
Men are not wonn by th'eares so well as eyes.
First see what we present.
Flow. The sight is able
To unsanctify our eyes, and make 'em Carnall.

Will

Rosc. Will you condemne without examination?
Bird. No Sister, let us call up all our zeale,
And try the strength of this temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defie his Engines.
Flow. I am content.
Rosc. Then take your places here, I will come to you
And moralize the plot.
Flow. That moralizing
I doe approve, it may be for instruction.

Sce. 3.

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. *Roscius*, I heare you have a new Play to day.
Rosci. We want not you to play *Mephostopholis*.
A pretty naturall vizard!
Defor. What have you there?
Rosci. A Looking-glasse, or two.
Defor. What things are they?
Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here!
I a've seene a Divell. Looking-glasses call you them?
There is no basiliske but a Looking-glasse.
Rosci. Tis your own face you saw.
Defor. My own? thou lieſt:
I'de not be such a Monster for the world.
Rosci. Look in it now with me, what seest thou now?
Defor. An Angell and a Divell.
Rosci. Look on that
Thou call'st an Angell, mark it well, and tell me,
Is it not like my face?

Defor. As twere the same.
Rosci. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the glasse but thy deformitie
That makes this ugly shape; if they be fayre
That view the Glasse such the reflections are.
This serves the body: The soule sees her face
In Comedy, and has no other Glasse.
Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather see
Hell then a Looking-glasse or Comedie.

Exit Defor.

Rosci. And yet me thinks if 'twere not for this Glasse,
Wherein the forme of man beholds his grace,
We could not find another way to see
How neere our shapes approach Divinitie.
Ladies, let they who will your glasse deride,
And say it is an Instrument of Pride:
I will commend you for it; there you see
If yee be fayre, how truly fayre yee bee:
Where finding beauteous faces, I doe know
You'l have the greater care to keepe them so.
A heavenly vision in your beauty lyes,
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes;
Were it not pitty you alone should bee
Debarr'd of that others are blest to see?
Then take your glasses, and your selves enjoy
The benefit of your selves, it is no toy,
Though ignorance at slight esteeme hath set her,
That will preserve us good or make us better.
A Country slut, (for such she was, though here
Ith City may be some as well as there:)

Kept her hands clean, (for thoſe being alwaies ſeene
Had told her elſe how ſluttiſh ſhe had beene)
But had her face as naſty as the ſtall
Of a fiſhmonger, or a Vſurers Hall
Daub'd ore with dirt: One might have dar'd to ſay
She was a true peice of *Prometheus* clay,
Not yet inform'd: And then her unkemb'd haire
Dreſt up with cobwebs, made her hag-like ſtare.
One day within her paile (for Country Laſſes
(Faire Ladies) have no other Looking-glaſſes:)
She ſpied her uglineſſe, and faine ſhe would
Have bluſht if through ſo much dirt ſhe could:
Aſham'd, within that water, that I ſay
Which ſhew'd her filth, ſhe waſh'd her filth away.
So Comedies, as Poets doe intend them,
Serve firſt to ſhew our faults and then to mend them.
Vpon our Stage two glaſſes oft there be,
The Comick Mirrour and the Tragedie:
The Comick glaſſe is full of merry ſtrife,
The low reflection of a Country life.
Grave Tragedy void of ſuch homely ſports,
Is the ſad glaſſe of Cities and of Courts.
I'le ſhew you both, *Thalia* come and bring
Thy Buskin'd ſiſter, that of Bloud doth ſing.

Scæ. 4.

Comedy. Tragedy. Mime. Satyre.

Comed. Why doe you ſtop? goe on.

Trag. I charge him ſtay.

My robe of state, Buskins, and Crown of Gold
Claime a priority.
Come. Your Crown of Gold
Is but the wreath of wealth, 'Tis mine of Lawrell
Is vertues Diadem: This grew greene and flourish'd,
When nature pittying poore mortalitie,
Hid thine within the bowells of the earth:
Men looking up to heaven found this thats mine,
Digging to find out hell they li't on thine.
Trage. I know you have tongue enough.
Come. Besides my Birth-right
Gives me the first possession.
Trag. How, your Birth-right?
Come. Yes sister, Birth-right: and a Crown besides,
Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*
By his deare Priest *Phenomoe*, she that first
Full of her God rag'd in Heroique numbers.
Trag. How came it then the magistrate decreed
A publique charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,
When you were faine t' appeare in rags and tatters,
And at your own expences?
Come. My reward
Came after, my deserts went before yours.
Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsie
You took a poor and beggarly Pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then
As a fit ceremony of Religion
In my full state contended at the Tombe
Of mighty *Theseus*.
Come. I before that time

Did chaunt out Hymnes in praiſe of great *Apollo*
The ſhepheards Deitie, whom they reverence
Vnder the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
How with them once he kept *Admetus* ſheep.
And 'cauſe you urge my poverty, what were you?
Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins
You had no ornaments, no robes of ſtate,
No rich and glorious Scene; your firſt Benefactours
Who were they, but the reeling Prieſts of *Bacchus*,
For which a Goat gave you reward and name?
Trag. But ſiſter who were yours, I pray, but ſuch,
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy ſonnets,
In honour of the fine chaſt God *Priapus*!
Come. Let age alone, merit muſt plead our Title.
Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I ſtalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperours.
From their cloſe cabinets, and Councell Tables,
Yeild me the fatall matter of my Scene.
Come. Inferiour perſons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I feare is grown too fruitfull,)
Yeild ſubjects various enough to move
Plentifull laughter.
Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For Poetry to ayme at.
Come. Yes, Laughter is my object: tis a propertie
In man eſſentiall to his reaſon.
Trag. So;
But I move horrour, and that frights the guilty
From his deare ſinnes: he that ſees *Oedipus*
Inceſtuous, ſhall behold him blind withall.
Who views *Oreſtes* as a Parricide,

Shall

Shall see him lash'd with *Furies* too; Th' Ambitious
Shall feare *Prometheus* Vultur; Daring Gluttony
Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus*;
And every Family great in sinnes as Blood
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* house.
Who will relye on Fortunes giddy smile
That hath seene *Priam* acted on the stage!
Com. You move with fear, I work as much with shame,
A thing more powerfull in a generous brest.
Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd!
A covetous Bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant Gull
Cheated; a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffle'd;
A crafty servant whipt; a niggard Churle
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his sonne;
A spruce fantastique Courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous Tradesman, an over-weening Lady,
Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated,
But (if he have a blush), will blush and shame
As well to act those follies as to owne them.
Trag. The subject of my scene is in the persons
Greater, as in the vices; Atheists, Tyrants,
O'redaring Favorites, Traytours, Parasites,
The Wolves and Cats of state, which in a language
High as the men, and loud as are their crimes
I thunder forth with terrour and amazement
Vnto the gastly wondring Audience.
Satyre. And as my Lady takes deserved place
Of thy light Mistresse, so yeild thou to me,
Fantastique *Mime*.
Mime. Fond *Satyre* why to thee?

Sat. As the Attendant of the nobler Dame,
And of my selfe more worthy.
Mime. How more worthy?
Sat. As one whose whip of steele can with a lash
Imprint the Characters of shame so deepe,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sinne,
That not eternity shall weare it out.
When I but frown'd in my *Lucilias* brow,
Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill soule, while every guilty breast
Stood fearfull of dissection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hand,
And have each artery, nerve, and veine of sinne
By it laid open to the publique skorne.
I have untrus's'd the proudest, greatest tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, halfe dead
With expectation of the smarting jerke,
Whose wound no salve can cure: each blow doth leave
A lasting scar, that with a poison eates
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th'eternall ulcer to their memories!
What can your Apish-fine-gesticulations
My manlike-Munkye *Mime*, vie dowbe to this?
Mime. When men through sinnes were grown unlike the Gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think
My Apish imitation, Brother Beadle,
Does as good service to reforme bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his ferkes, and jerkes.
The *Spartans* when they strove t'expresse the loath-
somnesse

Of Drunkennesse to their Children, brought a slave,
Some captive, *Helot*, overcharg'd with wine
Reeling in thus; --His eyes shot out with staring,
A fire in his nose, a burning redness
Blazing in either cheeke, his haire upright,
His tongue and senses faltring, and his stomack
Oreburden'd ready to discharge her load
In each mans face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sinne of swine; and not of men.
Would I expresse a complementall youth,
That thinks himselfe a spruce and expert Courtier,
Bending his supple hams, kissing his hands,
Honouring shoo-strings, forming his writhed face
To severall postures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?
Yet such there be that very much please themselves
In such like Antique humours. To our own sinnes
We will be Moles, even to the grossest of 'em,
But in anothers life we can spye forth
The least of faults, with eyes as sharpe as eagles,
Or the *Epidaurean* serpent: Now in me,
Where selfe-love casts not her *Egyptian* mists,
They find this mis-becoming toppishnesse,
And afterwards apply it to themselves.
This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.
Trage. Sister let's lay this poore contention by,
And friendly live together, if one wombe
Could hold us both, why should we think this roome
Too narrow to containe us? On this stage

Weele plead a tryall; and in one year contend
Which ſhall doe beſt, that paſt, ſhe then that ſhall
By the moſt ſacred and impartiall judgment
Of our *Apollo*, beſt deſerve the Bayes,
Shall hold the entire poſſeſſion of the place.
Come. I were unworthy if I ſhould
Appeale from his tribunall, Be it ſo:
I doubt not, but his cenſure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's ſad and tragicall
Dare to approach his Preſence, let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miſerie.
Trag. Such is my praier, that he may only ſee,
Not be the ſubject of a Tragedie.
Siſter, a truce till then; that vice may bleed
Let us joyne whips together.
Come. 'Tis agreed.
Mime, let it be your office to prepare
The Maſque which we intended:
Mime. 'Tis my care.

Exeunt.

Flow. How did ſhe ſay? a Maſſe? Brother fly hence,
Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.
Roſci. It was a Maſque ſhe ſpake of, a rude Dance
Preſented by the ſeven deadly ſinnes.
Bird. Still 'tis a Maſſe, ſiſter, away, I tell you
It is a maſſe, a maſſe, a maſſe of vile Idolatry.
Roſci. 'Tis but a ſimple Dance, brought in to ſhew
The native fowlneſſe and deformitie

Of

Of our deare sinne, and what an ugly guest
He entertaines, admits him to his Brest!

Song and Dance.

Say, in a Dance how shall we goe,
That never could a measure knowe?
How shall we sing to please the Scene
That never yet could keepe a meane?
Disorder is the Masque we bring,
And Discords are the Tunes we sing.
No sound in our harsh eares can find a place
But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base.

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and Consciences
Had not been sear'd, and cauterized, how could they
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell!
These Procters of *Belzebub*, *Lucifers* Hinch-boyes!
Rosci. I pray yee stirre your selves within a while.

Exeunt.

Roscius Solus.

And here, unlesse your favourable mildnesse
With hope of mercy doe encourage us,
Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture
Neither what's past, nor that which is to come
Vpon his Country, 'tis so weake, and impotent
It cannot stand a triall, nor dares hope
The benefit of his Cleargy; But if rigour
Sit Iudge, must of necessity be condemn'd

To *Vulcan* or the Spunge: All he can plead
Is a desire of Pardon; for he brings you
No plot at all, but a meere *Olla Podrida*,
A medly of ill-plac'd, and worse pen'd humours.
His desire was in single Scenes to shew
How Comedy presents each single vice
Ridiculous, whose number as their Character
He borrowes from the man to whom he owes
All the poore skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
Now if you can endure to heare the rest,
Y'are welcome; if you cannot, doe but tell
Your meaning by some signe, and all farewell.
If you will stay resolve to pardon first;
Our Author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he misse a Pardon, as in Iustice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,
Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,
That he picks forth a subject of his Rime
May loose perchance his credit, not his time.

Finis Actus 1. *Exit.*

ACTVS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscius. Bird. Flowrdew.

Rosc. REceive your places. *The first that we present are the Extreams of a vertue necessary in our Conversation, call'd* Comitas *or Courtesy, which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The one* Colax, *that to seeme over Courteous falls into a servile flattery, the other (as fooles fall into the contraries*

traries which they shunne)*is* Dyscolus, *who hating to bee a slavish Parasite growes into peevishnesse and impertinent distast.*

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue!

Rosci. So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter.

Colax. Dyscolus.

Colax. How farre they sinne against humanity
That use you thus! Believe me 'tis a Symptom
Of Barbarisme, and rudenesse so to vexe
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

Dysco. Why dost thou vexe me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better, I vexe you?
You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise,
So pious and religious, so admir'd
So lov'd of all?

Dysc. Wilt thou not leave me then
Eternall Torture? could your cruelty find
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To beare the load of all these Epithites?
Pious? Religious? he takes me for a foole.
Vertuous? and Iust? Sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me just
And vertuous? I am grown the common scoff
Of all the world; the scoff of all the world.

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dysc. So art thou.
Heaven! I am turn'd ridiculous!

Colax. You ridiculous?
But 'tis as impious Age; There was a time,

(And pitty 'tis ſo good a time had wings
To fly away,) when reverence was payd
To a gray head; 'twas held a ſacriledge
Not expiable to deny reſpect
To one, Sir, of your years and Gravity.
Dyſc. My yeares and gravity! Why how ol d am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown ſo ranke
As I ſhould ſmell oth' grave: O Times and manners!
Well *Colax*, well; goe on: you may abuſe me,
Poore duſt, and aſhes, wormes meat, yeares & gravity:
He takes me for a Carkaſſe! what ſee you
So crazy in me? I have halfe my Teeth:
I ſee with ſpectacles, doe I not? and can walke too
With th' benefit of my ſtaffe; marke if I cannot!—
But you ſir at your pleaſure with years and gravity
Think me decrepit.
Colax. How? Decrepit ſir!
I ſee young roſes bud within your cheeks,
And a quick active blood run free and freſh
Through your veines.
Dyſco. I am turn'd boy again!
A very ſtripling ſchooleboy! have I not
The Itch and kibes? am I not ſcabb'd and mangy
About the wriſts and hams?
Colax. Still *Dyſcolus*—
Dyſc. *Dyſcolus*! and why *Dyſcolus*? when 'were we
Grown ſo familiar? *Dyſcolus*! by my name
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*! are we not?
Speak good *Pylades*.
Colax. Nay worthy Sir,

Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. Ile finde some other name
To call you by--
Dysc. What doe you mean to call mee?
Foole? Asse? or Knave? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd on't.
Colax. Still you take all worse then it was meant,
You are too Iealous.
Dysco. Iealous? I ha' not cause for't: my wife's honest;
Dost see my hornes? Doest? if thou doest,
Write Cuckold in my forehead; doe, write Cuckold
With *Aqua-fortis*, doe. Iealous! I am Iealous;
Free of the Company! wife, I am Iealous.
Colax. I mean suspitious.
Dysc. How, suspitious?
For what? for Treason, Felony, or Murder?
Carry me to the Iustice; bind me over
For a suspitious person; hang me too
For a suspicious person! O, O, O
Some courteous plague ceazeme, and free my soule
From this immortall Torment! every thing
I meet with, is vexation, and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations,
The Hell of Hells, and Divell of all Divells.
Flow. For pitty sake fret not the good old Gentleman.
Dysc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you must adde to my afflictions?
Eternall silence ceaze you!
Colax. Sir we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dyſc. I muſt be pleas'd! a very babe, an infant!
I muſt be pleas'd! give me ſome pappe, or plummes:
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horſe,
To ſtill me, doe! be pleas'd? wouldſt have me get
A Paraſite to be flatter'd?
Col. How? a Paraſite?
A cogging, flatt'ring, ſlaviſh Paraſite?
Things I abhorre and hate. Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Soules below reaſon will not ſtoope ſo low
As to give up their Liberty; only flatterers
Move by anothers wheele. They have no paſſions
Free to themſelves. All their affections,
Qualities, humors, appetites, deſires,
Nay wiſhes, vowes, and prayers, diſcourſe & thoughts
Are but anothers Bondman. Let me tugg
At the Turkes Gallies, be eternally
Damn'd to a Quarry: In this ſtate my minde
Is free: A flatterer has nor ſoule nor body
What ſhall I ſay? -- No I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveneſſe take diſtaſt
At ſuch whoſe ſervile nature ſtrives to pleaſe you.
Tis royall in you Sir.
Dyſc. Ha! Whats that?
Colax. A feather ſtuck upon your cloak.
Dyſc. A feather!
And what have you to doe with my feathers?
Why ſhould you hinder me from telling th'world
I doe not lye on flockbeds?
Colax. Pray be pleas'd.

I brusht it off for mere respect I bare you.
Dysc. Respect! a fine respect, Sir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nourish vermine?
O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch wormes
Without tongues to torment us, let 'um have
What teeth they will, I meet not here an object
But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
A man; I could not then be so ridiculous:
My eares are overgrown, I am an Asse,
It is my eares they gaze at. What strange *Harpy*
Centaure, or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into?
What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphosis?
If I be beast, she might have made me Lyon,
Or something not ridiculous! O *Actæon*,
If I doe branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why look they on me else? There is within
A Glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it,
That shall resolve me. I will in to see
Whether or no I man or Monster be. *Exit.*

SCEN. II,

To them *Deilus*, *Aphobus*.

Bird. Who be these? They look like Presumption and Despaire.

Rosc. And such they are. That is *Aphobius*, *one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other Deilus, that from an Atheisticall distrust, shakes at the motion of a reed. These are the Extreams of Fortitude, that steeres an even course between over much daring, and overmuch fearing.*

Flames.

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Tis royall in you Sir.
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What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphosis?
If *I* be beast, she might have made me Lyon,
Or something not ridiculous! O *Acteon*,
If *I* doe branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why look they on me else? There is within
A Glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it;
That shall resolve me. *I* will in to see
Whether or no *I* man or Monster be. *Exit.*

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Flowrs.

Flowr. Why ſtayes this reprobate *Volas*?
Roſc. Any vice
Yeelds work for Flattery.
Flow. A good Doctrine marke it.
Deilus. Is it poſſible? did you not fear it, ſay you?
To me the meere relation is an ague.
Good *Aphobus* no more ſuch terrible ſtories,
I would not for a world lye alone to night:
I ſhall have ſuch ſtrange dreames!
Apho. What can there be
That I ſhould fear? The Gods? If they be good,
Tis ſin to fear them; if not good, no Gods,
And then let them fear me. Or are they Divells
That muſt affright me?
Deilus. Diuells! where good *Aphobus*?
I thought there was ſome conjureing abroad.
Tis ſuch a terrible wind! O here it is;
Now it is here again! O ſtill, ſtill, ſtill!
Apho. Whats the matter?
Deilus. Still it followes me!
The thing in black, behind; ſoone as the Sun
But ſhines, it haunts mee! Gentle ſpirit leave mee!
Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*? what an ugly looks it has!
With eyes as big as ſawcers, noſtrills wider
Then Barbers baſons!
Apho. Tis nothing *Deilus*
But your weak Phancy, that from every object
Drawes arguments of fear. This terrible black thing—
Deil. Wher is it *Aphobus*?
Apho.—Is but your ſhadow *Deilus*.

Deil.

Deil. And should not we fear shadowes?
Apho. No! why should we?
Deil. Who knows but they come clearing after us
To steale away the substance? Watch him *Aphobus*.
Apho. I nothing fear.
Colax. I doe commend your valour,
That fixes your great soule fast as a Center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers, let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firme
Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardnesse
Rebeats the fury of the raging Sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soule.
Deil. Now I fear every thing.
Colax. Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be feared.
I doe applaud this wisdome: Tis a symptome
Of wary providence. His too confident rashnesse
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soule,
A blind and senseless judgement; give me feare
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinell—.
Flow. Now shame take thee for
A Lukewarme formalist.
Colax. ---Bnt daring valour
Vncapable of danger sleepes securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deil. What are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies.

That *Colax* talkes of.
Apho. If they be I care not.
Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder,
Deil. Why doe you not fear Thunder?
Apho. Thunder? no!
No more then ſquibs and crackers.
Deil. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here! ſlid, ſquibs and crackers!
The meere Epitomies of the Gun-powder Treaſon,
Faux in a leſſer volume.
Apho. Let fooles gaze
At bearded ſtarres, it is all one to mee
As if they had been ſhav'd----thus, thus would I
Out-beard a Meteour, for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.
Deil. Is there a Comet ſay you? Nay I ſaw it,
It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends
Some certain imminent danger to th'inhabitants
Twixt thoſe two places: I'le goe get a lodging
Out of its Influence.
Colax. Will that ſerve? --- I feare
It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdome.
Deil. I'le to ſome other Country.
Colax. There's danger too to croſſe the Seas.
Deil. Is there no way, good *Colax*,
To croſſe the Sea by Land? O the ſcituation!
The horrible ſcituation of an Iſland
Colax. You ſir are farre above ſuch frivolons thoughts.
You fear not death.
Apho. Not I.

Col. Not ſudden death.
Apho. No more then ſudden ſleepes: Sir *I* dare dye.
Deil. I dare not; Death to me is terrible:
I will not dye.
Apho. How can you Sir prevent it?
Deil. Why I will kill my ſelfe.
Col. A valiant courſe;
And the right way to prevent death indeed.
Your ſpirit is true Roman!---But yours greater
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it,
Should Heaven fall---
Apho. Why then we ſhould have Larkes.
Deil. I ſhall never eate Larkes again while I breath.
Col. Or ſhould the earth yawn like a ſepulcher,
And with an open throat ſwallow you quick?
Apho. T'would ſave me the expences of a grave.
Deil. I'had rather trouble my Exequutors by'the half.
Apho. Canons to me are pot-guns.
Deil. Potguns to me
Are Canons; the report will ſtrike me dead.
Apho. A rapier's but a bodkin.
Deil. And a bodkin.
Is a moſt dangerous weapon; ſince I read
Of *Iulius Ceſars* death, I durſt not venture
Into a Tailors ſhop for fear of Bodkins.
Apho. O that the valiant Gyants would again
Rebell againſt the Gods, and beſiege Heaven,
So *I* might be their leader.
Col. Had *Enceladus*
Been halfe ſo valiant, *Iove* had been his priſoner.

Apho. Why ſhould we think there be ſuch things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python are but fables.
Medeas Bull, and Dragon very tales.
Sea monſters, ſerpents, all Poeticall figments.
Nay Hell it ſelfe, and *Acheron* meere inventions.
Or were they true, as they are falſe, ſhould *I* be
So timorous as to fear theſe Bugbeare Harpyes,
Meduſa's, Centaurs, Gorgons?
Deil. O good *Aphobus.*
Leave conjuring, or take me into th' circle.
What ſhall *I* doe good *Colax?*
Col. Sir walke in,
There is they ſay a Looking-glaſſe, a ſtrange one
Of admirable vertues, that will render you
Free from inchantments.
Dei. How a Looking-glaſſe?
Doſt think *I* can endure it? why there lies
A man within't in ambuſh to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he preſently
Catcht at it.
Colax. 'Twas the ſhadow Sir of your ſelfe.
Truſt me a meere reflection.
Deil. I will truſt thee. *Exit.*
Apho. What Glaſſe is that?
Colax. A trick to fright the Idiot
Out of his wits, a glaſſe ſo full of dread
Rendring unto the eye ſuch horrid ſpectacles
As would amaze even you. Sir I doe think
Your optick nerves would ſhrink in the beholding;

This

This if your eye endure, I will confesse you
The Prince of Eagles.
Apho. Look to it eyes, if yee refuse this sight,
My nayles shall damne you to eternall night. *Exit.*
Col. Seing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her Eloquence.

Scen. 3.

Acolastus. Anaisthetus.

Rosci. Temperance is the mediotrity of inioying pleasures, when they are present, and a moderate desire of them being absent; And these are the extreames of that vertue. Acolastus *a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd desire seekes after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawfull. The other* Anaisthetus *a meere Anchorite that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*

Acolast. O now for an eternity of eating!
Foole was he that wish'd but a cranes short neck.
Give me one, nature, long as is a Cable,
Or sounding line, and all the way a palate
To tast my meate the longer. I would have
My senses feast together; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures, let me have
My eares, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
Injoy their happinesse; lay me in a bed
Made of a summers cloud; to my embraces

Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteene,
Freſh, plump, and active; ſhe that *Mars* enjoy'd
Is grown too ſtale: And then at the ſame inſtant
My Touch is pleas'd, I would delight my ſight
With Pictures of *Diana*, and her Nymphs,
Naked, and bathing drawn by ſome *Apelles*;
By them ſome of our faireſt Virgins ſtand;
That I may ſee whether 'tis Art or nature
Which heightens moſt my blood and appetite.
Nor ceaſe I here. Give me the ſeven Orbes
To charme my eares with their cœleſtiall lutes,
To which the Angells that doe move thoſe ſpheares
Shall ſing ſome amorous ditty; nor yet here
Fixe I my bounds; The ſunne himſelfe ſhall fire
The Phœnix neſt to make me a perfume,
While I doe eate the Bird, and eternally
Quaffe of eternall Nectar. Theſe ſingle, are
But torments, but together; O together!
Each is a Paradice. Having got ſuch objects
To pleaſe the ſenſes, give me ſenſes too
Fit to receive thoſe objects: Give me therefore
An Eagles eye, a blood-hounds curious ſmell,
A ſtaggs quick hearing, let my feeling be
As ſubtle as the ſpiders, and my taſt
Sharpe as a Squirrils. Then I'le reade the Alcoran,
And what delights that promiſes in future
I'le practiſe in the preſent.

Bird. Heatheniſh Glutton!

Flow. Baſe belly-God, licentious Libertine!

Anai. And I doe think there is no pleaſure at all

But

But in contemning pleasures; Happy *Niobe*
And blessed *Daphne*, and all such as are
Turn'd stocks and stones: would *I* were Lawrell too,
Or marble, *I*, or any thing insensible.
It is a toyle for me to eate or drink,
Only for natures satisfaction;
Would *I* could live without it. To my eare
Musique is but a mandrake. To my smell
Nard sents of rue, and wormwood; And *I* taste
Nectar with as much loathing, and distaste
As Gall, or aloes, or my Doctors potion.
My eye can meete no object but *I* hate it.
Acola. Come Brother Stoique be not so melancholy.
Anai. Be not so fooliſh Brother *Epicure.*
Aco. Come wee'le goe see a Comedy, that will raise
Thy heavy spirits up.
Anai. A Comedy?
Sure *I* delight much in those toyes; *I* can
With as much patience heare the Marriners
Chide in a storme.
Aco. Then lets goe drinke a while.
Anai. 'Tis too much Labour; Happy *Tantalus*
That never drinks.
Aco. A little Venery
Shall recreate thy soule.
Ana. Yes like an itch,
For 'tis no better, *I* could wish an heire;
But that *I* cannot take the paines to get one.
Aco. Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender,
As not to doe it otherwise; Then 'tis lawfull.

Ana.

Ana. True Matrimony's nothing elſe indeed
But fornication licens'd, lawfull Adultery.
O Heavens! how all my ſenſes are wide ſluces
To let in diſcontent and miſeries!
How happy are the moles that have no eyes;
How bleſt the Adders that they have no eares.
They neither ſee, nor heare ought that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no ſence all;
That neither ſee, nor heare, taſt, ſmell, nor feele
Any thing to torment them: ſoules were given
To torture Bodyes, man has reaſon too
To adde unto the heape of his diſtractions.
I can ſee nothing without ſenſe, and motion,
But *I* doe wiſh my ſelfe transform'd into it.
Colax. Sir *I* cómend this temperance; your arm'd ſoule
Is able to contemne theſe petty baits,
Theſe ſlight temptations, which we title pleaſures;
That are indeed but names; He'ven it ſelfe knows
No ſuch like thing; the ſtarres nor eate, nor drink,
Nor lye with one another; and you imitate
Thoſe glorious bodies, by which noble abſtinence
You gaine the names of moderate, chaſt, and ſober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous termes
Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer;
Pleaſures, that are not mans, as man is man,
But as his nature ſympathies with beaſts.
You ſhall be the third *Cato*. This grave look
And rigid eyebrow will become a cenſor.
But *I* will fit you with an object ſir,
My noble *Anaiſthetus* that will pleaſe you.

It is a Looking-glasse, wherein at once
You may see all the dismall groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, darke cells, and barren deserts,
With what in Hell it selfe can dismall be.
Anais. That is indeed a Prospect fit for mee. *Exit.*
Acol. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.
I have another humor, *I* cannot see
A fat voluptuous sow with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but *I* doe wish my selfe
Transform'd into that blessed Epicure.
Or when *I* view the hot salacious sparrow
Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
I wish my selfe that litle bird of Love.
Colax. It shewes you a man of a soft moving clay,
Not made of flint; Nature has been bountifull
To provide pleasures, and shall wee be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a diet at a feast.
When Nature thought the earth alone too litle
To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the aire
With winged creatures, not contented yet
Shee made the water fruitfull to delight us.
Nay I believe the other Element too
Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food,
If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander:
Did she doe this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when she gave so many different Odors
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
Shee cry'd not--stop your noses: would she give us

So ſweet a quire of wing'd Muſitians
To have us deafe? or when ſhee plac'd us here,
Here in a Paradice, where ſuch pleaſing proſpects
So many raviſhing colours entice the eye,
Was it to have us winke? when ſhe beſtow'd
So powrefull faces, ſuch commanding beauties
On many glorious Nymphs, was it to ſay
Be chaſt and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleaſures, and at full, were to make nature
Guilty of that ſhe nere was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.
Acol. A learned Lecture!
Tis fit ſuch grave and ſolid arguments
Have their reward--- here--- halfe of my eſtate
T'invent a pleaſure never taſted yet,
That I may be the firſt ſhall make it ſtale.
Col. Within Sir is a Glaſſe, that by reflexion
Doth ſhew the image of all ſorts of pleaſures
That ever yet were acted, more variety
Then *Aretines* pictures.
Acol. Ile ſee the Iewell,
For though to doe, moſt moves my appetite,
I love to ſee, as well as act delight. *Exit.*
Bird. Theſe are the things indeed the ſtage doth teach,
Dear heart, what a foule ſinke of ſinnes runne here!
Flow. Inſooth it is the common ſhore of lewdneſſe.

Scenes.

Scen. 4.

Asotus. Aneleutherus.

Rosc. *These are* Aneleutherus *an illiberall Niggardly Vsurer, that will sell heaven to purchase Earth. That, his sonne* Asotus, *a profuse Prodigall, that will sell earth to buy Hell. The extreames of Liberality which prescribes a mediocrity in the Geting and Spending of Riches.*

Anelen. Come boy, goe with me to the Scriveners, goe,

Asot. I was in hope you would have said a Bawdy house.

Anel. Thence to th'exchange.

Asot. No, to the Taverne Father.

Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counsell.

Asot. Your counsell? No dad, take you mine
And be a good fellow-- shall we goe and roare?
Slid Father I shall never live to spend
That you have got already-- Poxe of atturneys,
Merchants, and Scriveners, I would heare you talke
Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel. Prodigall child!
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

Asot. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it.
To feed on Caveare, and eate Anchoves!

Anel. Asotus, my dear sonne, talke not to me
Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.
No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan
Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire
With all his lands melted into a morgage.

The Gods themſelves feed not on ſuch fine dainties,
Such fatting, thriving diet.
Aſot. Truſt me Sir,
I am aſham'd la-- now to call you Father,
Ne're truſt me now I am, come be a Gentleman:
One of your haveings, and thus carke and care?
Come, I will ſend for a whole coach or two
Of *Bankſide* Ladies, and wee will be lovial!
Shall the World ſay you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well doe your pleaſure, keep me ſhort of monies,
When you are dead, as dye I hope you muſt,
Ile make a ſhift to ſpend one halfe at leaſt
Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better help away with ſome of it?
But you will ſtarve your ſelfe, that when y'are rotten,
One-- Have at all of mine may ſet it flying.
And I will have your bones cut into dice,
And make you guilty of the ſpending of it.
Or I will get a very handſome bowle
Made of your ſcull, to drink't away in healths.
Aneil. That's not the way to thrive! No ſit and brood
On thy eſtate, as yet it is not hatch'd
Into maturity.
Aſot. Marry I will brood upon it,
And hatch it into chickens, capons, hens,
Larks, thruſhes, quailes, wood-cocks, ſnites & pheſants
The beſt that can be got for love or mony.
There is no life to drinking!
Anel. O yes, yes,

Exaction

Exaction, usury, and oppression.
Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar.
And wilt thou, wastfull lad, spend in a supper
What *I* with sweat and labour, care and industrie
Have been an age a scraping up together?
No, no *Asotus*, trust gray-head experience;
As I have been an oxe, a painfull oxe,
A diligent, toyling, and laborious oxe
To plow up Gold for thee, so I would have thee—
Asot. Be a fine silly Asse to keepe it.
Anel. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preserve it.
Colax. Sir, I overheard your wise instructions,
And wonder at the gravitie of your counsell.
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown
Acquainted with the world; He has not felt
The weight of need, that want is vertues clog;
Of what necessity, respect and value
Wealth is; how base and how contemptible
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In some circumstances may be allow'd;
As when it has no end but honesty,
With a respect of person, quantity,
Quality, time and place; but this profuse,
Vaine, injudicious spending speaks him Ideot.
And yet the best of liberalitie
Is to be liberall to our selves; and thus
Your wisdome is most liberall, and knowes
How fond a thing it is for discreet men
To purchase with the losse of their estate
The name of one poore vertue liberalitie.

And that too only from the mouth of beggers.
One of your judgment would not I am ſure
Buy all the vertues at ſo deare a rate.
Nor are you ſir, I dare preſume, ſo fond
As for to weigh your gains by the ſtrict ſcale
Of equity, and Iuſtice, Names invented
To keepe us beggers! I would counſell now
Your ſon to tread no ſteps but yours, for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place wher Plenty dwels,
And ſhee ſhall give him honour.
Anel. Your tongue is pow'rfull:
Pray read this Lecture to my ſonne, I goe
To find my ſcriv'ner, who is gone I heare
To a ſtrange Glaſſe wherein all things appeare. *Exit.*
Aſot. To deceive can ſhew him his loſt eares.
Now to your Lecture.
Col. And to ſuch a one
As you will be a willing Pupill to.
Think you I meant all that I told your father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks.
I love a man like you that can make much
Of his bleſt Genius: Miracle of Charity!
That open hand becomes thee; Let thy Father
Scrape like the Dunghill cock the dirt, and mire,
To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken
Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder
How ſuch a generous branch as you, could ſpring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widdowes houſe the ſame ſwallowes,

The sonne should spue a Taverne. How are we
Richer then others, not in having much,
But in bestowing,
And that shines glorious in you. The chuffs crownes
Imprison'd in his rusty cheste me thinkes
I heare groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the light againe. Thou canst not
Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to sup it, nor canst suffer
The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt tast the fruit. 'Tis generous this!
Asot. Gramercy, thou shalt be Doctor o'th' chaire.
Here--'tis too little, but 'tis all my store,
I'le in to pumpe my dad, and fetch thee more. *Exit.*
Colax. How like you now my art? is't not a subtle one?
Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of sinne, and shame, that sowest cushions
Vnto the elbowes of iniquity.
Colax. I doe commend this zeale; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodnesse.
There is a generall frost hath ceas'd devotion,
And without such like ardent flames as these
There is no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane,
That I doe glorify, and esteeme rev'erend,
As the most sanctified, pure, and holiest Sect
Of all professours, is by the profane
Vs'd for a name of infamy, a by-word, a slander,
That I' sooth vice I doe but flatter them,
As we give children plums to learn their praiers,
T' entice them to the truth, and by faire meanes

Work

Work out their reformation.
Bird. 'Tis well done,
I hope hee'le become a brother, and make
A Separatist!
Flow. You shall have the devotions
Of all the Elders. But this foppinesse
Is wearysome, I could at our Saint *Antlings*,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long,
Rosc. Goe in with me to recreate your spirits,
As Musique theirs, with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long.
Finis Actus 2. *Exeunt*

Actvs 3. Scena 1.

Roscius. Bird, Flowrdew.
Bird. I will no more of this abomination.
Rosc. The end crownes every action, stay till that.
Iust Iudges will not be prejudicate.
Flow. Pray sir continue still the moralizing.
Rosc. *The next we present are the extreams of Magnificence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Liberality in the lesser: One is* Banausus, *out of a meere ostentation vaine-gloriously expensive, the other* Microprepes *one in glorious works extreamly base and penurious.*

Banausus. Microprepes.
Banau. Being borne not for our selves but for our freinds,
Our country and our glory, it is fit
We doe expresse the majesty of our soules

In

In deeds of bounty and magnificence.
Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles
Promise themselves a name from building Churches
Or any thing that tends to the Republique,
'Tis the Re-private that I study for.
Banan. First therefore for the fame of my Republique,
I'le imitate a brave Ægyptian King,
And plant such store of onions, and of garlike,
As shall maintaine so many thousand workmen,
To th' building of a Pyamid at Saint *Albons*,
Vpon whose top I'le set a hand of brasse,
With a scrowle in't to shew the way to *London*,
For th' benefit of Travellers.
Colax. Excellent!
'Tis charity to direct the wandring Pilgrim.
Micro. I am Church-warden, and we are this yeare
To build our steeple up, now to save charges
I'le get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels
To make a peale shall serve as well as *Bow*.
Colax. 'Tis wisely cast,
And like a carefull steward of the Church,
Of which the Steeple is no part, at least
No necessary one.
Bird. Verily 'tis true.
They are but wicked Synagogues where those instruments
Of Superstition and Idolatry
Ring warning to sinne, and chime all in to the Divell.
Banan. And 'cause there is such swarmes of heresies rising:

I'le have an Artiſt frame two wondrous weathercocks
Of Gold, to ſet on *Pauls*, and *Grantam* Steeple,
To ſhew to all the Kingdome what faſhion next
The Wind of Humour hither means to blow.
Micro. A wicker chaire will fit them for a Pulpit.
Colax. It is the Doctrine ſir that you reſpect.
Flow. Inſooth I' have heard as wholſome inſtructions
From a zealous wicker chaire, as e're I did
From the carv'd Idoll of wainſcoat.
Banau. Next, I intend to found an Hoſpitall
For the decay'd Profeſſours of the Suburbs,
With a Colledge of Phyſitians too at *Chelſy*
Only to ſtudy the cure of the French Poxe;
That ſo the ſinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.
Colax. You have a care ſir of your countrie's health.
Micro. Then I will ſell the lead to thatch the Chancell.
Ban. I have a rare device to ſet Dutch windmills
Vpon *New-market* Heath, and *Salisbury* Plaine,
To draine the Fens.
Colax. The Fens ſir are not there.
Ban. But who knowes but they may be?
Col. Very right:
You aime at the prevention of a danger.
Micro. A Porters frock ſhall ſerve me for a ſurplice.
Flow Indeed a Frock is not ſo Ceremonious.
Ban. But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raiſing a Cathedrall Church:
It ſhall be at *Hoggs-Norton*, with a paire

Of

Of ſtately Organs; more then pity 'twere
The Piggs ſhould looſe their skill for want of practice!
Bird. Organs! fye on them for *Babylonian* Bagpipes!
Micro: Then for the painting, I bethink my ſelfe
That I have ſeene in mother Red-caps Hall
In painted cloath the ſtory of the Prodigall.
Cola. And that will be for very good uſe and morall.
Sir you are wiſe; what ſerve *Ægyptian* Pyramids,
Epheſian Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,
Carian Coloſſ'es, *Traians* water-workes,
Domitians Amphitheaters, the vaine coſt
Of ignorance and prodigalitie!
Rome flouriſh'd when her Capitoll was thatch'd,
And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages.
Since *Parian* marble and *Corynthian* braſſe
Enter'd her gawdy Temples, ſoone ſhee fell
To ſuperſtition, and from thence to ruine.
You ſee that in our Churches, glorious Statues
Rich Copes, and other ornaments of ſtate
Draw wandring eyes from their devotion,
Vnto a wanton gazing, and that other
Rich edifices, and ſuch gorgeous toyes
Doe more proclaime our countries wealth then ſafety,
And ſerve but like ſo many guilded baits
T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invaſion.
Goe in, there is a Glaſſe will ſhew you ſir,
What ſweet ſimplicity our Grandſires us'd,
How in the Age of Gold no Church was guilded.
Exit. Micro.
Banan. O I have thought on't, I will ſtraight way build

A free ſchoole here in *London*, a free ſchoole
For th'education of young Gentlemen
To ſtudy how to drinke, and take Tobacco,
To ſweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell:
Twill be the great *Gymnaſium* of the Realme,
The *Phrontiſterium* of great Britayny.
And for their better ſtudy I will furniſh them
With a large Library of Drapers bookes.
Colax. 'Twill put down *Bodlies*, and the *Vatican*.
Royall *Banauſus*! how many Sphears fly you
Above the earthy dull *Micropreres*!
I hope to live to ſee you build a ſtewes
Shall out-brave *Venice*; To repaire old Tiburne
And make it Cedar. This magnificent courſe
Doth purchaſe you an immortality.
In them you build your Honour to remaine
Th-example and the wonder of Poſterity.
While other hidebound Churles doe grutch thẽſelves
The Charges of a Tombe.
Ban. But Ile have one
In which Ile lye embalm'd with Mirrhe and *Caſſia*,
And richer unguents then th' *Ægyptian* Kings.
And all that this my pretious Tombe may furniſh
The Land with, Mummye.
Colax. Yonder is a Glaſſe
Will ſhew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the old way, you may invent a new
'Twill make for your more glory.
Ban. *Colax* true. *Exit*.
Roſc. *Theſe are the extreams of Magnanimity*. Caunus &
fellow

fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other Micropsychus *a base and low spirited fellow; that undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are capable of.*

Scen. 2.

Caunus, Micropsychus.

Cau. I wonder that I hear no newes from Court!
Colax. All haile unto the honourable *Caunus*.
Cau. The honourable *Caunus*? Tis decreed
I am a Privy Counsellor; our new honors
Cannot so alter us as that we can
Forget our Friends, walk with us our familiar.
Micro. It puzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.
Colax. Sir I doe know, and see, and so doe all
That have not wilfull blindnesse, what rare skill
Of wisdome, Policy, Iudgement and the rest
Of the state-vertues sit within this brest,
As if it were their Parliament; but as yet
I am not Sir the happy Messenger
That tels you you are cal'd unto the Helme;
Or that the Rudder of great Britany
Is put into your Hands, that you may steere
Our floating *Delos* till she be arriv'd
At the blest Port of Happinesse, and surnam'd
The *Fortunate Isle* from you that are the fortunate.
Cau. 'Tis strange that I the best experienc'd

The skilfulſt and the rareſt of all Carpenters,
Should not be yet a Privy Counſellour!
Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunke opium
And ſleepes; but when it wakes it cannot chuſe
But meet the glorious beams of my deſerts
Bright as the riſing Sunne, and ſay to *England*,
England behold thy light!
Micro. Make me a conſtable!
Make me that am the ſimpleſt of my neighbours
So great a Magiſtrate! ſo powrfull an officer!
I bluſh at my unworthineſſe: a Conſtable!
The very Prince o'th' pariſh! you are one Sir
Of an ability to diſcharge it better,
Let me reſigne to you.
Can. How? I a Conſtable?
What might I be in your opinion Sir?
Micro. A Carpenter of worſhip,
Can. Very well;
And yet you would make me a Conſtable.
I'le evidently demonſtrate that of all men
Your Carpentes are beſt States-men; of all Carpenters
I being the beſt, am beſt of Stateſmen too:
Imagine Sir the Common-wealth a Logge,
Or a rude block of wood; your States-man comes,
(For by that word I mean a Carpenter)
And with the ſawe of Policy divides it
Into ſo many boards or ſeverall orders,
Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other
Inferiour boards calld Vulgar, fit for nothing
But to make ſtyles, or planks to be trod over,

Or

Or trampled on: This addes unto the Logg
Call'd Common-wealth at least some smal perfection:
But afterwards he plains them, and so makes
The Common-wealth, that was before a board,
A pretty Wainscoat; some he carves with Titles
Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; Some stand plain,
And serve us more for use then Ornament,
We call them Yeomen; (Boards now out of fashion.)
And lest the disproportion breake the frame,
He with the peggs of amity and concord,
As with the glew-pot of good Government
Ioynts 'em together, makes an absolute Edifice
Of the Re-publique: State-skill'd *Machiavell*
Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke
A Constable a Gyant Dignity.
Micro. Pray Heaven that *Icarus*-like I doe not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!
Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sunne
I fall not headlong down with *Phaeton*,
I have aspir'd so high: make me a Constable
That have not yet attain'd to the *Greeke* tongue!
Why 'tis his office for to keepe the peace,
His Majesties Peace: I am not fit to keepe
His Majesties Hoggs, much lesse his Peace, the best
Of all his jewells. How dare I presume
To charge a man in the Kings name! I faint
Vnder the burthen of so great a place,
Whose weight might presse down *Atlas*: Magistrates
Are only Sumpter-horses. Nay they threaten me
To make me Warden of the Church.

Am

Am I a Patriot? or have I ability
To preſent Knights-Recuſant, Clergy-Reelers,
Or Gentlemen-Fornicators?
Colax. You have worth
Richly enamel'd with a modeſty.
And though your lofty merit might ſit crown'd
On *Caucaſus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountaines,
You chooſe the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a ſafe ſhrub below, then dare the winds,
And be a Cedar: Sir you know there is not
Halfe ſo much honour in the Pilots place
As danger in the ſtorme. Poore windy Titles
Of Dignity, and offices that puffe up
The bubble pride till it ſwell big, and burſt,
What are they but brave nothings? Toies cal'd Honours
Make them on whom they are beſtow'd no better
Then glorious ſlaves, the ſervants of the Vulgar:
Men ſweat at Helme, as much as at the Oare.
There is a Glaſſe within ſhall ſhew you ſir
The vanity of theſe ſilke-wormes, that doe think
They toile not, 'cauſe they ſpin ſo fine a thread.
Micro. I'le ſee it. Honour is a babies rattle,
And let blind *Fortune* where ſhe will, beſtow her;
Lay me on earth, and I ſhall fall no lower. *Exit.*
Cau. Colax what newes?
Col. The *Perſian* Emperour
Is deſperatly ſick.
Cau. Heaven take his ſoule!
When I am the Grand *Sophie*, as 'tis likely

I may be, *Colax* thou art made for ever.
Col. The Turke they say prepares again for *Poland.*
Cau. And I no *Bashaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!
Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction.
Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may choose their Duke?
Col. Our Merchants doe report th'inhabitants there
Are now in consultation, for the setling
The Crown upon a more deserving head
Then his that bears it.
Cau. Then my fortunes rise
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.
Colax be bold: thou seest the *Prester Iohn,*
Well *England,* of all Countries in the World
Most blind to thy own good. other Nations
Wooe me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and presents, had I liv'd in *Rome*
Who durst with *Caunus* stand a candidate?
I might have choice of *Ædile, Consull, Tribune,*
Or the perpetuall *Dictators* place.
I could discharge 'em all: I know my merits
Are large, and boundlesse: A *Cesar* might be hewed
Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman
But undertooke it.
Colax. Tis a worthy confidence.
Let Birds of night and shame, with their owles eyes
Not dare to gaze upon the sunne of Honour;
They are no presidents for Eagles: Bats
Like dull *Micropsychus;* things of earth, and lead,
May love a private safety; men in whom

Prometheus has ſpent much of his ſtolne fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour
Hedg'd in with thouſand dangers! Whats a man
Without deſert? and what's deſert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his houſe ſome buried cheſts
Of Gold, or Pearle, & knowes not where to look thē?
What was the Load-ſtone, till the uſe was found,
But a fowle dotard on a fowler Miſtreſſe?
I praiſe your *Argus* eyes, that not alone
Shoote their beames forwards, but reflect and turne
Back on themſelves, and finde an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation.
You are at home no ſtranger, but are growne
Acquainted with your vertues, and can tell
What uſe the pearle is of, which Dunghill cocks
Scrape into dirt againe. This ſearching judgement
Was not intended to worke wood, but men.
Honour attends you. *I* ſhall live to ſee
A Diadem crowne that head. There is within
A Glaſſe that will acquaint you with all places
Of Dignity, authority, and renowne,
The State, and carriage of them: Chooſe the beſt,
Such as deſerve you, and refuſe the reſt.
Can. I goe, that want no worth to merit honour;
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit mee.
Fortune, thou arbitreſſe of humane things
Thy credit is at ſtake: if I but riſe
The Worlds opinion will conceive th'haſt eyes.

Exit.

SCEN.

Scen. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Rosc. *These are the extreams of Meeknesse.* Orgylus *an angry quarrelsome man, mov'd with the least shadow, or appearance of Iniury. The other in defect,* Aorgus, *a fellow so patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.*

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries steele about him. Daggs, and Pistolls!
To bite his thumb at me?

Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumbe?

Org. At mee? weare I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs-- Rapiers and Daggers!-
He is the sonne of a Whore.

Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T'have mov'd this anger--he may bite his own,
And eate it too.

Org. Muskets, and Canons!-eate it?
If he dare eate it in contempt of me,
He shall eate something else too that rides here;
Ile try his estridg stomack.

Aor. Sir be patient.

Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not.

Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madnesse?
Pray be milder.

Org. Your Mother was a whore, & I will not put it up.

Aor. Why ſhould ſo ſlight a toye thus trouble you?
Org. Your Father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reaſon doth in equall ballance poize
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lyes heavy, when that other would not turne
An even ſcale; and yet it moves not mee;
My Anger is not up.
Org. But I will raiſe it;
You are a foole!
Aor. I know it, and ſhall I
Be angry for a truth?
Org. You are beſides
An arrant knave!
Aor. So are my betters ſir.
Org. I cannot move him--- O my ſpleen! it riſes,
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb all's one to mee.
Org. You are a horned beaſt, a very Cuckold!
Aor. 'Tis my wives fault, not mine, I have no reaſon
Then to be angry for anothers ſinne.
Org. And I did graft your horns, you might have come
And found us glewd together like two goats;
And ſtood a witneſſe to your transformation.
Aor. Why if I had, I am ſo farre from anger
I would have e'ne falne down upon my knees,
And deſir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.
Org. Your Children are all baſtards, not one of them,
Vpon my knowledge, of your own begetting.
Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them
Than they will all me father; it was luſt

Perchance

Perchance, that did beget them, but I am ſure
'Tis charity to keepe the Infants.
Org. Not yet ſtirr'd?
'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to expreſſe his ſcorne of me.
'Tis above patience this, inſufferable.
Proclaime me coward, if I put up this!
Dotard you will be angry, will you not?
Aor. To ſee how ſtrange a courſe fond wrath doth goe!
You will be angry 'cauſe I am not ſo.
Or. I, can endure no longer, if your ſpleene
Lye in your breech, thus I will kick it up.-
Aor. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epſylon. Zeta. Eta. Theta. Iota. Kappa. Lamda. Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi. Ro. Sigma. Tau. Vpſilon. Phi. Chi. Pſi. Omega.
Org. How? what contempt is this?
Aor. An antidote
Againſt the poiſon, Anger: 'twas preſcrib'd
A Roman Emperour, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and Practiſe.
Org. Not yet angry?
Still will you vexe me? I will practiſe too? *(Kicks again)*
Aor. Aleph. Beth. Gimel.
Org. What new Alphabet
Is this?
Aor. The Hebrew Alphaber, that I uſe
A ſecond remedy.
Org. O my Torment! ſtill?

Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For ought I feele your toes have more occaſion
For to be angry with my Buttocks.
Org. Well,
I'le try your Phyſick for the third aſſault;
And exerciſe the patience of your noſe.
Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V.W.X.Y.Z.
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. Now ſir, why now?
Now you have done.
Org. O 'tis a meere plot this,
To jeere my tameneſſe: will no ſenſe of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a cowards ſoule?
Will not this rowſe her from her dead ſleepe, nor this?
Aor. Why ſhould I ſir be angry; if I ſuffer
An injury, it is no guilt of mine;
No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Org. A bitterneſſe o'reflows me; my eyes flame,
My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of ſoule and body move in a diſorder;
His patience hath ſo tortur'd me: Sirra villain
I will diſſect thee with my rapiers point;
Rip up each veine, and ſinewe of my ſtorque,
Anatomize him, ſearching every entraile,
To ſee if nature, when ſhe made this aſſe,
This ſuffering aſſe; did not forget to give him
Some gall!
Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*,

Let him not glory in ſo brave a death,
As by your hand; it ſtands not with your honour
To ſtain your rapier in a cowards blood.
The *Lybian* Lions in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Vnicornes:
But trouble not the painted butterflye;
Ants crawle ſecurely by him.
Orgy. 'Tis intollerable!
Would thou wert worth the killing.
Colax. A good wiſh,
Savouring as well diſcretion, as bold valour:
Think not of ſuch a baffel'd aſſe as this,
More ſtone, then man: *Meduſa's* head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every flye
Carries a ſpleene: Poore wormes being trampled on
Turne tayle, as bidding battaile to the feet
Of their oppreſſors. A dead palſy ſure
Hath ſtruck a deſperate numneſſe through his ſoule,
Till it be growne inſenſible: Meere ſtupidity
Hath ceaz'd him: Your more manly ſoule I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throwes forth a fire into the ſtrikers eyes.
You beare about you valours whetſtone, anger,
Which ſets an edge upon the ſword, and makes it
Cut with a ſpirit: you conceive fond patience
Is an injuſtice to our ſelves, the ſuffering
One injury invites a ſecond, that
Calls on a third, till wrongs doe multiply
And reputation bleed: How bravely anger
Becomes that martiall brow! A glaſſe within

Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For ought I feele your toes have more occaſion
For to be angry with my Buttocks.
Org. Well,
I'le try your Phyſick for the third aſſault;
And exerciſe the patience of your noſe.
Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.
V.W.X.Y.Z.
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. Now ſir, why now?
Now you have done.
Org. O 'tis a meere plot this,
To jeere my tameneſſe: will no ſenſe of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a cowards ſoule?
Will not this rowſe her from her dead ſleepe, nor this?
Aor. Why ſhould I ſir be angry, if I ſuffer
An injury, it is no guilt of mine;
No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Org. A bitterneſſe o'reflows me; my eyes flame,
My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of ſoule and body move in a diſorder;
His patience hath ſo tortur'd me: Sirra villain
I will diſſect thee with my rapiers point;
Rip up each veine, and ſinewe of my ſtorque,
Anatomize him, ſearching every entraile,
To ſee if nature, when ſhe made this aſſe,
This ſuffering aſſe, did not forget to give him
Some gall!
Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*,

Let him not glory in so brave a death,
As by your hand; it stands not with your honour
To stain your rapier in a cowards blood.
The *Lybian* Lions in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Vnicornes:
But trouble not the painted butterflye;
Ants crawle securely by him.
Orgy. 'Tis intollerable!
Would thou wert worth the killing.
Colax. A good wish,
Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour:
Think not of such a baffel'd asse as this,
More stone, then man: *Medusa's* head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every flye
Carries a spleene: Poore wormes being trampled on
Turne tayle, as bidding battaile to the feet
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy sure
Hath struck a desperate numnesse through his soule,
Till it be growne insensible: Meere stupidity
Hath ceaz'd him: Your more manly soule I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throwes forth a fire into the strikers eyes.
You beare about you valours whetstone, anger;
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit: you conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering
One injury invites a second, that
Calls on a third, till wrongs doe multiply
And reputation bleed: How bravely anger
Becomes that martiall brow! A glasse within

Will ſhew you ſir when your great ſpleene doth riſe
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.
Org. Learne anger ſir againſt you meet me next;
Never was man like me with patience vext. *Exit.*
Aor. I am ſo farre from anger in my ſelfe,
That 'tis my grief I can make others ſo.
Colax. It proves a ſweetneſſe in your diſpoſition,
A gentle winning carriage--deare *Aorgus*
O give me leave to open wide my breſt,
And let ſo rare a freind unto my ſoule;
Enter, and take poſſeſſion: ſuch a man
As has no gall, no bitterneſſe, no exceptions,
Whom nature meant a Dove, will keepe alive
The flame of amitie, where all diſcourſe
Flowes innocent, and each free jeſt is taken.
Hee's a good freind will pardon his freinds errours,
But hee's a better takes no notice of them.
How like a beaſt with rude and ſavage rage
Breath'd the diſtemper'd ſoule of *Orgylus?*
The proneneſſe of this paſſion is the Nurſe
That foſters all confuſion, ruines ſtates,
Depopulates Cities, layes great Kingdomes waſt;
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The ſtrongeſt bridle; give it raines it runnes
A deſperate courſe, and drags downe reaſon with it.
It is the whirlwind of the ſoule, the ſtorme
And tempeſt of the mind, that raiſes up
The billowes of diſturbed paſſions
To ſhipwrack Iudgment. O-- a ſoule like yours
Conſtant in patience! Let the North wind meet

The South at sea, and *Zephyrus* breath opposite
To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty sonnes
Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow
The Ocean, and dispeople all the woods,
Yet here could be a calme, it is not danger
Can make this cheeke grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. Their's a Glasse within
Will let you see your selfe, and tell you now
How sweet a tamenesse dwells upon your brow.
Aer. Colax, I must believe, and therefore goe;
Who is distrustfull will be angry too.

SCEN. 4.

Alazon, Eiron.

Rosc. The next are the extreames of Truth, Alazon *one that arrogates that to himselfe which is not his, and* Eiron *one that out of an itch to be thought modest dissembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falshood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I heare you're wondrous valiant.
Eir. I! alas,
Who told you I was valiant?
Alaz. The world speaks it.
Eir. She is deceiv'd, but does she speak it truly?
Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age,
But she calls you *Achilles*.
Eir. I *Achilles*?
No, I am no *Achilles*: I confesse
I am no coward: That the world should think

That I am an *Achilles*! yet the world may
Call me what ſhe pleaſe.
Alaz. Next to my valour,
Which but for yours could never hope a ſecond,
Yours is reported.
Eir. I may have my ſhare;
But the laſt valour ſhew'd in Chriſtendome
Was in *Lepanto*.
Alaz. Valour in *Lepanto*!
He might be thought ſo ſir, by them that knew him not;
But I have found him a poore baffel'd ſnake:
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every poſt i'th' City.
Eiron. Who?
Alaz. *Lepanto*,
The valour ſir that you ſo much renowne.
Eir. *Lepanto* was no man ſir, but the place
Made famous by the ſo-much mention'd battaile
Betwixt the Turks and Chriſtians.
Alaz. Cry you mercy!
Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it ſeemes
Was but that *Lepanto's* name-ſake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in Hiſtory.
Eir. Not a whit; A novice, I! I could perchance
Diſcourſe from *Adam* downward; but what's that
To Hiſtory? All that I know is only
Th' originall, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common wealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appian, *Dion*, *Iunius*, *Paterculus*,

With *Florus*, *Iustine*, *Saluſt*, and ſome few
More of the Latine: For the moderne, *I*
Have all without book *Gallo-belgicus*,
Phillip De-Comino, *Machiavele*, *Guiccardine*,
The Turkiſh and Ægyptian Hiſtories,
With thoſe of *Spaine*, *France*, and the Netherlands.
For *England*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Camden*, *Speed*,
And a matter of forty more, nothing
Alas to one that's read in Hiſtories.
In the Greeke *I* have a ſmack or ſo, at
Zenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucidides*, and
Stowes Cronicle.

Alaz. Believe me ſir, and that
Stowes Cronicle is very good Greeke; you litle
Think who writ it! Doe you not ſee him? are
You blind? *I* am the man.

Eir. Then *I* muſt number
You with my beſt Authors in my Library.

Alaz. Sir, the reſt too are mine, but that *I* venture 'em
With other names, to ſhunne the opinion
Of arrogance; ſo the ſubt'le Cardinall
Calls one book *Bellarmine*, 'nother *Toſtatus*,
Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbring;
You cannot chooſe but heare how lowd fame ſpeaks
Of my experience in Arithmetique:
She ſayes you too grow neare perfection.

Eir. Farre from it *I*; ſome in-ſight, but no more.
I count the ſtarres, can give the Totall ſumme,
How many ſands there be i'th' ſea, but theſe
Are trifles to the expert, that have ſtudied

Pen. keth-mans president. Sir, I have no skill
In any thing, if I have any, 'tis
In languages, but yet insooth I speak
Only my mother Tongue; I have not gain'd
The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick*;
Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Coriate* both excell me.
I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,
Turkish, *Ægyptian*, *China*, *Persian* Tongues.
Indeed the *Latine* I was whipt into;
But *Ruscian*, *Slavonian*, and *Dalmatian*
With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* speech,
That of the *Cossaches*, and *Hungarian* too,
With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages,
Dutch, *Welch*, and *Irish* are too hard for me
To be familiar in: and yet some think
(But thought is free) that I doe speak all these
As I were borne in each. But they may erre
That think so; 'Tis not every Iudgment sits
In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth
All *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Affrick* too,
But in *America*, and the new-found world
I very much feare there be some languages
That would goe neere to puzzle me.
Alaz. Very likely.
You have a pretty pittance in the Tongues,
But *Eiron*, I am now more generall;
I can speak all alike, there is no stranger
Of so remote a nation heares me talke
But confidently calls me Country-man.

The witty world giving my worth her due
Surnames me the Confusion: I but want
An Oratour like you to speak my praise.
Eir. Am I an Oratour *Alazon*? no,
Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent;
But freinds will flatter, and *I* am not bound
To believe all Hyperboles: something sir
Perchance *I* have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Especially *Alazon* in your presence.
Alaz. Your modesty *Eiron* speaks but truth in this.
Colax. I need not flatter these, they'le doe't themselves;
And crosse the Proverb that was wont to say
One Mule doth scrub another, here each Asse
Hath learn'd to claw himselfe.
Alaz. I doe surpasse
All Oratours. How like you my Orations?
Those against *Catiline*; *I* account them best,
Except my *Philippicks*; all acknowledge me
Above the three great Oratours of *Rome*.
Eir. What three *Alazon*?
Ala. *Marcus, Tullius,*
And *Cicero*, the best of all the three.
Eir. Why those three names are all the selfe same mans
Alaz. Then all is one. Were those three names three men.
I should excell them all. And then for Poetry!
Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.
Alaz. Alasse 'twas writ ith' nonage of my Muses.
You understand th' Italian?

Eir. A little ſir,
I have read *Taſſo.*
Ala. And *Torquato* too?
Eir. Their ſtill the ſame.
Ala. I find you very skilfull.
Eiron, I erre only to ſound your judgement.
You are a Poet too.
Eir. The world may think ſo,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am ſorry for't.
But I will tell you ſir ſome excellent verſes
Made by a friend of mine; I have not read
A better Epigram of a Neoterique.
Ala. Pray doe my eyes the favour ſir to let mee read 'um.
Eir. *Strange ſights there late was ſeene, that did affright*
The Multitude; the Moone was ſeene by night,
And Sun appear'd by day: — is it not good?
Ala. Excellent good, proceed.
Eir. *Without remorſe*
Each ſtarre and planet kept their wonted courſe.
What here could fright them? (mark the anſwer now)
O ſir aske not that:
The Vulgar know not why they feare, nor what.
But in their humors too inconſtant bee,
Nothing ſeemes ſtrange to them but conſtancy.
Has not my friend approv'd himſelfe a Poet?
Alaz. The Verſes ſir are excellent, but your friend
Approves himſelfe a thiefe.
Eir. Why good *Alazon?*
Alaz. A Plagiary I mean, the verſes ſir

Were stolne.
Eir. From whom?
Alaz. From me, beleeu't I made 'um.
Eir. They are alasse unworthy sir your owning.
Such Trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.
Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you
That you come neare me sir. Yours they may be.
Good witts may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*,
Your Freind must steale them if he have them.
Col. What pretty Gulls are these? Ile take 'um off;
Alazon, you are learned.
Alaz. I know that.
Col. And vertuous.
Alaz. Tis confessd.
Col. A good Historian.
Alaz. Who dares deny it?
Col. A rare Arithmetician.
Alaz. I' have heard it often.
Col. I commend your care
That know your vertues! why should modesty
Stop good mens mouthes from their own praise? our neighbours
Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, then immortalize our names:
When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets; carefull men
Will have an Inventory of their goods,
And why not of their vertues? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sinne to truth.

Let

Eir. A little ſir,
I have read *Taſſo*.
Ala. And *Torquato* too?
Eir. Their ſtill the ſame.
Ala. I find you very skilfull.
Eiron, I erre only to ſound your judgement.
You are a Poet too.
Eir. The world may think ſo,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am ſorry for't.
But I will tell you ſir ſome excellent verſes
Made by a friend of mine; I have not read
A better Epigram of a Neoterique.
Ala. Pray doe my eyes the favour ſir to let mee read 'um.
Eir. *Strange ſights there late was ſeene, that did affright*
The Multitude; the Moone was ſeene by night,
And Sun appear'd by day: — is it not good?
Ala. Excellent good, proceed.
Eir. *Without remorſe*
Each ſtarre and planet kept their wonted courſe.
What here could fright them? (mark the anſwer now)
O ſir aske not that:
The Vulgar know not why they feare, nor what.
But in their humors too inconſtant bee,
Nothing ſeemes ſtrange to them but conſtancy.
Has not my friend approv'd himſelfe a Poet?
Alaz. The Verſes ſir are excellent, but your friend
Approves himſelfe a thiefe.
Eir. Why good *Alazon*?
Alaz. A Plagiary I mean, the verſes ſir

Were stolne.
Eir. From whom?
Alaz. From me, beleeu't I made 'um.
Eir. They are alasse unworthy sir your owning.
Such Trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.
Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you
That you come neare me sir. Yours they may be.
Good witts may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*,
Your Freind must steale them if he have them.
Col. What pretty Gulls are these? Ile take 'um off;
Alazon, you are learned.
Alaz. I know that.
Col. And vertuous.
Alaz. Tis confessd.
Col. A good Historian.
Alaz. Who dares deny it?
Col. A rare Arithmetician.
Alaz. I' have heard it often.
Col. I commend your care
That know your vertues! why should modesty
Stop good mens mouthes from their own praise? our neighbours
Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, then immortalize our names:
When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets; carefull men
Will have an Inventory of their goods,
And why not of their vertues? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sinne to truth.

Let

Let *Eirons* modesty tell bashfull lies,
To cloake and masque his parts; hee's a foole for't.
Twas heavenly counsell bid us *know our selves.*
You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums,
Ring out a Panegyrique to your selfe,
And your selfe write the learned Commentarie
Of your own actions.
Ala. So I have.
Col. Where is it?
Ala. Tis stolne.
Col. I know the thiefe, they call him *Cesar.*
Goe in good sir; there is within a Glasse
That will present you with the Felons face. *Exit Alaz.*
Eiron, you hear the newes!
Eir: Not I, what is it?
Col. That you are held the only man of Art.
Eir. Is't currant *Colax*?
Col. Currant as the aire,
Every man breaths it for a certainty.
Eir. This is the first time I hear'd on't in truth.
Can it be certain? so much charity left
In mens opinion?
Col. You call it charity
Which is their duty: Vertue sir, like yours
Commands mens praises. Emptinesse and folly,
Such as *Alazon* is, use their own Tongues,
While reall worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
Other mens mouths become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaimes you lowdly forth
From East to West, till either Pole admire you.

Selfe

Selfe-praise is bragging, and begets the envy
Of them that heare it, while each man therein
Seemes undervalued: You are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sinne
For others to be so: The fish would loose
Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
Should want a speaker: yet sir I would have you
Know your own vertues, be acquainted with them.
Eir. Why good sir bring me but acquainted them.
Col. There is a glasse within shewes you your selfe
By a reflection, goe and speake 'em there.
Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit Eir.*
Rosc. Retire your selves againe, for these are sights
Made to revive not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

Actus IV. Scena I.

Flowr dew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird. My indignation boileth like a pot,
An over-heated pot, still, still it boyleth,
It boyleth and it bubleth with disdaine.
Flow. My Spirit within me too fumeth, I say
Fumeth, and steemeth up, and runneth ore
With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.
Rosc. The Actours beg your silence--- *The next vertue, whose extreames we would present, wants a name both in the Greeke and Latine,*
Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian vertue.

Rosc. *But they describe it such a modesty as directs us in the pursuit, and refusall of the meanes honorable: and answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humor of the persons, being already forestall'd, and no Pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd as that of Apparell, let me present you Philotimia, an overcurious Lady too neat in her attire, and for Aphilotimus, Luparius a nasty sordid sloven.*

Flowr. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia, Luparius, Calab.

Phil. What mole dreſt me to day? O patience!
Who would be troubled with theſe mop-eyd Chambermaids?
Ther's a whole haire on this side more then t'other.
I am no Lady elſe!--come on you ſloven!
Was ever Chriſtian Madam ſo tormented
To wed a ſwine as *I* am? make you ready.
Lupa. I would the Tailor had bin hang'd for mee
That firſt invented cloathes-- O nature, nature!
More cruell unto man then all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with dublets on;
And Oxen have no breeches to put off.
The Lambe is borne with her Freeze-coat about her:
Hoggs goe to bed in reſt, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hoſe and ſhoos i'th morning,
With gartring, girdling, truſſing, buttoning,
And a thouſand torments that afflict humanity.
Phil. To ſee how negligence (her hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The naturall redneſſe of my noſe, ſhe knowes not

What

What 'tis wants dealbation? O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the selfe same teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a jew.
Does she think that I can eate twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the Vulgar does?
What? are you snorting there? youle rise, you sluggard
And make you ready?
Lupa. Rise, and make you ready?
Two workes of that, your happy birds make one:
They when they rise are ready. Blessed birds!
They fortunate creatures sleepe in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather beds about them?
Would nakednesse were come again in fashion:
I had some hope then when the breets went bare
Their bodies too would have come to 't in time.
Phil. Beshrew her for 't, this wrinkle is not fill'd;
Youll goe and wash—you are a pretty husband?
Lupa. Our Sow he washes, yet she has a face
Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,
If you durst weare your own.
Col: Madame *Superba*,
You'are studying the Ladies library;
The Looking-glasse; 'tis well so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments— Nature adornes
The Peacocks taile with starres, 'tis shee arires
The Bird of Paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowres; 'tis shee
Spangled the Heavens with all those glorious lights;
She spotted th' Ermine's skin, and arm'd the fish
In silver mailes. But man she sent forth naked

Not that he ſhould remaine ſo, but that he
Indued with reaſon, ſhould adorne himſelfe
With every one of theſe. The ſilke-worme is
Only mans ſpinſter, elſe we might ſuſpect
That ſhe eſteem'd the painted Butterfly
Above her maſter-piece; you are the Image
Of that bright Goddeſſe: therefore weare the Iewels
Of all the Eaſt; let the red ſea be ranſack'd
To make you glitter, looke on *Luparus*
Your Husband there, and ſee how in a ſloven
All the beſt characters of Divinity,
Not yet worne out in man, are loſt and buried.
Philo. I ſee it to my griefe, pray counſell him.
Col. This vanity, in your nice Ladies humors
Of being ſo curious in her toies, and dreſſes,
Makes me ſuſpitious of her honeſty.
Theſe Cobweb-lawnes catch ſpiders ſir, believe it,
You know that clothes doe not commend the man.
But 'tis the living; though this age preferre
A cloake of Pluſh, before a braine of art.
You underſtand what miſery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for;
No doubt you ſpend the time your Lady looſes
Intricking up her body, to cloth the ſoule.
Lup. To cloth the ſoule? muſt the ſoule too be cloth'd?
I proteſt ſir, I had rather have no ſoule
Then be tormented with the clothing of it.
Roſc. *To theſe enter the extreames of modeſty, a neere kinſwoman of the vertues,* Anaiskinthia *or* Impudence, *a bawd; and* Kataplectus *an euer bashfull Scholar.*

our Author hopes the women will pardon him, if of foure and twenty vices he presents but two (Pride and Impudence) *of their sexe.*

Scena 2.

Anaiskintia, Kataplectus.

Philo. Here comes *Anaiskintia* too, --O fates!
Acolastus, and *Asotus* have sent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O sweet mother,
Are the Gentlemen there already?
Anais. Come away,
Are you not asham'd to be so bashfull? well,
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As soone have sent you fairely hang'd as sent you
To th' Vniversity.
Phil. What gentleman is that?
Anais. A shamefast Scholar Madam, --looke upon her,
Speake to her, or you loose your exhibition.
--Youle speake I hope, weare not away your buttons!
Kata. What should I say?
Anaisk. Why tell her you are glad
To see her Ladiship in health, --say our wish!
Katap. --*Gaudeo te bene valere*--
Phil. A pretty Proficient!
What standing is he of th' Vniversity?
Anais. He dares not answer to that question Madam,
Philo. How long have you bin in the Academy?
Katap. *Profecto Do*--*Domine fum*--*Bac*--*Bac*--*Baccalaureus Artium.*
Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!

Anaif. Nay, all my coſt I ſee is ſpent in vaine,
I having, as your Ladiſhip knowes full well,
Good practice in the Suburbs; and by reaſon
That our Mortality there, is very ſubject
To an infection of the French Diſeaſe,
I brought my Nephew up 'ith' Vniverſity,
Hoping he might (having attain'd ſome knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a Phyſitian.
But all in vaine: he is ſo baſhfull Madam,
He dares not looke upon a womans water.
Colax. Sweet Gentleman, proceed in bashfulneſſe!
'Tis vertues beſt preſerver---
Kata. *Recte dicis, ſic inquit Ariſtoteles.*
Col. That being gone
The reſt ſoone follow, and a ſwarme of vice
Enter the ſoule, no colour but a bluſh
Becomes a young mans cheeke: pure chaſtneſſe
Is ſhut up to the lips, and eares, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modeſt: Nature ſtrives to hide
The parts or ſhame, let her, the beſt of guides.
Katap. Natura dux bonus.
Colax. Teach us to dote too too in our diſcourſe.
Katap. Gratias tibi ago.
Philo. Inure him to ſpeake bawdy.
Anaiſ. A very good way, *Kataplectus* ſaies a Lady,
would heare you ſpeake courteouſly.
Katap. Obſcenum eſt, quod intra ſcenam fieri non oportuit.
Anaiſ. Off goes your Velvet cap! did I maintaine you
To have you diſobedient: you'l be perſwaded?

Katap.

Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*
Anaiſ. What's that in English.
Katap. To doe endeavour for children.
Anaiſ. Some more of this, it may be ſomething one day.
Katap. *Communis eſt omnium animantium conditionis appetitus procreandæ ſubolis.*
Phil. Conſtrue me that.
Katap. All creatures have a naturall deſire or appetite to be joyned together in the lawfull bonds of Matrimony, that they may have ſons and daughters.
Anaiſ. Your Landreſſe has beſtow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper tearmes?
If you ſhould Catechize my heart and ſay,
What is your name, would it not ſay, a head.
So would my skinne confeſſe it ſelfe a skinne;
Nor any part about me be aſham'd
Of his owne name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come good Nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body lie aſham'd.
Calax. Our Stoique, the graveſt of Philoſophers,
Is juſt of your opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obſcene, the filthineſſe
Is either grounded in the things themſelves,
Or in the words that ſignifie thoſe things.
Not in the things, that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy, and unclean,
But chaſt, and honeſt; if not in the things,
How in the words, the ſhadowes of thoſe things?
To manure ground, is a chaſt honeſt trade;

Another

Another word that signifies the same,
Vnlawfull: every man endures to heare,
He got a child, speak plainer, and he blushes,
Yet meanes the same. The Stoique thus disputes,
That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,
As they doe upward.
Anaif. I commend him Madam,
Vnto your Ladyships service, he may mend
With counsell: let him be your Gentleman-usher;
Madam you may in time bring down his legs
To the just size, now overgrown with playing
Too much at foot-ball.
Phylo. So he will prove a Stoique;
I long to have a Stoique strut before me:
Here kisse my hand. Come what is that in Latine?
Katap. Deosculor manum.
Phylo. My lip;--nay sir you must if I command you.
Katap. Osculorte, vel osculor ate.
Phylo. His breath smells strong.
Anaif. 'Tis but of *Logick* Madam.
Phylo. He will come to it one day--you shall goe with mee
To see an exquisite glasse to dresse me by.
Nay, goe! you must goe first; you are too mannerly
It is the office of your place, so--on--*exeunt.*
Colax. Slow *Lepanus* rise, or you'l be metamorphosd,
Acteon's fate is imminent.
Lup. Where's my wife?
Cola. Shee's gone with a young Snip, and an old band.
Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be my comfort is

She

She'has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off, yet Madam I'le prevent you. *Exit.*
Rosci. *The next are the extreames of Iustice.*

Scen. 3.

Enter Iustice Nimis, *Iustice* Nihil.

Plus *and* Minus *their Clarkes.*

Nim. Plus!
Plus. What sayes your worship?
Nim. Have my tenants
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their Lord in cheif,
Paid their rent charge?
Plus. They have, and't please your worship;
I Receiver generall gave 'em my acquittance.
Parum. Sir I resigne my Pen, and Inkhorn to you,
I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.
I have not made a *Mittimus* since I serv'd you.
Were I a reverend Iustice as you are,
I would not sit a Cipher on the Bench,
But doe as Iustice *Nimis* does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.
Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus fac miserecordiam*
Instead of your *Totums*: People shall not wish
To see my spurres fil'd off, it does me good
To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench,
Where I soe sweetly dreame of being pittifull,
wake the better for it.

Nim. The yearly value
Of my faire manour of *Clerken-well*, is pounds
So many-- beſides New years capons, the Lordſhip
Of *Turnball* ſo--- which with my *Pick-hatch* grange--
And *Shoreditch* farme, and other premiſes
Adjoyning,--very good, a pretty maintenance
To keepe a Iuſtice of Peace, and *Coram* too:
Beſides the fines I take of young beginners,---
With harriots of all ſuch as dye, *quatenus* whores,
And ruin'd bauds, with all Amercements due
To ſuch as hunt in Purly; this is ſomething,
With mine own Game reſerv'd.
Plus. Beſides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worſhips Bayly.
Parum. Will't pleaſe your worſhip ſir, to heare the Catalogue
Of ſuch offenders, as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not pleaſe me Sir, to heare of any
That doe offend; I would the world were innocent!
Yet to expreſſe my mercy you may read them.
Par. Firſt here is one accus'd for Cutting a purſe.
Nihil. Accus'd, is that enough? if it be guilt
To be accus'd, who ſhall be innocent?
Diſcharge him *Parum.*
Parum. Here's another brought
For the ſame fact, ta'ne in the very Action.
Nihil. Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,
And ſo diſcharge him too; 'Tis the firſt time.
Nimis. *Plus*, ſay, what hopes of gaine brings this day's ſinne?

Plus.

Plus. *Anaiskyntia* Sir was at doore
Brought by the Constable.
Nimis. Set the Constable by the heeles.
Shee's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the baud.
Nim. A Tenant too.
Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence.*
Nim. Search o're my Doomes-day book; is not shee
Plus
One of my last compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping *Iude*, Heroique *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worship's sinner.
Nim. All Subsidy women, goe free 'em all.
Parum. Sir, here's a knowne offender; one that has
Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times,
Has suffer'd Bridewell often, not a Iayle
But hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder, both his eares cut off,
With his nose slit, what shall I doe with him?
Nih. So often punish'd? nay, if no correction
Will serve his turne; e'en let him runne his course.
Plus. Here's Mistresse *Frayly* too, the waiting woman.
Nim. For what offence?
Plus. A sinne of weakenesse too.
Nim. Let her be strongly whipt,
Plus, An't please your worship
She has a noble mans letter.
Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, she must
Have the Kings Picture too.

Plus. Beſides
She has promis'd me I ſhould examine her
Above i'th' garret.
Nim. What's all that to me?
Plus. And ſhe entreats your worſhip to accept—
Nim. Nay, if ſhe can *entreat in Engliſh, Plus,*
Say ſhe is injur'd.
Par. Sir here's *Snip* the Taylor
Charg'd with a riot.
Nihil. P*arum*, let him goe,
He is our Neighbour.
P*arum.* Then there is a ſtranger for quarrelling.
Nihil. A ſtranger! o'tis pity,
To hurt a ſtranger, we may be all ſtrangers,
And would be glad to find ſome mercy *Parũ.*
Plus. Sir here's a Gentle-woman of S. *Ioanes* his
Charg'd with diſhoneſty.
Nim. With diſhoneſty?
Severity will amend her, and yet *Plus*
Aske her a queſtion, if ſhe will be honeſt?
Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a ſcold.
Nim. Tell her of cooking-ſtooles, tell her there be
Oyſter queanes, with Orange woemen,
Carts, and coaches ſtore, to make a noyſe;
Yet if ſhe can *ſpeak Engliſh*
We may ſuppoſe her ſilent.
P*ar.* Here's a Batchelour.
And a Citizens wife for flatt Adultery;
What will you doe with them?
Nih. A Citizens wife!

Perchance

Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?
Par. Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Batchelour.
Nih. No: enquire
First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour
Have not a wife of his owne, 'twas but frailty;
And Iustice counts it veniall.
Plus. Here's one *Adicus*,
And *Sophron*, that doe mutually accuse
Each other of flat fellony!
Nim. Of the two which is the richer?
Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.
Nim. Then *Sophron* is the thief.
Plus. Here is with all,
Panourgus come with one calld *Prodotes*,
Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge;
Panourgus is the richer.
Nim. Hee's the Traytour then.
Plus. How Sir the richer?
Nim. Thou art ignorant *Plus*;
We must doe some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gaine.
Plus. *Eutrapeles* complains Sir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.
Nim. Send *Eutrapeles* to th'Iayle.
Plus. It is *Eutrapeles* that complaines Sir.
Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
Will must be law: wer't not for *Summum Ius*,
How could the land subsist?

Colax. I, or the Iustices
Maintaine themselves -- goe on -- The Land wants such
As dare with rigor execute her Lawes:
Her festred members must be lanc't and tented.
Hee's a bad Surgeon, that for pitty spares
The part corrupted, 'till the Gangrene spread,
And all the body perish; he that's mercifull
Vnto the bad, is cruell to the good.
The Pillory must cure the eares disease;
The stocks the foots offences; let the backe
Beare her own sinne, and her ranke blood purge forth
By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post:
And yet the secret, and purse punishment
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helpes the vertuous and corrects the vitious.
Let not the sword of Iustice sleepe and rust
Within her velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keepe it sharpe with cutting. Vse must whet her,
Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice,
Till *Hydra* like she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sinne, squeeze out the Serpents braines,
All you can finde -- for some have lurking holes
Where they lye hid. But there's within a glasse
Will shew you every close offenders face.
Nim. Come *Plus* let's goe in to finde out these concealements,
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus --
I mean to be a *Baron* of *Summum Ius*. *Exit. Ni. Plus.*
Parum. You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge

None

None for offendors, here's one apprehended
For murther.
Nihil. How!
Par. He kill'd a man last night.
Nih. How cam't to passe.
Par. Vpon a falling out.
Nih. They shall be friends I'le reconcile 'em *Parum.*
Par. One of them is dead.
Nih. Is he not buried yet?
Par. No Sir.
Nih. Why then *I* say they shall shake hands.
Col. As you have done
With Clemency, most Reverend Iustice *Nihil*;
A gentle mildnesse thrones it selfe within you.
Your Worship would have justice, use her ballance
More then her sword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe she weares, deep scarlet, in the blood
Of poore offendors: How many men hath rigour
By her too hasty, and severe proceedings
Prevented from amendment, that perchance
Might have turn'd honest and have prov'd good Christians?
Should *Iove* not spare his thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himselfe want armes,
And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.
You imitate the Gods! and he sins lesse
Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amisse.
I would not have justice too falcon-eyed;
Sometimes a wilfull blindnesse much becomes her;

As

As when upon the beach ſhe ſleepes and winkes
At the tranſgreſſions of Mortality:
In which moſt mercifull poſture I have ſeene
Your pittifull Worſhip ſnorting out pardons
To the deſpairing ſinner: there's within
A Mirrour ſir like you! goe ſee your face
How like *Aſtreas* 'tis in her own Glaſſe.
Par. And *I*'le petition *Iuſtice Nimi's* Clerke
To admit me for his under officer. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 4.

Agroicus.

Roſc. *This is* Agroicus, *a ruſtique clowniſh fellow, whoſe diſcourſe is all Country; An extreame of urbanity, whereby you may obſerve there is a vertue in* jeſting.

Agro. They talke of witty diſcourſe, and fine conceits, and *I* ken not what a deale of prittle prattle would make a Cat piſſe to heare 'em. Cannot they be content with their Grannams Engliſh? They thinke they talke learnedly, when *I* had rather heare our brindled curre howle, or Sow grunt. They muſt be breaking of jeſts with a murraine, when I had as live heare 'em breake wind Sir reverence! My zonne *Dick* is a pretty Bookiſh Scholar of his age, God bleſſe him; he can write and read, and makes bonds, and bills, and hobligations, God ſave all. But by'r lady, if I wotted it would make him ſuch a Iackſauce, as to have more wit then his vore-vathers, he ſhould have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keepe a Tally. There is a new trade lately

lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em-- Boets, a new name for Beggars I think, since the ſtatute againſt Gypſies. I would not have my ſon *Dick* one of thoſe Boets for the beſt Pig in my ſtye by the mackins: Boets: heau'n ſhield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer, if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hut, gee, ho, it is better I trow then being a Poet. Boets: I had rather zee him remitted to the jayle, and haue his twelve God-vathers, good men and true contemne him to the Gallowes, and there ſee him vairely perſecuted. There is *Bomolochus* one of theſe Boets, now a bots take all the red-noſe tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! he does ſo abuſe his betters! well 'twas a good world, when I virſt held the Plow!

Col. They car'd not then ſo much for ſpeaking well
As to mean honeſt, and in you ſtill lives
The good ſimplicity of the former times:
When to doe well was Rhetorique, not to talke.
The tongue diſeaſe of Court, ſpreads her infections
Through the whole Kingdome, flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the virge, is now
Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts
Are borne between our lips: The heart is made
A ſtranger to the tongue; as if it us'd
A language that ſhe never underſtood.
What is it to be witty in theſe daies,
But to be bawdy, or prophane, at leaſt
Abuſive? Wit is grown a petulant waſpe,
And ſtings ſhe knows not whom, nor where, nor why,
Spues vinegar, and gall on all ſhe meets

Without distinction ---buyes laughter with the losse
Of reputation, father, kinsman, friend,
Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver
The idle Timpanies of a windy braine,
That beats and throbs above the paine of child-bed,
Till every eare she meets be made a midwife
To her light Bastard-issue, how many times.
Bomolochus sides, and shoulders ake, and groane!
Hee's so witty--- here he comes--- away---
Agro. His wit is dangerous and I dare not stay. *Exit.*

SCEN. 5.

Bomolocus.

Rosc. *This is the other extreame of Vrbanity*; Bomolocus *a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dreggs of scandall, and a lumpe of most vile and loathsome scurrility.*
Bird. I, this is he we lookt for all the while!
Scurrility! here she hath her impious throne,
Here lies her heathenish dominion,
In this most impious cell of corruption;
For'tis a Purgatory, a meere *Limbo*,
Where the black Divell and her damme Scurrility
Doe rule the roste, fowle Princes of the aire!
Scurrility! that is he that throweth scandalls,
Soweth, and throweth scandalls, as 'twere durt
Even in the face of holinesse, and devotion.
His presence is contagious, like a dragon
He belches poison forth, poison of the pit,
Brimstone,

Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poyson:
I will not stay, but fly as farre as zeale
Can hurry me-- the roofe will fall and braine me,
If I endure to heare his blasphemies,
His graceleſſe blaſphemies.
Roſc. He ſhall vent none here;
But ſtay, and ſee how juſtly we have us'd him.
Flow. Stay brother, I doe find the ſpirit grow ſtrong.
Col. Haile ſacred wit!-- Earth breeds not Baies enough
To crowne thy ſpatious merit.
Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh,
Col. *Cratinus*, *Eupolis*, *Ariſtophanes*,
Or whatſoever other wit did give
Old *Comedies* the raines, and let her looſe
To ſtigmatize what brow ſhe pleas'd with ſlander
Of people, Prince, Nobility-- All muſt yeeld
To this Triumphant braine!
Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh.
Col. They ſay you'l looſe a friend before a jeſt;
'Tis true, there's not a jeſt that comes from you,
That is the true *Minerva* of this braine,
But is of greater value then a world
Of friends, were every prayre of men we meet
A *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.
Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh.
Col. Some ſay you will abuſe your Father too,
Rather then looſe the opinion of your wit,
Who would not that has ſuch a wit as yours?
'Twere better twenty Parents were expos'd
To ſcorne and laughter, then the ſimpleſt thought

Or least conceit of yours, should dye abortive,
Or perish a braine-Embrio.
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh.--
Col. How's this? that tongue growne silent that syrens
Stood still to admire?
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh.--
Cola. Twere better that the spheares should loose their harmony,
And all the Choristers of the wood grow hoarse!
What wolfe hath spied you first?
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--
Cola. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more then his, has struck you dumb!
Malitious deitie!
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh.oh.--
Cola. Goe in sir there's a Glasse that will restore
That tongue, whose sweetnesse Angels might adore.
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--.oh-- *Exit.*
Rosc. Thus Sir you see how we have put a gagge
In the licentious mouth of base scurrility;
He shall not *Ibis*-like purge upward here,
To infect the place with pestilentiall breath;
Wee'le keepe him tongue-tide; you and all I promise
By *Phœbus* and his daughters, whose chast zones
Were never yet by impure hands untied,
Our language shall flow chast, nothing sound here
That can give just offence to a strict eare.
Bird. This gagge hath wrought my good opinion of you

Flow.

Flow. I begin to think 'em lawfull recreations.
Colax. Now there's none left here, wherein to practise,
I'le flatter my deare selfe. — o that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it,
Kisse it, and hugge it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other halfe!
Selfe-love, *Narcissus*, had not been a fault,
Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
Had but a braine like mine: I can guild vice,
And praise it into Alchymie, till it goe
For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone.
I can perswade a toad into an oxe,
Till swel'd too bigge with my *Hyperboles*
She burst asunder, and 'tis vertues name
Lends me a maske to scandalize her selfe.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe;
That art is great makes vertue guilty too.
I have such strange varieties of colours,
Such shift of shapes, blew *Proteus* sure begot me
On a Camelion, and I change so quick
That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
As they say Mares doe, on some wind or other.
I'le peepe to see how many fooles I made
With a report of a miraculous Glasse.
---Heaven blesse me, I am ruin'd! o my braine
Witty to my undoing, I have jested
My selfe to an eternall misery.
I see leane hunger with her meager face

Ride poaſt to overtake me, I doe propheſie
A Lent immortall: *Phœbus* I could curſe
Thee and thy brittle gifts, *Pandora's* box
Compar'd with this might be eſteem'd a bleſſing.
The Glaſſe which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour
Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth.
The two Extreames of every Vertue there
Beholding how they either did exceed,
Or want of juſt proportion, joyn'd together,
And are reduc'd into a perfect Meane:
As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Phyſitian
Does take two different poiſons, one that's cold
The other in the ſame degree of heate,
And blend's them both to make an Antidote;
Or as the Lutaniſt takes Flats and Sharpes,
And out of thoſe ſo diſſonant notes, does ſtrike
A raviſhing Harmony. Now there is no vice
'Tis a hard world for *Colax*: What ſhift now?
Dyſcolus doth expoſt me. ſince this age
Is growne too wiſe to entertaine a Paraſite,
I'le to the Glaſſe, and there turne vertuous too,
Still ſtrive to pleaſe, though not to flatter you.
Bird. There is good uſe indeed la to be made
From their Converſion.
Flow. Very good inſooth—la
And edifying.
Roſci. Give your eyes ſome reſpite.
You know already what our Vices be,
In the next Act you ſhall our Vertues ſee.

Exeunt.

Actvs V. Scen. I.

Roscius. Flowrdew. Bird.

Flow. Now verily I find the devout Bee
May suck the hony of good Doctrine thence,
And beare it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
Gathers her impious Venome: I have pick'd
Out of the Garden of this Play, a good
And wholesome salad of instruction:
What doe you next present?
Rosci. The severall Vertues.
Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues there!
Rosci. There be not.
Bird. Then I'le stay; I hate a Vertue
That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall* vertues,
Next to *Pope*-vertues, are most impious,
And Bishop-vertues are unwarrantable:
I will allow of none but Deacon-vertues,
Or Elder-vertues.
Rosci. These are Morall vertues.
Bird. Are they Lay-vertues?
Rosci. Yes!
Bird, Then they are lawfull,
Vertues in Orders are unsanctified.
Rosci. We doe present them royall, as they are
In all their state, in a full dance.
Bird. What dance?
No wanton Iig I hope, no dance is lawfull
But *Prinkam Prankam*.

Flowr.

Flow. Will Vertues dance?
I hate a Vertue in a Morrice-dance!
O vile, absurd, maypole---maid-marrian vertue!
Rosci. Dancing is lawfull.

Flourish.

Enter Mediocritie.

Flow. Who's this?
Rosc. It is the mother of the Vertues.
Flow. Mother of Pearle I thinke, she is so gawdy.
Rosci. It is the golden Mediocritie.
Flow. She looketh like the Idoll of *Cheap-side.*

Mediocritie.

Med. I am that even course that must be kept
To shunne two dangerous gulfes; the middle tract
'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis*; the small *Isthmus*
That suffers not the *Aegean* tide to meet
The violent rage of the *Ionian* wave.
I am a bridge o'reran Impetuous sea;
Free, and safe passage to the wary step!
But he whose wantonnesse, or folly dares
Decline to either side, falls desperate
Into a certaine ruine.--- Dwell with me,
Whose mansion is not plac'd so neare the Sunne,
As to complaine of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
With his directer beames: nor so remote
From his bright rayes as to be situate
Vnder the Icy Pole of the cold Beare;
But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am she,
I am the golden Mediocritie:
The labour of whose wombe are all the vertues,

And-

And every passion too commendable:
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth: no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they beare to severall objects:
Else had their names beene one as are their features.
So when eleven faire Virgins of a blood
All Sisters, and alike growne ripe of yeares,
Match into severall houses, from each family,
Each takes a name distinct, and all are different'd:
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,
As if both roses were confounded there:
Their stature neither Dwarfe nor Gyantish,
But in a comely well dispos'd proportion:
And all so like their mother, that indeed
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midst of dangers I stand up
A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring,
Not so ungodly bold as not to be
Fearefull of heav'ns just anger when she speaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my Religion, shake to see my Country
Threatned with fire and sword, be a stark coward
To any thing may blast my reputation:
But I can scorne the worst of poverty,
Sickneſſe, Captivity, Banishment, Grim death,
If she dare meete me in the bed of honour,
Where, with my Countries cause upon my sword
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civill blood, or customary danger;

Nor the fooles whetstone, Inexperience,
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude!
Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleasures,
And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths just steward,
And call me *Liberality*, with one hand
I'le gather riches home, and with the other
Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe
The persons, quantity, quality, time and place:
And if in great expences I be set
Chiefe Arbitresse, I can in glorious workes,
As raising Temples, Statues, Altars, shrines
Vestures, and ornaments to Religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.
And to my country the like meane observe,
In building Ships, and Bulwarkes, Castles, walls
Conducts, Theaters, and what else may serve her
For use or ornament: And at home be royall
In Buildings, Gardens, costly furniture,
In entertainments free and hospitable,
With a respect to my estate, and meanes,
And then I may be stil'd *Magnificence*;
As *Magnanimity*, when I wisely aime
At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'm,
Not for ambition, but for my Countryes good,
And in that vertue all the rest do dwell:
In lesser dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over patient,
To put up such grosse wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that observe

What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,
Looke that it be not suddaine, nor too thirsty
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Then the offence, know my time when, where
I must be angry, and how long remaine so;
Then then you may surname me *Mansuetude*.
When in my carriage and discourse *I* keepe
The meane that neither flatters nor offends,
I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court
Gives name, and should doe being... *Courtesy*.
Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance
I am the vertue time calls daughter, *Truth*.
Give me my sword and ballance eighty swayed,
And *Iustice* is the Title *I* deserve.
When on this stage *I* come with innocent wit,
And jests that have more of the salt then gall,
That move the laughter and delight of all,
Without the griefe of one, free, chast conceits,
Not scurrile, base, obscene, ill-berall
Or contumelious slanders, *I* am then
The vertue they have term'd *Urbanity*,
To whom if your least countenance may appeare.
She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.

The Song.

The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Medio. You have seene all my daughters, Gentlemen,

Chuse you wives hence; you that are Batchelors
Can finde no better; And the married too
May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the same wife, and the same man
May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie.
He that weds most is chastest; These are all
The daughters of my wombe, I have five more,
The happy Issue of my Intellect,
And thence syrnam'd the intellectuall Vertues.
They now attend not on their Mothers traine,
We hope they Act in each spectators braine!
I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one
My daughters deare compatition, lovely Friendship
A royall Nymph; her we present not to,
It is a vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Choreantianibus.

SCENE 3.

Bird. O Sister what a glorious traine they be!
Flow They seeme to mee the Family of Love,
But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius?*
Rosci. There is! sent hither by the great Apollo,
Who in the worlds bright eye and every day
Set in his Car of light, surveies the earth
From East to West: who finding every place
Fruitfull in nothing but fantastique follies,
And most ridiculous humors, as he is
The God of Physique, thought it appertain'd
To him to finde a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and sinne, two grand diseases,

And

And now grown Epidemicall: many Receits
He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*
In every Garden--- But none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the *Muses* spring,
And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
Into a Christall--- That being done, he makes,
A Mirror with it: and instills this vertue,
That it should by reflection shew each man
All his deformities both of soule and body.
And cure 'em both---
Flow. Good Brother lets goe see it!
Saints may want something of perfection.
Rose. The Glasse is but of one daies continuance;
For *Pluto*, thinking if it should cure all,
His Kingdome would grow empty, (for 'tis sin
That Peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em
Spin it too short a thred: (for every thing
As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)
They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
No longer then the Beast's of *Hyppanis*
That in one day is spun, drawne out, and cut.
But *Phœbus* to requite the black Gods envy,
Will when the Glasse is broke transfuse her vertue
To live in Comedy--- If you meane to see it
Make hast---
Flow. We will goe post to reformation. *Exeunt.*
Ros. Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare
As this poore labour--- our distrustfull Author
Thinkes the same Sun that rose upon her cradle
Will hardly set before her funerall.

Your gratious and kind acceptance may
Keepe her alive from death, or when shees dead
Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

Scen. 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes religion sin,
Sets zeale upon the rack, and stretches her
Beyond her length--- Most blessed Looking-glasse
That didst instruct my blinded eyes to day,
I might have gone to hell the Narrow-way!
Bird. Hereafter I will visit Comedies,
And see them oft, they are good exercises!--
I'le teach devotion now a milder temper,
Not that it shall loose any of her heat
Or Purity, but henceforth shall be such
As shall burne bright although not blaze so much.

Exeunt.

Epilogus.

EPILOGVS.

Roscius solus.

Y'*Have seen* The Muses Looking-glasse, *Ladyes fair,*
And Gentle-youths; And others too who ere
Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant
Your selves unto your selves still to present.
A souldier shall himselfe in Hector *see,*
Grave Councellors, Nestor, *view themselves in thee.*
When Lucrece *Part shall on our Stage appeare,*
Every chast Ladie sees her shaddow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glasses
Will show both fooles, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vexe and cure them: But we need not feare,
We doe not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire soule and a Beauteous face,
Will visit oft the Muses Looking-glasse.

FINIS.

9 AU 54

AMYNTAS

OR THE IMPOSSIBLE DOVVRY.

A PASTORALL ACTED before the KING & QUEENE at *White-Hall.*

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere Carmen.



OXFORD,
Printed by *Leonard Lichfield*, for *Francis Bowman.* 1638.

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OR THE

IMPOSSIBLE DISCOVERY.

A PASTORALL ACTED

before the KING & QUEENS

at White-Hall.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OXFORD,

Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis

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Drammatis Personæ.

Pilamnus. The high Priest of *Ceres*: Father to *Damon* and *Vrania.*

Medorus. Father to *Laurinda.*

Claius. A wild Sylvan, father to *Amyntas* and *Amaryllis.*

Corymbus. An under Priest.

Damon. } Two Rivalls in *Laurinda's* Love.
Alexis. }

Amyntas. A mad Sheapheard.

Laurinda. A wavering Nymph.

Vrania. A sad Nymph, enamoured on *Amyntas.*

Amarillis. A distressed sheapheardesse, in love with *Damon.*

Thestylis. An old Nymph, sister to *Claius.*

Iocastus. A fantastique sheapherd & fairy Knight.

Bromius. His man, a blunt Clowne.

Mopsus. A fooliſh Augur enamoured on *Thestylis.*

Dorylas. A knaviſh boy.

Echo.

Chorus of { *Priests.* *Sheapheards.* *Nymphs.*

Quorum sit mentio.

Philæbus. }
Lalage. }
Mycon. }

The Scene Sicilie, in the holy Vale.

The time an Astrologicall day from Noone to Noone.

PROLOGVS.

Nymph. Shepheard.

Nym.  Le speak the *Prologue*.

Sheap. Then you doe mee wrong.

Nym. Why, dare your Sexe compare with ours for Tongue?

Sheap. A Female *Prologue*!

Nym. Yes, as well as Male.

Shep. That's a new trick;

Nym. And t'other is as stale.

Shep. Men are more eloquent then women made:

Nym. But women are more powrfull to perswade.

Shep. It seemes so, for I dare no more contend.

Nym. Then best give ore the strife, and make an end.

Sheap. I will not yeeld.

Nym. Shall we divide it then?

Sheap. You to the Woemen speak.

Nym. You to the Men.

Sheap. Gentlemen, looke not from us Rurall swains
For polish'd speech, high lines, or Courtly straines.
Expect not we should bring a labour'd Scene,
Or complements; we ken not what they meane.

Nym. And Ladies, we poore Country Girles doe come
With such behaviour as we learn'd at home.
How shall we talke to Nymphs so trim and gay,
That nere saw Lady yet but at a *May*?

She. His Muſe is very baſhfull, ſhould you throw
A Snake into her Cradle, I doe know
Shee is no *Hercules* to outlive your Ire:
Nym. One Hiſſe would make the fearfull foole expire,
Without a ſting.
Shep. Gentlemen doe but you
Like this, no matter what the Woemen doe.
Nym. It was a ſawcy Swaine thus to conclude!
Ladies, the Gentlemen are not ſo rude,
If they were ever ſchool'd by powtefull love,
As to diſlike the things you ſhall approve.
If you but like him 'twill be greater praiſe
Then if each Muſe of Nine had fetch'd him Baies.

AMYNTAS.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Laurinda. Dorylas.

Dor. Is newes *Laurinda* that will raviſh you!

Laur. How, raviſh mee? if't be ſuch deſperat newes I pray conceale it.

Dor. So I will.

Lau. Nay *Dorylas*, Pray tell it though.

Dor. Tis deſperat newes, I care not.

Laur. But prithee doe.

Dor. I muſt conceale it.

Laur. Doe not.

Dor. Miſtreſſe, you have prevail'd: I will relate it.

Laur. No matter though whether you doe or no.

Dor. No? then I will not tell you.

Laur. Yet I care not Much if I heare it.

Dor.

Dor. And I care not much
Whether I tell't or no.
Laur. What is it?
Dor. Nothing.
Laur. Sweet *Dorylas* let me know.
Dor. What pretty weather-cocks
These women are? I serve a Mistresse here
Fit to have made a Planet: sheele waxe and wane
Twice in a minute.
Laur. But good *Dorylas*
Your newes.
Dor. Why excellent Newes!
Laur. But what?
Dor. Rare newes!
Newes fit,
Laur. For what?
Dor. To be conceal'd: why Mistresse
The Rivalls, those on whom this Powerfull face
Doth play the tyrant.---
Laur. *Dorylas* what of them?
Dor. Now, now shee wanes: O for a dainty Husband
To make her a full Moone. The amorous couple!
Your brace of sweet hearts *Damon* and *Alexis*
Desire your audience.
Lau. Is this all your newes?
You may conceale it.
Dor. Now you have heard it told
I may conceale it! well I thanke thee Nature
Thou didst create mee Man, for I want wit
Enough to make up woman: but good Mistresse

What

What doe you think of *Damon?*
Laur. As a man
Worthy the best of Nymphs:
Dor. What of *Alexis?*
Laur. As one that may deserve the faireſt Virgin
In *Sicilie.*
Dor. What Virgin?
Lau. Proſerpine,
Were ſhee yet *Ceres* daughter.
Dor. And what *Damon?*
Lau. Heer *Ceres* ſelfe, were ſhe not yet a Mother:
Dor. Creet, Creet! There is no Labyrinth but a woman
Laurinda, gentle Miſtreſſe tell mee which
Of theſe you love?
Lau. Why *Damon* beſt of any.
Dor. Why ſo, that's well and plain.
Lau. Except *Alexis.*
Dor. Why then you love *Alexis* beſt?
Lau. Of any.
Dor. I am glad ont.
Lvu. But my *Damon.*
Dor. Be this true
And Ile be ſworne *Cupid* is turn'd a jugler:
Praſto! you love *Alexis* beſt but *Damon,*
And *Damon* but *Alexis!* Love you *Damon?*
Lau. I doe.
Dor. And not *Alexis?*
Lau. And *Alexis.*
Dor. Shee would ha' both I thinke.
Laur. Not I by *Ceres.*

Dor. Then you love neither?
Lau. Yes, I doe love either.
Dor. Either, and yet not both, both best, yet neither;
Why doe you torture those with equall Racks,
That both vow service to you? If your love
Have pre fer'd *Damon*, tell *Alexis* of it;
Or if *Alexis*, let poore *Damon* know it,
That he which is refus'd, smothering his flame,
May make another choice, now doubtfull hope
Kindles desires in both.
Lau. Ah *Dorylas*,
Thy yeares are yet uncapable of love!
Thou hast not learn'd the mysteries of *Cupid*!
Dost thou not see through all *Sicilia*,
From gentlest sheapheards to the meanest swaines,
What inauspitious torches *Hymen* lights
At every wedding? what unfortunate hands
Linke in the wedding ring? Nothing but feares
Iarres, discontents, suspicions, jealousies,
These many yeares meet in the Bridall sheetes.
Or if all these be missing, yet a Barrennesse,
A curse as cruell, or Abortive births
Are all the blessings crowne the Geniall bed:
Till the successe prove happier, and I finde
A blessed change, ile temper my affection
Conceale my flames, dissemble all my fires
And spend those yeares I owe to Love and Beauty
Only in choosing on whose love to fixe
My Love and beauty.
Dor. Rare Feminine wisdome:

Will you admit 'em.
Lau. Yes, goe call them hither.
Yet doe not, now I thinke on't: yet you may too;
And yet come back againe.
Dor. Nay I will goe.
Lau. Why *Dorylas*.
Dor. What newes?
Lau. Come back I say.
Dor. Yes to be sent againe.
Lau. You'l stay I hope.
Dor. Not I by *Ceres*.
Lau. *Dorylas*.
Dor. No good Mistresse
Farewell for I at length have learn'd to know
You call me back only to bid mee goe. *Exit.*
Lau. Tis no great matter sirrah:--- when they come
Ile beare my selfe so equall unto both,
As both shall thinke I love him best, this way
I keepe both fires alive, that when I please
I may take which I please.--- But who comes here?

Scen. 2.

Laurinda. Thestylis.

O *Thestylis* y'are welcome!
Thest. If *Laurinda*,
My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely
As to disturbe your private Meditations,
I beg your pardon!
Lau. How now *Thestylis*?

Grown Orator of late? has learned *Mopſus*
Read Rhetorique unto you, that you come
To ſee me with *Exordiums?*
Theſt. No *Laurinda*;
But if there be a charme call'd Rhetorique;
An art, that woods and forreſts cannot skill;
That with perſuaſive magique could command
A pitty in your ſoule, I would my tongue
Had learn'd that powerfull art!
Lau. Why *Theſtylis*,
Thou know'ſt the breſts I ſuck'd were neither wolves
Nor Tygers, and I have a heart of waxe,
Soft and ſoone melting; try this amorous heart; 'tis not
Of flint or marble.
The. If it were, *Laurinda*,
The teares of her, whoſe orator I come
Have power to ſoften it. Beuteous *Amaryllis*,
Shee that in this unfortunate age of love,
This hapleſſe time of *Cupids* tyranny
Plac'd her affection on a skornfull ſheapheard,
One that diſdaines her love.
Lau. Diſdaines her love!
I tell thee *Theſtylis* in my poore judgement,
(And women if no envy blind their eyes,
Beſt judge of womens beauties) *Amaryllis*
May make a Bride worthy the proudeſt Sheapheard
In all *Sicilia:* but wherein can I
Pitty this injur'd Nymph?
The. Thus ſhe deſires you,
As you deſire to thrive in him you love;

As you doe love him whom you moſt deſire,
Not to love *Damon!* *Damon* alas repaies
Her love with skorne! Tis a requeſt ſhe ſaies
She knowes you cannot grant, but if you doe not
Shee will not live to aske again.
Lau. Poore Nymph.
My *Amaryllis* knowes my fidelity;
How often have we ſported on the Lawnes,
And danc'd a roundelay to *Iocaſtus* pipe?
If I can doe her ſervice *Theſtylis*,
Be ſure I will: Good wench, I dare not ſtay
Leaſt I diſpleaſe my Father; who in this age
Of hapleſſe lovers watches me as cloſe
As did the Dragon the *Heſperian* fruit.
Farewell. *Exit Laur.*
Theſt. Farewell *Laurinda!* Thus poore foole
I toyle for others; like the painfull Bee
From every flower cull hony drops of love
To bring to others hives: *Cupid* does this
Cauſe I am *Clitius* ſiſter. Other Nymphs
Have their varietie of loves, for every gowne,
Nay every petticote; I have only one,
The poore foole *Mopſus!* yet no matter wench,
Fooles never were in more requeſt then now.
Ile make much of him, for that woman lyes
In weary ſheetes, whoſe Husband is too wiſe.

Scen. 3.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Iocastus.

Mop. Iocastus, I love *Thestylis* abominably,
The mouth of my affection waters at her.
Io. Be wary *Mopsus*, learne of mee to skorne
The mortalls; choose a better match: goe love
Some *Fairy* Lady! Princely *Oberon*
Shall stand thy friend: and beauteous *Mab* his Queene
Give thee a *Maid of Honour.*
Mop. How *Iocastus?*
Marry a puppet? Wed a mote ith' Sunne?
Goe looke a wife in nutshells: wooe a gnat
That's nothing but a voice? No no, *Iocastus*,
I must have flesh and blood, and will have *Thestylis.*
A fig for *Fairies!*
Thes. ---'Tis my sweet-heart *Mopsus*,
And his wise brother: O the twins of folly!
These doe I entertaine only to season
The poore *Amyntas* madnesse.
Mop. Sacred red and white,
How fares thy reverend beauty?
The. Very ill
Since you were absent, *Mopsus*! where have you
Beene all this live-long houre?
Mop. I have been
Discoursing with the birds.
The. Why, can birds speake?
Io. In Fairy land they can: I have heard 'em chirpe

Very

Very good Greeke and Latin.
Mop. And our Birds
Talke better farre then they: a new-laid egge
Of *Sicilie* ſhall out talke the braveſt Parrat
In *Oberons, Vtopia.*
The. But what languages
Doe they ſpeake, ſervant?
Mop. Severall languages,
As *Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation.*
Whiſtleation, Crowation, Cackleation,
Shreekation, Hiſſation.
The. And Fooleation.
Mop. No, that's our language, we our ſelves ſpeak that,
That are the learned Augurs.
The. What ſucceſſe
Does your Art promiſe?
Mop. Very good.
The. What Birds
Met you then firſt?
Mop. A Wood-cock and a Gooſe.
The. Well met.
Mop. I told 'em ſo.
The. And what might this portend?
Mop. Why thus---and firſt the Wood-cock--- Wood and Cock,
Both very good ſignes. For firſt the wood doth ſignify
The fire of our love ſhall never goe out,
Becauſe it has more fuell: wood doth ſignify
More fuell.
The. What the Cocke

Mop.

Mop. Better then t'other:
That I ſhall crow ore thoſe that are my rivalls,
And rooſt my ſelfe with thee.
The. But now the Gooſe?
Mop. I, I the Gooſe, that likes me beſt of all,
Th'aſt heard our gray-beard ſheapherds talk of Rome,
And what the Geeſe did there: The Gooſe doth ſignify
That I ſhall keep thy *Capitoll.*
The. Good gander!
Io. ----- It cannot chooſe but ſtrangely pleaſe his highneſſe!
The. What are you ſtudying of *Iocaſtus*, ha?
Io. A rare deviſe, a Maſque to entertaine
His Grace of *Fairy* with.
The. A Maſque? what i'ſt?
Io. An Anti-maſque of fleaes, which I have taught
To dance Currantoes on a ſpiders thread.
Mop. An Anti-maſque of fleaes? brother me thinkes
A maſque of Birds were better, that could dance
The morrice in the aire, Wrens and Robin-redbreſts,
Linnets, and Titmiſe.
Io. So! and why not rather
Your Geeſe & Wood-cocks? Mortall hold thy tongue,
Thou doſt not know the myſtery.
The. Tis true
He tells you *Mopſus*, leave your Augurie,
Follow his counſell, and be wiſe.
Mop. Be wiſe?
I skorne the motion! follow his counſell and be wiſe?
That's a fine trick i'faith! is this an age

For

For to be wise in?
The. Then you mean I see,
T'expound the Oracle.
Mop. I doe mean to be
Th'interpreter.
Io. --And then a jig of Pismires
Is excellent.
Mop. What to interpret Oracles?
A foole must be th'interpreter.
The. Then no doubt
But you will have the honour.
Mop. Nay I hope
I am as faire for't as another man.
If I should now grow wise against my will,
And catch this wisdome!
The. Never feare it *Mopsus.*
Mop. Twere dangerous ventring. Now I think on't too
Pray Heaven this aire be wholsome! is there not
An antidote against it? what doe you think
Of garlick every morning?
The. Fy upon't,
'Twill spoile our kissing! and besides I tell you
Garlick's a dangerous dish, eating of garlick
May breed the sicknesse, for as I remember
Tis the Phylosophers dyet.
Mop. Certainly
I am infected, now the fit's upon mee!
Tis some thing like an ague, sure I caught it
With talking with a Scholar next my heart.
The. How sad a life live *I*,

Betwixt their folly and *Amyntas* madneſſe!
For *Mopſus* Ile preſcribe you ſuch a diet
As ſhall ſecure you.
Mop. Excellent ſhe Doctor!
Your women are the beſt Phyſitians,
And have the better practice.
The. Firſt my *Mopſus*,
Take heed of faſting, for your hungry meales
Nurſe wiſdome.
Mop. True! O what a ſtomach have I
To be her patient!
The. Beſides, take ſpeciall care
You weare not thred-bare clothes: 'twill breed at leaſt
Suſpicion you are wiſe.
Io. I marry will it.
The. And walke not much alone; or if you walke
With company, be ſure you walke with fooles,
None of the wiſe.
Mop. No, no I warrant you,
Ile walke with no body but my brother here,
Or you, or mad *Amyntas*.
The. By all meanes
Take heed of Travell, your beyond-ſea wit
Is to be feard.
Mop. If ere I travell hang mee.
Io. Not to the *Fairy* land?
The. Thither he may.
But above all things weare no beards, long beards
Are ſignes the braines are full, becauſe the excrements
Come out ſo plentifully.

Io. Rather empty,
Becauſe they have ſent ſo much out, as if
Their brains were ſunk into their beards: King *Oberon*
Has ne're a beard, yet for his wit *I* am ſure
He might have beene a Gyant. Who comes here?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter
Of fowles and Oracles!
Mop. Thankes good *Dorylas.*
Dor. How fares the winged cattell? are the woodcocks,
The jayes, the dawes, the cuckoes, and the owles
In health?
Mop. *I* thank the gracious ſtarres they are!
Dor. Like health unto the preſident of the jigs;
I hope King *Oberon* and his joyall *Mab*
Are well.
Io. They are, *I* never ſaw their Graces
Eate ſuch a meale before.
Dir. E'ne much good doe't em!
Io. They're rid a hunting.
Do. Hare or Deere my Lord?
Io. Neither, a brace of ſnailes of the firſt head.
The. But *Dorylas*, there's a mighty quarrell here,
And you are choſen umpire.
Dor. About what?
The. The expoſition of the Oracle:
Which of the ſet two you think the verier foole.
Dor. It is a difficult cauſe, firſt let me poſe 'em!
You *Mopſus*, cauſe you are a learned Augur,
How many are the ſeven Liberall Sciences?

Mop. Why much about a dozen.
Dor. You *Iocastus*,
When *Oberon* shav'd himselfe, who was his Barber?
Io. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,
They call him *Periwinckle*.
Dor. *Thestylis*,
A weighty cause and askes a longer time.
The. Wee'll in the while to comfort sad *Amyntas*.

Exeunt The. Mop. Io.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas. Laurinda.

Lau. I wonder much that *Dorylas* staies so long,
Faine would I heare whether they'l come or no.
Do. Ha? would you so?
Lau. I see in your own messages
You can goe fast enough.
Dor. Indeed forsooth,
I loiter'd by the way.
Lau. What, will they come?
Dor. Which of them?
Lau. *Damon*?
Dor. No.
Lau. *Alexis* will?
Dor. Nor he.
Lau. How, neither? am I then neglected?
Dor. *Damon* will come.
Lau. And not *Alexis* too?
Dor. Only *Alexis* comes.

Lau. Let him not come.
I wonder who ſent for him, unleſſe both
Ile ſpeak with none.
Dor. Why both will viſit you.
Lau. Both? one had been too many. Was e're Nymph
So vex'd as I? you ſawcy raſcall you,
How doe you ſtrive to croſſe me?
Dor. And ſweet Miſtreſſe,
Still I will croſſe you, 'tis the only way
Truely to pleaſe you.

SCENA 7.

Enter Medorus.

Medo. So, you'l all pleaſe her,
I wonder who'l pleaſe meet you all for her
Can run on errants, carry love-ſick letters,
And amorous eglogues from her howling ſuiters,
To her, and back againe, be *Cupids* Heraulds,
And point out meetings for her.
Dor. Truly Sir,
Not I, pray aske my Miſtreſſe: Doe I call
Your ſweet-hearts---ſpeak, nay ſpeak it if you can.
Doe I?
Lau. Why no.
Do. Nay ſay your worſt I care not,
Did I goe over?
Lau. Never.
Dor. La-you now!
We were deviſing nothing but a ſnare

Mop. Why much about a dozen.
Dor. You *Iocastus*,
When *Oberon* shav'd himselfe, who was his Barber?
Io. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,
They call him *Periwinckle.*
Dor. Thestylis,
A weighty cause and askes a longer time.
The. Wee'll in the while to comfort sad *Amyntas.*
Exeunt The. Mop. Io.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas. Laurinda.

Lau. I wonder much that *Dorylas* staies so long,
Faine would I heare whether they'l come or no.
Do. Ha? would you so?
Lau. I see in your own messages
You can goe fast enough.
Dor. Indeed forsooth,
I loiter'd by the way.
Lau. What, will they come?
Dor. Which of them?
Lau. Damon?
Dor. No.
Lau. Alexis will?
Dor. Nor he.
Lau. How, neither? am I then neglected?
Dor. *Damon* will come.
Lau. And not *Alexis* too?
Dor. Only *Alexis* comes.

Lau. Let him not come.
I wonder who sent for him, unlesse both
Ile speak with none.
Dor. Why both will visit you.
Lau. Both? one had been too many. Was e're Nymph
So vex'd as I? you sawcy rascall you,
How doe you strive to crosse me?
Dor. And sweet Mistresse,
Still I will crosse you, 'tis the only way
Truely to please you.

SCENA 5.

Enter Medorus.

Medo. So, you'l all please her,
I wonder who'l please meet you all for her
Can run on errants, carry love-sick letters,
And amorous eglogues from her howling suiters,
To her, and back againe, be *Cupids* Hetaulds,
And point out meetings for her.
Dor. Truly Sir,
Not I, pray aske my Mistresse: Doe I call
Your sweet-hearts---speak, nay speak it if you can.
Doe it.
Lau. Why no.
Do. Nay say your worst I care not,
Did I goe ever?
Lau. Never.
Dor. La-you now!
We were devising nothing but a snare

To catch the Pole-cat,
Sirrah get you in,
Take heed I doe not find your haunts.
Dor. What haunts?
Med. You'l in!
Dor. I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy,
To skimme the milke-bowles like a lickorish *Fairy.*
Exit Dor.
Me. He that's a womans keeper, should have eyes
A hundred more then *Argus*, and his eares
Double the number: Now the newes, what letters?
What posy, ring or bracelet wooes to day?
What Grove to night is conscious of your whispers?
Come tell mee, for I know your trusty squire,
Your litle closet blabbes into your eare
Some secret, let me know it.
Lau. Then you feare,
Least I should be in love.
Me. Indeed I doe,
Cupids a dangerous boy, and often wounds
The wanton roving eye.
Lau. Were I in love,
Nor that I am (for yet by *Dian's* bow
I have not made my choice,) and yet suppose it,
Suppose I say I were in love, What then?
Me. So I would have thee, but not yet my Girle,
Till loves prove happier, till the wretched *Claius*
Hath satisfied the Gods.
Lau. Why *Claius*, Father?
Me. Hast thou not heard it?

Lau. Never. *Me.* Tis impossible.
Lau. How should I sir: you know that my discourse
Is all with walls and pictures, I here meet
The Virgins on the downes.
Me. Why *I* will tell thee,
Thou knowest *Pilumnus?*
Lau. The high Priest of *Ceres?*
Me. Yes: This *Pilumnus* had a sonne *Philabus*,
Who was, while yet he was, the only joy
The staffe and comfort of his fathers age,
And might have still beene so, had not fond love
Vndone him.
Lau. How did love undoe *Philabus?*
Me. Why thus, one *Lalage*, a beauteous Nymph
As ever eye admired, *Alphestus* daughter,
Was by her father promis'd him in marriage.
Lau. Why hitherto his love had good successe.
Me. But only promis'd: for the sheapherd *Claius*,
(A name accursed in *Sicilian* fields!)
Being rich, obtain'd the beauteous *Lalage*
From sweet *Philabus*: he sad heart being rob'd,
Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty
Which gave him life and motion, seeing *Claius*
Injoy those lips, whose cherries were the food
That nurs'd his soule, spent all his time in sorrow,
In melancholy sighes and discontents;
Look'd like a witherd tree oregrowne with mosse,
His eyes were ever dropping Icicles.
Disdaine and sorrow made *Pilumnus* rage,
And in this rage, he makes his moane to *Ceres*,

Ceres

(*Ceres* moſt ſacred of *Sicilian* powers;)
And in thoſe moanes he proſecutes revenge,
And that revenge to fall on *Lalage.*
Lau. Would *Ceres* heare his praiers?
Me. Silly maid,
His paſſions were not cauſeleſſe; and with what juſtice
Could ſhe deny *Pilumnus?* how oft hath he ſprinkled,
The fineſt flowre of wheat, and ſweeteſt myrrhe
Vpon her Altars! *Lalage* ru'd the time
She flowted brave *Philabus.* Now ſhe was great
With two ſweet twins, the faire chaſt *Amaryllis,*
And mad *Amyntas;* (an unlucky paire!)
Theſe ſhee brought forth, but never liv'd to ſee them:
Lucina caus'd her ſorrowes ſtop her breath,
Leaving this matchleſſe paire of beauteous infants,
In whom till now ſhe lives.
Lau. After her death,
How far'd the ſorrowfull *Philabus?*
Me. Worſe
Then ever: Shee being dead whoſe life was his,
Whoſe lookes did hold his eyes from ſhutting up,
He pin'd away in ſorrowes, griefe it was
To ſee ſhe was not his, but greater farre
That ſhe was not at all. Her Exequies being paſt,
He caſts him down upon that turfe of earth,
Vnder whoſe roofe his *Lalage* was hous'd,
And parlied with her aſhes, till his own lampe
Was quite extinguiſh'd with a fatall dampe.
Here ended th'noble ſheapheard.
Lau. Vnhappy lover!

'Tis

Tis pitty but the Virgins once a yeare,
Should waſh his tombe with maiden teares! but now
Both *Lalage* being dead and her *Philebus*,
How comes it other loves ſhould prove unfortunate?
Med. Pilumnus having loſt this hopefull Sonne,
Though he had two more children, fair *Vrania*
And noble *Damon*; yet the death of *Lalage*
Suffic'd not his revenge, but he anew implores
His goddeſſe wrath 'gainſt *Claius*:--- Doth *Ceres* prize
me thus?
Shall *Claius* tread upon the flowry Plaine,
And walke upon the Aſhes of my boy?
Will I be *Archyflamen* where the Gods
Are ſo remiſſe? let wolves approach their ſhrines;
Their howlings are as powerfull as the Praiers
Of ſad *Pilumnus!*--- Sueh diſguſts at laſt
Awaken'd *Ceres*: with hollow murmuring noiſe
Her *Ompha* like a thunder 'gins to roare.
(The *Ompha* if it menace ſpeakes at large
In copious language, but perplexed termes.)
And laid this curſe on all *Trinacria*.

Sicilian ſwaines, ill luck ſhall long betide
To every bridegroome, and to every bride:
No ſacrifice, no vow ſhall ſtill mine Ire,
Till Claius *blood both quench and kindle fire.*
The wiſe ſhall miſconceive me, and the wit
Scorn'd, and neglected ſhall my meaning hit.

Lau. Angry and Intricate! Alas for love!
What then became of *Claius*?
Me. Why the *Ompha*,

Having denounc'd against him, and he knowing
The hate of old *Pilumnus* fled away,
I think hee's fayl'd to the *Antipodes*.
No tydings can be brought what ground receives him,
Vnlesse *Corymbus* make a happy voyage;
Corymbus that will search both East and Occident
And when he finds him spill his captive blood.
Which *Ceres* grant he may! Tender *Laurinda*
Now dost thou see the reason of my care,
And why my watchfull eyes so close observe
Thy steps and actions.
Lau. And I promise, father,
To temper my affections, 'till the Goddesse
Doe mitigate her anger.
Med. Doe so then:
For now you see with what unfortunate choice
Pilumnus daughter, delicate *Vrania* loves
The mad *Amyntas*: for the angry Goddesse,
Though she repaid the wrong done to *Philabus*,
Yet not approving the reuengefull mind
Of great *Pilumnus*, scourg'd him with his own asking,
By threatning an unhappy marriage
To his *Vrania*, unlesse he that wooes her
Pay an impossible Dowry; for as others
Give Portions with their daughters, *Ceres* Priests
Vse to receive for theirs. The words are these,

That which thou hast not, mayst not, canst not have
Amyntas, *is the* Dowry *that I crave.*
Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine
To give Vrania *this, and she is thine:*

Which

Which while the poore *Amyntas* would Interpret,
He loſt his wits. Take heed of love, *Laurinda*,
You ſee th'unhappineſſe of it in others;
Let not experience in thy ſelfe inſtruct thee.
Be wiſe my Girle: ſo come and follow me. *Exit.*
Lau. I'le make a Garland for my kid and follow you.
What a ſad tale was here? how full of ſorrow?
Happy that heart that never felt the ſhaft
Of angry *Cupid*!

Scen. 6.

Damon Alexis.

--- *Damon* and *Alexis*?
Their preſence quickly puts theſe cogitations
Out of my mind: Poore ſoules, I fain would pity them,
And yet I cannot, for to pity one
Were not to pity t'other, and to pity
Both were to pity neither. Mine old Temper
Is all the ſhift I have, ſome dew of comfort
To either of them. How now bold intruders,
How dare you venter on my privacy?
If you muſt needs have this walk, be it ſo!
I'le ſeeke another: What? you'l let me goe?
Da. Cruell *Laurinda* (if a word ſo foule
Can have ſo faire a dwelling.) ſeale not up
Thy eares, but let a pity enter there
And find a paſſage to thy heart,
Alex. *Laurinda*,
The name which but to ſpeak I would not wiſh

For life or breath.) Let not thy powerfull beauty
Torment us longer: Tell us which of us
You value moſt.
Da. And t'other, for old freindſhip
Strangling his bitter Corraſive in his heart,
Hath promis'd to deſiſt from further ſuit.
Alex. Or if he cannot ſo, as ſure he cannot,
Yet he will rather chuſe to dye then live
Once to oppoſe your liking.
Lau. Since you are
Growne ſo importunate, and will not be anſwer'd
With modeſt ſilence; Know I wiſh you well.
Alex. How, me *Laurinda?*
Lau. Why I wiſh, *Alexis*,
I were thy wife.
Da. Then moſt unhappy me!
Alex. That word doth reliſh immortalitie.
Lau. And I doe wiſh thou wer't my husband, *Damon.*
Alex. Still more perplexed: what doe you think I am?
Lau. My head, *Alexis.*
Da. And what I?
Lau. My heart.
Da. Which hand am I?
Lau. *Damon*, my right.
Alex. Which I?
Lau. My left, *Alexis.*
Alex. Thus you ſcorne my love.
Lau. Not I, *Alexis*: th'art my only hope.
Da. Then I am all deſpaire, no hope for me.
Lau. Why ſo my *Damon?* thou art my deſire.

Alexis

Alexis is my flame; *Damon* my fire.
Alexis doth deserve my nuptiall Bed,
And *Damon's* worthy of my Maidenhead!

Exit Lau.

Alex. *Damon*, desist thy suit or loose thy life;
Thou heard'st *Laurinda* wish she were my wife.
Da. Thy wife, *Alexis*? But how can it be
Without a Husband? and *I* must be he.
Alex. *I* am her head: That word doth seeme t'impart
She meanes my marriage.
Da. How without her heart?
For that am *I*: besides you heard her say
I was the right hand you the left, away,
Desist *Alexis*, mine's the upper hand.
Alex. But, *Damon*, *I* next to her heart doe stand:
I am her hope, in that you plainly see
The end of her intents doth aime at me.
Da. But *I* am her desire, in that 'tis showne
Her only wish is to make me her owne.
Alex. *I* am her flame.
Da. 'Tis true, but *I* her fire.
Alex. The flames the hotter, therefore her desire
Most aimes at mee.
Da. Yet when the flame is spent,
The fire continues, Therefore mē she meant.
Alex. She promis'd now *I* should injoy her Bed.
Da. *Alexis* doe, so *I* her Maidenhead.
Alex. I see she still conceales it, and with speeches
Perplext and doubtfull masks her secret thoughts.
Da. Let's have another meeting, since her words

Delude us thus, wee'le haue a pregnant ſigne
To ſhew her mind.
Alex. I goe that way a hunting,
And will call for her.
Da. I'le the while retire
Into the Temple, if I linger here
I am afraid of meeting *Amaryllis*,
Who with unwelcome love ſolicites me.
Alex. And would ſhe might preuaile!
Da. Till then farewell.
Alex. All happineſſe to *Damon* be
Except *Laurinda*.
Da. All but her to thee.
Alex. Thus we in love and courteſie contend.
Da. The name of Rivall ſhould not looſe the Freind.

Finis actus 1. *Exeunt.*

Actvs 2. Scen 1.

Pilumnus Vrania.

Vra. FAther perſwade me not! The power of heaven
Can never force me from *Amyntas* love;
'Tis rooted here ſo deepe within my heart
That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once,
That and my ſoule together.
Pil. Fond *Vrania*,
Can ignorant love make thee affect the ſeede,
The hatefull ſeede of curſed *Lalage*?
Did I for this beget thee?
Vra. Father, you know

Divinitie is powerfull, *Cupids* will
Muſt not be queſtion'd: When love meanes to ſport
I'have heard your ſelfe relate it, he can make
The Wolfe and Lambe kiſſe freindly; force the Lyon
T'forget his Majeſtie, and in amorous dalliance
Sport with the frisking Kid. When *Venus* rides,
Shee'le linke the ravenous Kite, and milder Swan
To the ſame chariot, and will yoak together
The necks of Doves and Eagles; when as ſhee
Commands, all things looſe their Antipathie,
Even contrarieties: can I alone
Reſiſt her will? I cannot, my *Amyntas*
Shall witneſſe that!

Sil. I blame thee not ſo much
For loving him, while yet he was *Amyntas*,
But being mad and having loſt himſelfe,
Why ſhouldſt not thou looſe thy affection too?

Cra. I love him now the rather, he hath loſt
Himſelfe for me, and ſhould he looſe me too?
I were a ſtone he ſhould!

Sil. What canſt thou love
In his diſtemper'd wildneſſe?

Cra. Only that,
His wildneſſe; 'tis the comfort I have left
To make my teares keepe time to his diſtractions;
To think as wildly as he talks; to marry
Our griefs together, ſince ourſelves we cannot.
The Oracle doth aske ſo ſtrange a Dowry,
That now his company is the only bliſſe
My love can aime at: but I ſtay too long

I'le

I'le in to comfort him.
Pil. Doe not *Vrania.*
Vra. Doe not?
I must and will; Nature commands me no,
But Love more powerfull sayes it shall be so. *Exit.*
Pil. The Gods did well to make their Destinies
Of woemen, that their wills might stand for law
Fixt and unchang'd; who's this? *Corymbus?* he.

Scen. 2.

Pilumnus. Corymbus.

Pil. Corymbus----welcome!
Cor. Sacred *Pilumnus*---hayle!
And fruitfull *Sicilie* I kisse thy dust--
Pil. What newes *Corymbus?* Is our Countrie's Mischeif
Fetter'd in chaines?
Cor. Thrice the sunne hath past
Through the twelve Inns of heaven, since my diligence
Has been imploy'd in quest of him, whose death
Must give poore lovers life, the hatefull *Claius*;
Yet could I ne're heare of him:--The meane while
How fare the poore *Sicilians?* Does awfull *Ceres*
Still bend her angry brow? Find the sad Lovers
No rest, no quiet yet?
Pil. Corymbus none!
The Goddesse has not yet deign'd to accept
One sacrifice, no favourable *Echo*
Resounded from her *Ompha*; All her answers
Are full, and doubtfull.

Cor.

or. The true ſigne, *Pilumnus*,
der wrath is not appeas'd.
il. Appeas'd ſay you?
ather againe incens'd ſo farre, *Corymbus*,
s that my ſelfe am plagu'd; My poore *Vrania*
Dotes on *Amyntas*.
or. Firſt ſhall our hives ſwarme in the venemous yew,
nd Goats ſhall browze upon our myrtle wands!
One of your blood, *Pilumnus*, (is it poſſible)
ove *Lalage* and *Claius* brood?
il. The chaine of fate
Will have it ſo! And he lov'd her as much.
or. That makes it ſomething better.
il. Ah, thou knoweſt not
What ſting this waſpiſh fortune pricks me with!
eeing their loves ſo conſtant, ſo inflexible,
hid with dame *Ceres* if ſhe us'd me thus.
y words were inconſiderate, and the heavens
niſh'd my rough expoſtulations:
ing *Archiflamen* of *Trinacria*
lid demand a Dowry of that ſheapheard
hat askes my daughter:--Set the price ſaid I,
hou Goddeſſe, that doſt cauſe ſuch hatefull loves;
that *Amyntas* be thy darling ſwaine,
ske thou, and ſet a Dowry for *Vrania*:
ith that the Altar groan'd, my haire grew ſtiffe,
myntas look'd agaſt; *Vrania* quiver'd,
nd the *Ompha* anſwer'd
r. With an *Echo*;
l. No.

Co. Then I preſage ſome ill!
Pi. This darke demand,
That which thou haſt not, maiſt not, canſt not have,
Amyntas, *is the dowry that I crave:*
Reſt hopeleſſe in thy love, or elſe divine
To give Vrania *this and ſhe is thine.*
And ſo he did, but the perplexed ſenſe
Troubled his braines ſo farre, he loſt his wits;
Yet ſtill he loves, and ſhee,--- my griefe *Corymbus*
Will not permit me to relate reſt!
I'le in into the Temple, and expreſſe
What's yet behinde in teares. *Exit.*
Corym. Sad ſad *Pilumnus*!
And moſt diſtreſs'd *Sicilians*! Other nations
Are happy in their loves, you only are unfortunate!
In all my travelles ne'r a ſpring but had
Her paire of lovers, ſinging to that muſique
The gentle bubling of her waters made.
Never a walke unſtor'd with amorous couples,
Twind with ſo cloſe imbraces, as if both
Me ant to growe one together! every ſhade
Shelt red ſome happy loves, that counting dazies.
Scor'd up the ſummes on one anothers lips,
That met ſo oft and cloſe, as if they had
Chang'd ſoules at every kiſſe. The married ſort
As ſweet and kind as they: at every evening
The loving husband and full-breſted wife
Walk'd on the Downs ſo friendly, as if that
Had been their wedding day. The boies of five,
And girles of foure, e're that their liſping tongues

Had

Had learn'd to prattle plaine, would prate of love,
Court one another, and in wanton dalliance
Returne ſuch innocent kiſſes, you'd have thought
You had ſeene Tur les billing.

SCEN. 3.

Mopſus. Corymbus.

Mop. What aire is that? *The voice of --Turtles billing!*
Of Turtles! a good Omen! ſhee is chaſt ---
And *billing, billing*, o delicious *billing!*
That word preſages kiſſing.----
Co. Who is this?
Mopſus, my learned Augur?
Mop. Stand aſide,
--- The other ſide; I will not talke to thee
Vnleſſe I have the winde.
Co. Why, whats the matter *Mopſus?*
Mop. Th'art infected;
Co. What with the Plague?
Mop. Worſe then the Plague, the Wiſdom!
You have been in travell, & that's dangerous
For getting Wiſdome.
Co. Then nere feare it, *Mopſus*,
For I come home a foole juſt as I went.
Mop. By *Ceres!*
Co. Yes.
Mop. By *Ceres* welcome then!
Co. But *Mopſus*, why doe you walke here alone!
That's --- dangerous too!

Mop. I: but I come to meet
The Cittizens of the aire; you have heard my skill
In augury?
Co. Why I have heard your name
Not mention'd any where in all my Travailes.
Mop. How? not mention'd?
Co. --- Yo'are to hasty *Mopsus*,
Not--- without admiration.
Mop. I know that.
Co. How should you know it?
Mop. Why some birds or other,
Fly from all countries hither, and they tell mee.
Co. But how dare you converse with birds that travell?
Mop. With an antidote I may: but my *Corymbus*
What strange birds have you seene beyond seas?
Cor. Brave ones:
Ladies with fans and feathers! dainty Fowles!
There were brave taking Augury.
Mop. But, *Corymbus*,
Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things?
Co. As tame as sparrowes, and as sweet as Nightingals.
Mop. Is the Cocklady-bird, or the Henlady-bird
The better?
Co. All are hens.
Mop. O admirable!
Would you had brought me one! but whats the Fan?
Co. A fan's a --- wing of one side.
Mop. Delicate!
And what's their Feather?
Co. Like the copple-crowne

The

The Lap-wing has:
Mop. The Lap-wing? then they 'l--ly.
Co. With men they will;
Mop. Delicious Lady-birds!
But have they ſuch brave traines, ſuch curious tailes
As our birds have?
Co. Like Peacocks, there's the head
Of all their pride.
Mop. Nay 'tis the taile, *Corymbus*,
Surely theſe things you call the Lady-birds
Are the true birds of Paradice!

Enter Corymbus's carriages.

Co. Very right----
Mopſus, I cannot ſtay, I muſt attend
My carriage to the Temple: gentle *Mopſus*
Farewell! *Exit.*
Mop. Farewell *Corymbus!* By my troth
I never long'd for any thing in my life
So much as Lady-birds; dainty Lady-birds!
I would fetch one of them; but I dare not travell
For fear I catch the wiſdome. O ſweet Lady-birds!
With copple crownes, and wings but on one ſide!
And tailes like Peacocks! curious Lady-birds!

Scen. 4.

Amyntas. Vrania. Amaryllis. manet Mopſus.

Amyn. That which I have not, may not, cannot have!----
It is the moone! *Vrania*, thou ſhalt weare
The horned Goddeſſe at thy beauteous eare.

---Come hither *Pegasus*, I will mount thy back,
And spurre thee to her orbe.
Mop. Oh good *Amyntas*!
Amyn.---Why, art thou foundred *Pegasus*? *Amaryllis*,
Fetch him a peck of provender.
Vra. Sweet *Amyntas*!
Amy. What saies my *Cytherea*? wouldst thou eat
A golden Apple? if thou wilt, by *Venus*
I'le rob th' *Hesperian Orchard*.
Mop. Ha ha he!
Amyn. Ha? dost thou laugh old *Charon*? firrah sculler,
Prepare thy boat!
Ama. For what? deere brother speake!
Amyn. Art thou my sister *Helen*? were we hatchd
In the same egshell?--- *Is* your cock-boat ready?
Mop. It is, an't please your Worship.
Amyn. Very well!
Row me to hell!---no faster? I will have thee
Chain'd unto *Pluto's* gallies!
Vra. Why to hell,
My deere *Amyntas*?
Amy. Why? to borrow mony!
Ama. Borrow there?
Amy. I there! they say there be more Vsurers there
Then all the world besides:--- see how the windes
Rise! Puffe-- puffe Boreas.--- what a cloud comes
yonder?
Take heed of that wave *Charon*! ha? give mee
The oares!--so so: the boat is overthrown,
Now *Charons* drown'd: but I will swim to shore---

Vra.

Vra. O *Ceres*, now behold him! can thy eyes
Looke on so sad an object, and not melt
Them and thy heart to pitty?
Ama. How this greefe
Racks my tormented soule? but the neglect
Of *Damon* more afflicts mee: the whole Senate
Of heaven decrees my ruine.
Vra. And mine too.
Come *Amaryllis* let's weepe both together,
Contending in our sorrowes!
Ama. Would to *Ceres*
That I were dead!
Vra. And *I* had nere been borne!
Ama. Then had not *I* been wretched!
Vra. Then *Amyntas*
Might have been happy.
Mop. Nay if you begin
Once to talke wisely, 'Tis above high time,
That *I* were gone: farewell *Bellerophon!*
I must goe seek my *Thestylis*; shee's not here. *Exit.*
Amy. My armes are weary;--- now I sinke I sinke!
Farewell *Vrania.*----
Ama. Alas what strange distraction,
Tosse his distemperd braine!
Vra. Yet still his love to me
Lives constant.
Amy. Styx I thank thee! That curld wave
Hath tos'd mee on the shore.--- come *Sysephus,*
I'le rowle thy stone a while: mee thinkes this labour
Doth looke like Love! does it not so, *Tysiphone?*

Ama.

Ama. Mine is that reſtleſſe toile.
Amy. I'ſt ſo, *Erynna?*
You are an idle huſwife, goe and ſpin
At poore *Ixions* wheele!
Vra. Amyntas.
Amyn. Ha?
Am I known here?
Vra. Amyntas, deere *Amyntas*---
Amyn. Who calls *Amyntas*? beauteous *Proſerpine?*
Tis ſhee.---- Fair Empreſſe of th' *Elyſian* ſhades,
Ceres bright daughter intercede for mee,
To thy incenſed mother: prithee bid her
Leave talking riddles, wilt thou?
Vra. How ſhall I
Apply my ſelfe to his wild paſſions!
Ama. Seeme to be
What he conceives you.
Amy. Queene of darkneſſe,
Thouſupreme Lady of eternall night,
Grant my petitions! wilt thou beg of *Ceres*
That I may have *Vrania?*
Vra. Tis my praier,
And ſhall be ever, I will promiſe thee
Shee ſhall have none but him.
Amyn. Thankes *Proſerpine!*
Vra. Come ſweet *Amyntas*, reſt thy troubled head
Here in my lap:---- Now here I hold at once
My ſorrow and my comfort: Nay ly ſtill.
Amyn. I will: but *Proſerpine* ----
Vra. Nay, good *Amyntas.* ---

Amy.

Amy. Should *Pluto* chance to ſpy me, would not hee
Be jealous of me?
Vran. No.
Amy. *Tyſiphone*,
Tell not *Vrania* of it, leaſt ſhe feare
I am in love with *Proſerpine*: doe not Fury!
Ama. I will not.
Vra. Pray ly ſtill!
Amy. You *Proſerpine*,
There is in *Sicilie* the faireſt Virgin
That ever bleſt the land, that ever breath'd,
Sweeter then *Zephyrus*! didſt thou never heare
Of one *Vrania*?
Vr. Yes.
Amy. This poore *Vrania*
Loves an unfortunate ſheapheard, one that's mad,
Tyſiphone,
Canſt thou believe it? Elegant *Vrania*
(I cannot ſpeak it without teares) ſtill loves
Amyntas, the diſtracted mad *Amyntas*.
I'ſt not a conſtant Nymph?--- But I will goe
And carry all *Elyſium* on my back,
And that ſhall be her joynture.
Vra. Good *Amyntas*,
Reſt here a while!---
Amy. Why weepe you *Proſerpine*?
Vr. Becauſe *Vrania* weepes to ſee *Amyntas*
So reſtleſſe and unquiet.
Amy. Does ſhee ſo?
Then will I ly as calme as doth the ſea,

When all the winds are lock'd in *Æolus* jayle:
I will not move a haire, not let a nerve
Or Pulse to beat, leaſt I diſturbe her! Huſh,—
Shee ſleepes!
Vra. And ſo doe you.
Amy. You talk too loud,
You'l waken my *Vrania*:
Vra. If *Amyntas*,
Her deere *Amyntas* would but take his reſt,
Vrania could not want it.
Amy. Not ſo loud!
Ama. What a ſad paire are wee?
Vra. How miſerable?
Hee that I love is not!—
Ama. And he that I
Doe love, loves not; or, if he love, not mee.
Vra. I have undone *Amyntas*!
Ama. And my *Damon*
Has undone me.
Vr. My kindneſſe ruin'd him.
Ama. But his unkindneſſe, me; unhappy me!
Vra. More wretched I, for *Damon* has his reaſon,
And he may love.
Ama. But does not thy *Amyntas*
Returnes thee mutuall love.
Vra. True, *Amaryllis*,
But he has loſt his reaſon; mine has love,
No reaſon.
Ama. Mine has reaſon, but no love.
O mee!

Vra.

Vra. My *Amaryllis*, how thy griefes
Meete full with mine to make the truest story
Of perfect sorrow that ere eye bedew'd
With teares of Pitty!
Ama. Come *Vrania:*
Let's sit together like two marble monuments
Of ever weeping misery.----

Enter Damon.

Da. Minds in love,
Doe count their daies by minutes, measure howres
By every sand that drops through the slow glasse;
And for each vie a teare.
Ama. If so, my *Damon*,
How many times hath thy unkindnesse ruin'd
Sad *Amaryllis*? every frowne is mortall.
Dam. Ill luck, to seeke my love and finde my hate!
Ama. Be not so cruell to mee! Gentle *Damon*,
--- Accept this witnesse of my love, it is
The story of poore *Echo*, that for love
Of her *Narcissus* pin'd into a voice.
Da. Doe thou so too!
Ama. Damon, suppose I should,
And then the Gods for thy contempt of mee
Should plague thee like *Narcissus*.
Da. Amaryllis,
They cannot doe it: I have fixt my love
So firme on my *Lavinda*, that for her
I e're shall hate my selfe?
Ama. --. Prithee love accept it,
'Twas wrought by mine own hand

Da. For that I hate it!
Vra. Fy Brother, can you be of the same stock,
Issue, and bloud with mee, and yet so cruell?
Da. Nor can I, sister, dote like you on any
That is the curs'd brat of *Lelage.*
Amy. Saist thou so *Centaure?* —
Vra. Good *Amyntas* hold,
This is the *Sacred Vally*: here 'tis death,
For to shed human blood.
Da. Still idly you complaine
To crosse mee, *Amaryllis*, but in vaine! *Exit.*
Ama. O, I am sick to death!
Amy. What a brave show
The monsters braines would make?

Scen. 5.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Amyntas. Amaryllis. Vrania.

Ama. My griefe o're weighs me!
The. How fares my *Amaryllis?*
Ama. Like a Taper
Allmost burnt out: sometimes all a darkenesse,
And now and then a flash or two of comfort,
But soone blown out againe. Ah *Thestylis*,
I cannot long subsist. For thee vain's labour;
Away! I hate thee cause my *Damon* does,
And for that reason too I hate my selfe,
And every thing but him!
Vra. Come my sad partner,

Poore

Poore rivall of my ſorrowes: Goe with mee
Into the Temple; I'le intreat my Brother
To uſe thee kindly: if in mee it lye,
I'le helpe thee.
Ama. Doe *Vrania*, or I dye. *Exeunt Vrania, Amaryl.*
Amyntas. Theſtylis. Mopſus.
The. What a ſtrange thing is Love!
Amy. It is a madneſſe:
See how it ſtares?---Have at thee thou blind Archer!
--- O *I* have miſt him!--- now *I*'le ſtand thee *Cupid!*
Looke how the raſcall winkes a one eye, *Theſtylis!*
Nay draw your arrow home boy! juſt i'th heart!
--O *I* am ſlaine!
Theſt. Amyntas.
Amy. Doſt not ſee?
My blood runs round about mee, *I* lye ſoaking
In a red Sea, take heed! ſee *Theſtylis*,
What a fine Crimſon 'tis?
Mop. Where?
Amy. Here you puppet!
Doſt thou not ſee it?
Mop. Yes *I* ſee it playne,
But *I* ſpy nothing.
Amy. Then thou art a mole.
Mop. Now *I* looke better on't, *I* ſee it plaine,
Does it not not hurt you?
Amy. Strangely! Have at thee ---
How think you now?
The. Be quiet good *Amyntas.*
Mop. You'l fright away the birds elſe, and cleane ſpoile
My augury.

Amyn, Goe about it, I am quiet!
Mop. Now for ſome happy Omen! *a Cuckoe Cries.*
Amy. Ha, ha, he!
Mop. Why laughs the madman?
Amy. Who can chooſe but laugh?
The bird cried Hornes!
The. What happineſſe portends it,
Sweet *Mopſus*?
Mop. Conſtancy in Love, my *Theſtylis*,
This bird is alwaies in a note.
The. Moſt excellent.
Mop. Bird of the ſpring I thank thee! *Mopſus* thanks thee.
Amy. This is a man of skill, an *Oedipus*, *Apollo*, *Reverent Phœbus*, *Don of Delphos*.
Mop. What a brave man am I?
Amy. Thou canſt reſolve
By thy great Art all queſtions: What is that,
That which I have not, may not, cannot have?
Mop. That which you have not, may not, cannot have?
It is my skill, you cannot have my skill.
Amy. Where lies that skill?
Mop. Lies? here within this noddle.
Amy. Fetch me my wood-knife I will cut it off,
And ſend it to *Vrania* for a dowry.
Mop. No, no I am deceiv'd, it is not that.
Amy. You dolt, you aſſe, you cuckoe.
Mop. Good *Amyntas*.

Scen. 6.

Dorylas. Mopsus. Iocastus. Thestylis. Amyntas.

Io. Ist not a brave sight *Dorylas*? can the mortalls
Caper so nimbly!
Dor. Verily they cannot!
Io. Does not King *Oberon* beare a stately presence?
Mab is a beauteous Empresse.
Do. Yet you kiss'd her
With admirable courtship.
Io. I doe think
There will be of *Iocastus* brood in *Fairy*.
Mop. You Cuckold-maker, I will tell King *Oberon*
You lye with *Mab* his wife!
Io. Doe not good brother,
And I'le wooe *Thestylis* for thee.
Mop. Doe so then.
Io. Canst thou love *Mopsus*, mortall?
The. Why suppose
I can sir, what of that?
Io. Why then be wise,
And love him quickly!
Mop. Wise? then I'le have none of her, that's the way
To get wise children, 'troth and I had rather
They should be bastards.
Amy. No, the children may
Be like the Father.
Io. True distracted Mortall:
Thestylis, I say love him hee's a foole.

Dor.

Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.
The. But what estate shall he assure upon mee?
Io. A Royall joynture all in *Fairy* land.
Amy. Such will I make *Urania!*
Io. Dorylas knowes it,
A curious Parke.
Do. Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.
Io. Besides a house made all of mother of Pearle;
An Ivory Tenniscourt.
Dor. A nutmeg Parlour.
Io. A Saphyre dary-roome.
Do. A Ginger hall.
Io. Chambers of Agate.
Do. Kitchins all of Christall.
Am. O admirable! This is it for certaine!
Io. The jacks are gold.
Do. The spits are Spanish needles.
Io. Then there be walkes
Do. Of Amber.
Io. Curious orchards.
Do. That bear as well in winter as in summer.
Io. Bove all the fishponds! every pond is full,
Do. Of Nectar: will this please you? every grove
Stor'd with delightfull birds.
Mop. But be there any
Lady-birds there.
Io. Abundance.
Mop. And Cuckoes too
To presage constancy?
Do. Yes.

The.

The. Nay then lets in
To ſeale the writings.
Amy. There boy, ſo, ho, ho. *Exeunt.*
Do. What pretty things are theſe both to be borne
To Lands and Livings, we poore witty knaves,
Have no inheritance but Braines: --- who's this?
Enter Alexis.
--- One of my Miſtreſſe beagles.
Ale. *Dorylas*,
I have had the braveſt ſport.
Do. In what, *Alexis*?
Al. In hunting, *Dorylas*: a brace of Grayhounds cours'd a ſtag
With equall ſwiftneſſe till the wearied deere,
Stood bay at both alike: the fearfull doggs
Durſt neither faſten.
Do. So, and did not you
Compare the ſtag to my fair miſtreſſe: ha!
Purſued by you and *Damon*, caught by neither?
Ale. By *Cupid* th'art i'th right.
Dor. Alas poore whelpes,
In troth I pitty you! Why ſuch a hunting
Have we had here: Two puppies of a litter,
Mopſus and wiſe *Iocaſtus* hunting folly
With a full mouth.
Alex. I much wonder, *Dorylas*,
Amyntas can be ſad, having ſuch follies
To provoke mirth.
Do. And to that end his ſiſter
Keepes them about him; but in vaine, his Melancholy

Has took so deepe impression.

Enter Damon.

Da. My *Alexis*
Well met, I'ave been at your cottage to seeke you.
Alex. But I am ne're at home; Thou and I, *Damon*,
Are absent from our selves.
Do. Excellent application!
To see the wit of love!
Da. Let us goe seeke her,
To have a finall judgement.
Alex. That may end
One of our miseries, and the others life!
Do. O lamentable! who would be in love?
Da. Content.

Scen. 7.

Laurinda. Dorylas. Alexis. Damon.

Da. Here comes my joy or death.
Do. O pittifull!
Al. My sweet affliction.
Do. Pittifully sweet!
Nere feare your father, Mistresse, kisse securely,
I'le be your *Mercury*, and charme a sleepe
Old *Argus*.
Lau. Doe.
Do. But if he chance to spy
You and your sweet-hearts here, I know not of it.
Lau. You doe not!
Do. Nay you know if I had seene them,

I ſhould have told him.
Lau. Y'are a truſty ſervant.
Do. Poore *Dorylas* is blind, he ſees not here
Damon, no nor *Alexis*.
Lau. No not hee!
Do. Alack I am innocent: if the belly ſwell
I did not fetch the poyſon.
Lau. No, begone. *Exit Dorylas.*
Da. *Laurinda* now for mercy ſake give period
To our long miſeries.
Alex. Now you are like cruell
To both, and play the tyrant equally,
On him you hate as much as him you love.
Da. Depriving one the comfort of his joy.
Ale. The other the ſure remedy of his death!
Lau. *Damon* you have a Love, fair *Amaryllis*,
Content your ſelfe with her.
Da. I'le rather kiſſe
An *Ethiops* criſped lip: imbrace a Viper!
Deformity it ſelfe to her is fair.
Al. *Damon* thou haſt thy anſwer.
Lau. And *Alexis*,
There be in *Sicilie* many Virgins more
Worthy your choice: why did you plac't on mee?
Goe ſeeke ſome other.
Alex. O thoſe words to me
Are Poyſon.
Da. But to me an Antidote.
Al. Thus ſhe gave life to me to tak't away:
Da. And me ſhe ſlew to raiſe me up againe:

You ſhall not ſlight us thus, what doe you thinke
Of mee?
Lau. Thou art the glory of the woods.
Alex. And what am I?
Lau. The pride of all the Plaines.
Ale. Theſe your ambiguous termes have now too oft
Deluded us.
Da. Shew by ſome ſigne which of us
You have deſign'd for happineſſe.
Lau. So I will.
She takes Damon's Garland and weares it on her own head; and puts her own on Alexis.
Damon, as I affect thee, ſo I vow
To wear this Garland that adornes thy brow.
This wreath of flowres, *Alexis*, which was mine
Becauſe thou lov'ſt me truly, ſhall be thine.
This is plain dealing; let not *Cupid's* warres
Drive your affections to uncivill jarres! *Exit.*
Da. Now happy *Damon* ſhee thy Garland weares
That holds thy heart chain'd in her golden haires!
Alex. Moſt bleſſed I! this Garland once did twine
About her head that now imbraces mine.
Dam. Deſiſt *Alexis*, for ſhee deignes to have
The Garland that was mine.
Alex. But me ſhe gave
That which was hers.
Da. Tis more to take then give.
Alex. I think 'tis greater kindneſſe to receive.
Da. By this your ſhare's the leſſe, you but receive.
Al. And by your argument, yours you did but give!

Love

Love is the Garland.
Da. Then shee did approve
Of my affection best, shee took my love.
Ale. Fond *Damon*, she accepted love frõ thee,
But what is more, she gave her love to mee;
In giving that to mee, she proves my right.
Da. Why took she mine, but meaning to requite?
Alex. I will dispute no more.
Da. Then let our speares
Plead for us,
Alex. And determine of our feares.
Come *Damon*, by this argument let us prove,
Which tis of us *Laurinda* best doth love.
Da. Yet tis, *Alexis*, clean against our oath.
Ale. True, *Damon*, and perchance may ruine both!
Da. So neither shall enjoy her.
Ale. Cruell breath!
Besides this is the *Sacred Vale*, tis death
To staine the hallowed grasse but with one drop
Of humane blood.
Da. So both should loose their hope!
Ale. And which is more, 'tis against her commands.
Da. Whose every breath has powre to stay our hands.
Ale. Wee'l have her answer make a certain end.
Da. Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.
Ale. Come *Damon*, lets together seeke reliefe.
Da. Tis fit, being Rivalls both in love and griefe.

Finis Actus secundi.

You ſhall not ſlight us thus, what doe you thinke
Of mee?
Lau. Thou art the glory of the woods.
Alex. And what am I?
Lau. The pride of all the Plaines.
Ale. Theſe your ambiguous termes have now too oft
Deluded us.
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Drive your affections to uncivill jarres! *Exit.*
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Love is the Garland.
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Of my affection beſt, ſhee took my love.
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But what is more, ſhe gave her love to mee;
In giving that to mee, ſhe proves my right.
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Da. Then let our ſpeares
Plead for us,
Alex. And determine of our feares.
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Which tis of us *Laurinda* beſt doth love.
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Ale. True, *Damon*, and perchance may ruine both!
Da. So neither ſhall enjoy her.
Ale. Cruell breath!
Beſides this is the *Sacred Vale*, tis death
To ſtaine the hallowed graſſe but with one drop
Of humane blood.
Da. So both ſhould looſe their hope!
Ale. And which is more, 'tis againſt her commands.
Da. Whoſe every breath has powre to ſtay our hands.
Ale. Wee'l have her anſwer make a certain end.
Da. Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.
Ale. Come *Damon*, lets together ſeeke reliefe.
Da. Tis fit, being Rivalls both in love and griefe.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actvs 3. Scen 1.

Damon. Alexis. Laurinda.

Dam. LAurinda, by thy ſelfe, the ſweeteſt oath
That can be ſworn,
Ale. By thoſe faire eyes, whoſe light
Comfort my ſoule;
Dam. Whoſe heat inflameth mine;
Ale. Vnleſſe you deigne at length to end our ſtrife,
Da. We both have vow'd to ſacrifice our life,
Ale. On one anothers ſpeare.
Lau. What ſhall I doe?
I find an equall warre within my ſoule,
My ſelfe divided; now *I* would ſay *Damon*,
Another time *Alexis*, then againe
Damon, and then *Alexis*: like a ſheapheard
That ſees on either hand a ravenous wolfe,
One ſnatching from his ewe a tender Lamb,
The other watching for a gentle Kid,
Knowes not poore ſoule which hand to turne to firſt.
Now he would ſave his Lamb; but ſeeing his Kid
Halfe in the jaw of death, turnes back in haſt
To reſcue that, where viewing then his Lamb
In greater danger, runs to that again;
As doubtfull which to ſave as which to looſe:
So fares it now with me. But love inſtruct mee!
Da. Reſolve.
Ale. Or wee'l reſolve.
Lau. No trick left yet?

Enter

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. If ever one was pepper'd looke on mee!
Lau. Why whats the matter?
Do. You talke of Love and *Cupid*,
I have been plagu'd with a whole ſwarme of *Cupids*.
Ale. what ſhould this meane?
Do. *I* know not, but *I* am ſure
I have a thouſand naturall rapiers
Stick in my fleſh!
Da. The meaning of the riddle?
Ale. The morall?
Do. *In* plain tearmes *I* have been driving
One of your ſwarmes of Bees, gentle *Laurinda*;
Lau. The pureſt waxe give *Damon*: and, good ſwaine,
The hony to *Alexis*: This is plain.
Do. Now will the hony and the wax fall together by th'eares.
Da. *Alexis*, this plain ſigne confirmes her grant,
She gave me waxe to ſeale the covenant.
Do. Well argu'd for the waxe, now for the hony.
Ale. To me ſhe gave the hony, that muſt be
The ſweeteſt, and the ſweeteſt ſweet is ſhee.
Do. The hony is the ſweeter argument.
Da. But by the waxe ſhe ſaies that ſhe from none
But mee will take true loves impreſſion.
Do. The waxe is very forward to the bargain;
He would be ſealing of her.
Ale. But plain the hony ſpeakes, no other gueſt
But *I*, ſhall taſt in her a lovers feaſt.
Do. Delicious reaſon, my mouth waters at it,

Dam.

Dam. The waxe muſt make the Taper that muſt light
The wedded paire to bed on *Hymen's* night:
Beſides 'tis virgins waxe, by that you ſee
To me ſhe deſtinies her virginity.
Do. Two excellent twin-arguments borne at a birth.
Ale. And hony ſhewes a wedding; that muſt knead
A cake for *Hymen* ere we goe to bed.
Take you the waxe; the hony is for mee,
There is no hony in the world but ſhee.
Dor. His diſputation ſtill has ſome good reliſh in't.
Da. I ſee, *Alexis*, all *Laurinda's* bees
Serve but to ſting us both.
Dor. Now, what's the matter?
The morall?
Lau. See what 'tis to live a maid!
Now two at once doe ſerve us and adore,
Shee that weds one, ſerves him, ſerv'd her before.
Da. Alexis come!
Al. Come *Damon!*
Da. Cure my feare.
Al. There's no helpe left but in a *Pelian* ſpeare!
Lau. O ſtay your hands, for by my maidenhead;---
Dor. Happy the man ſhall quit her of that oath.
Ale. Moſt happy *Dorylas!*
Do. I knew that before!
Lau. I have proteſted never to diſcloſe
Which 'tis that beſt I love: But the firſt Nymph,
As ſoone as *Titan* guilds the Eaſterne hills,
And chirping birds, the Saints-bell of the day,
Ring in our eares a warning to devotion.

That

That lucky damſell what ſo e're ſhe be
Shall be the Goddeſſe to appoint my love,
To ſay, *Laurinda* this ſhall be your choice:
And both ſhall ſweare to ſtand to her award!
Both. By fair *Laurinda's* hand we ſwear.
Lau. Till then
Be friends, and for this night it is my pleaſure
You ſleep like friendly Rivalls arme in arme.
Both. Thankes to the fair *Laurinda*!
Al. Come *Damon*, you this night with me ſhall reſt.
Da. Wert thou but my *Laurinda* I were bleſt.
Exeunt Damon. Alexis.
Dor. Miſtreſſe, if they ſhould dreame now.---
Lau. And they ſhould?

Scen. 2.

Amaryllis. Vrania. Doryllis. Laurinda.

Vra. Sweet *Amaryllis*!
Ama. Stay me not *Vrania*!
Do. More *Cupids*, more bees, more ſtinging yet!
Ama. Diſhevel'd haire, poore ornament of the head
I'le teare you from my crowne! what doſt thou here?
Weake chaines! my pride preſum'd you had a powre
To fetter *Heroes*! and in amorous Gives
Lead any ſheapheard captive!
Vra. Amaryllis.
Ama. But *Damon* breakes thee like a ſpiders loome!
And thou poore face that wer't ſo oft beli'de
For fair and beauteous, by my flattering glaſſe;

I'le teare those crimson roses from my cheekes,
That but my selfe nere yet inchanted any.
My will is fixt!
Lau. Where goe you, *Amaryllis*?
Ama. Since *Damon* hates my life I'le goe and see
If I can please him in my death: if hee'le but deigne
To kisse me, and accept my lateſt breath,
I shall salute the Gods a happy soule.
---This dart I'le give him, and upon my knees
Beg till I have obtain'd to dye by him:
Death from that hand is welcome.
Lau. I will shew you
A way most probable to redeeme his love.
Ama. I shall wrong you, *Laurinda!* No injoy him,
The treasure of the Earth: my lateſt words
Shall be praiers for you: mild *Vrania*,
Sister in blood to *Damon*, not in affection,
Nymph take this whistle, 'twas a *Tritons* once,
With which I call my Lamb-kins when they stray,
'Tis *Amaryllis* last bequeathment to you.
Vra. Live happy sheapheardesse and weare it still!
Ama. *Laurinda*, my great legacy is yours,
Gentle-ungentle *Damon*.
Lau. I re-bequeath him to my *Amaryllis*:
Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by mee,
This night wee'le sleepe together.
Do. And shee too
Should dreame of *Damon*.
Lau. *Dorylas*, goe to *Thestylis*
T'excuse her this nights absence, *Amaryllis*

Wenches

Wenches are nere ſo witty as a bed,
And two together make a ſtateſmans head.
----Begon to *Theſtylis.*
Do. So, I am ſure
Still *Cupids* factor: well ere long I ſee
There will be many an heire the more for mee.
Vra. My *Bellamore* y'are under good protection;
The Temple gates will cloſe unleſſe I haſt.
Lau. Vrania, a happy night unto you!
Vra. The like to her that ipitties the diſtreſſed *Amaryllis.* *Exeunt Lau. Ama. Vrania.*
Dor. So ſo, this hony with the very thought
Has made my mouth ſo lickoriſh that I muſt
Have ſomething to appeaſe the appetite.
Have at *Iocaſtus* orchard! dainty Apples,
How lovely they looke! Why theſe are *Dorylas* ſweet-hearts.
Now muſt I be the Princely *Oberon*,
And in a royall humour with the reſt
Of royall *Fairies* attendant goe in ſtate
To rob an orchard: I have hid my robes
On purpoſe in a hollow tree. Heaven bleſſe mee!
What Pucke, what Goblins this?
Claius. Dorylas.
Cla. Thrice Sacred Valley,
I kiſſe thy hallowed Earth!
Do. Another lover,
Enamour'd of the Ground!
Cl. Faine would *I* ſpeake
And aske for *Amaryllis*: but my feare

Will not permit mee.
Do. Slid, I thinke he takes mee
For *Oberon* already.
Cl. Youth, can you tell mee
How I may ſpeak to night with *Amaryllis?*
Da. Age, by no meanes to night: this night ſhee lodges
With fair *Laurinda*, old *Medorus* daughter.
Cl. Can you inſtruct me then how I may meet *Amyntas?*
Do. Who, the madman? Every evening
He walkes abroad into the vallie here
With *Theſtylis*. Farewell old walking Ivibuſh.
Exit Dor.

Claius ſolus.

Cla. I ſee the ſmoake ſteame from the Cottage tops,
The fearfull huswife rakes the embers up.
All huſh to bed. Sure no man will diſturbe mee.
O bleſſed vally! I the wretched *Claius*
Salute thy happy ſoyle, I that have liv'd
Pelted with angry curſes in a place
As horrid as my griefes, the Lylibæan mountaines,
Theſe ſixteene frozen winters, there have I
Beene with rude out-lawes, living by ſuch ſinnes
As runne o'th' ſcore with juſtice 'gainſt my prayers & wiſhes.
And when I would have tumbled down a rock,
Some ſecret powre reſtrain'd me: There I lately heard
By a diſconſolate Pilgrim that ſought death,
That my *Amyntas* wits (ah me!) were marr'd.

Twas

Twas not a time to thinke to ſave my ſelfe
When my poore boy was loſt. Loſt ſaid I? --O *Phœbus*,
If there be ſoveraigne power in juice of hearbs,
And that the teeming earth yeeld medicinall flowres
To cure all maladies, I have ſought the skill;
No leafe no root hath ſcap'd mee: I may boaſt it,
I have been natures diligent Apothecary.
Be lucky my emplaiſter! I have temper'd
The ſureſt Recipe the worlds garden yeelds;
'Twould put *Oreſtes* in his wits again.
I know I ſtep upon my death: the Oracle
Deſires my blood for ſacrifice, and *Pilumnus*
For his old hate ſtill ſeekes it: make long ſtay
I dare not, only I deſire t'apply
My medicine and be gone. Who's this I ſpy?

Scen. 3.

Theſtylis. Amyntas. Mopſus.

--- I doe remember now that countenance;
It is my ſiſter *Theſtylis*, I'le ſtand cloſe
T'obſerve their actions.
The. Would to *Ceres*
She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,
And pitty poore *Amyntas*!
Cl. So pray I.
Amy. I have the braveſt ſpaniell in the world,
Of a ſharpe ſent and quick. ſo ho ho, ſo ho ho!
Ringwood, Iowler, Whiteſoot, ſo ho ho! ſo ho ho!
Mop. I ſhall be a whole kennell of dogs anon.

Amy. *Iuno, Vulcan, Venus!* so ho ho, so ho ho!
Mop. Lord what a heavenly puppy he makes me now!
Amy. There *Lady* there!
Mop. Ha? be their Lady-dogs as well as Lady-birds too!
Amy. *Beauty, Beauty.*
Mop. Slid I was never cal'd that name before:
Thestylus, Amyntas calls me *Beauty,*
I prethee come kisse mee.
The. Thus I spend my life
Laughing amidst my teares.
Amy. Now *Vertue Vertue!*
Mop. Is that a dogs name too? would *I* were hang'd
If *I'*le have any of it for that trick.
Amy. Dost thou not sent it yet? Close, close you rogue!
By *Pan* the curre hunts counter.
Mop. Oh good master! Bow wow, bow wow wow---
Amyn. So now he has't again.
What a fault you mungrell? will you never
Start me this Oracle?
Mop. Start an Oracle?
As if an Oracle were a hare?
Amy. So 'tis,
And skuds away so swift we cannot take it.
Start me this Oracle.
Mop. Start it who's will for mee,
For *I'*le not start it.
Amy. Then unkennell it.
Mop. Vnkennell it?
Amy. *I*, tis a Foxe a Foxe,
A cunning crafty rogue: no body knowes

Which

Which way to finde him, ha? what ſent is this?
Doſt thou not ſmell?
Mop. What?
Amy. The meaning of the Oracle?
Vnkennell it, or *I* will leaſe thee.
Mop. Good ſir,
I have no skill in ſtarting or unkennelling,
But if you'l have me ſpring an Oracle.—
Amy. And wilt thou doe it? ſpring me then this Oracle!
Mop. *I* that *I* will, my skill lies all in birds,
Whoſe flight *I* feare *I* have obſerv'd ſo long
That *I* am metamorphos'd to a ſpaniell.
Amy. Looke how my hawke of underſtanding ſoares
About the Partridge Oracle!—ill luck!
Tis at retreat againe.
Mop. O ſhall I never
Rid me of this misfortune! (thankes good omen)
Cras, cras ſhe ſaies, to morrow 'twill be better. *A Crow cawes.*
Black bird *I* thank thee!

Clarus to them.

The. Litle thinks the wretched *Clarus* now
How ſad a life his poore *Amyntas* lives!
Cl. Too well unto his griefe.— *I'*le goe unto him
And follow him in his humor?— You have got
A dainty ſpanniell, ſir.
Amy. *I* think the world
Cannot afford his equall.
Cla. What breed is hee?
Amy. True *Spartan I'*le aſſure you.
Cl. Was the ſire

Of

Of the same Country?
Amy. No, as *I* remember
He was an *Irish* Grey-hound, but the damme
Came of *Acteons* brood.
Cl. As how *I* pray?
Amy. Why thus; *Melampus* was the sire of *Lælaps*,
Lælaps to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichnobates*,
Ichnobates to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus*
To *Dorceus*, he to *Labros*, that was sire
To *Oresitrophus*, *Oresitrophus*
To fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas*
To swift *Nebrophonos*, *Nebrophonos*
To the quick-nos'd *Aellus*; he to *Dromas*,
Dromas to *Tygris*, *Tygris* to *Orybasus*,
Orybasus to *Pterelas*, he to *Nape*,
The damme of *Mopsus*.
Mop. So then *Orybasus*
Was my great grandfather. Though I be a Dog,
I come of a good house. My Ancestors
Were all of Noble names past understanding.
What a brave man's my Master! where learn'd he
All this? Ne're stirre now I could find in my heart
To leave my Augury and study Heraldry;
A man I think may learn't as well as t'other,
Yet never fear of growing too wise upon't.
And then will *I* record the pedegree
Of all the dogs i'th' world. O that I had
The Armes of all our house byth' Mothers side!
Cl. Sir I have brave things in a Basket for you.
Give me your Dog, and you shall have 'em all.

Amy.

Amy. Take him.
Mop. O heavens! and shall I change my master,
One mad man for another?
Amy. Curre be quiet,
I have said it, and my will shall be a law.
Mop. O good sir, for *Melampus* sake, and *Dorceus*
Lælaps, *Ichnobates*, *Lagon*, *Melanchetes*,
Labros, *Nebrophonos*, *Oresitrophus*,
Tygris, *Orybatus*, *Therydamas*,
Aethus, *Dromas*, *Nape*, and the rest
Of all my Noble ancestors deceas'd,
Be mercifull unto me! Pitty pitty
The only hope of all our family.
Cl. Sir, can he fetch and carry?
Amy. You shall see him.
Fetch sirrah:--- there:--the curre is runne away,
Helpe me to catch my dog: you'l bring you mungrell?
Mop. Yes much! the birds will not advise me to it.
Exit.
The. Sylvan why gaze you on us? would you frolike
With poore *Amynta's* madnes; 'twould ill beseem you
To make our griefe your pastime.
Cl. Not I by heaven!
My joyes are counterfeit, my sorrowes reall:
(I cannot hold from weeping) ah you know not
What griefe lies here within, (teares you'l betray me!)
Give me my eye full of this noble sheapheard!
Who hath not heard how he hath chac'd the boare!
And how his speare hath torne the panch of wolves.
On th' barke of every tree his name's ingraven.

Now Planet ſtruck, and all that vertue vaniſh'd.
The. Thy lookes are fierce, thy words beſpeak thee
Gentle.
Amy. Why wep't he *Theſtylis*!
The. I did not marke him.
Amy. It was a mote in's eye: I'le kiſſe it out;
I'le curle thy ſhackl'd locks, and criſpe thy haire
Like the ſtreight-growing Cypreſſe. Come let's put
Our heads together. Thou art more then mortall,
And ſhal't expound to *Ceres* what ſhe askes.
It is a gallant *Sylvan*, *Theſtylis*.
Cl. I am not skill'd in riddles, no interpreter
Of Divinations, but dare contend
With any Empyrick to doe a cure,
Whether the body or the minde be ſick.
That is my ſtudy, I but crave the leave
To try the powre of art upon this ſheapheard.
If *Æſculapius* be propitious to him,
After the dew of one nights ſofter ſlumbers,
I dare be bold to ſay he ſhall recover.
Amy. My dog againe? doſt read it in the ſtarres?
What a ſtrange man is this?
Cl. Thy wits, *Amyntas*,
I meane; O caſt thy armes in my embraces,
Speak carefull Nymph how came he thus diſtracted?
Amy. I doe you meane? with a very-very-very mad
trick---
By making verſes.
Cl. Reſt reſt deluded fancy!
The. There was a time (alas that ere it was.)

When

When my poore sheapheard fell in love.
Cl. With whom?
The. The starre of beauty, *Pilumnus's* much admir'd
Vrania.
Cl. O the crosse darts of fate!
The. Shee sweet Nymph inlodged
The casket of his love in her own bosome,
But *Ceres* set a Dowry. Out alasse!
Would shee had ask'd our flocks, our kids, our groves!
Would she had bid us quench the flames of *Ætna*
In *Arethusa's* streames, it had been easy.
We fight with words and cannot conquer them;
This her Imperious *Ompha* ask'd, and Thunder'd
That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have
Amyntas, *is the Dowry that I crave.*
To finde out her commands, he lost himselfe.
Cl. Your storie's pittifull: Tis my profession
To wander through the Earth, and in my Travell,
I am inquisitive after the sick to heale 'em;
Their cure and kind acceptance is my pay.
You will not fear to lodge me for a night?
The. We have but homely hospitality.
Amy. Ile feast thee with some Venison, brave *Montano*.
Cl. Thy restitution is my feast *Amyntas*,
Your curdes and chestnuts and your country fare
Is bounteous for so meane a guest as I:
But send for that *Vrania* her sweet voice
Must sing a Lullaby to drowne his senses,
And charme soft sleepe upon his troubled phancy.
And 'fore the gray-eyd morne doe peepe, be confident

I'le put the musique of his braines in tune.
Col. You'l call *Vrania.*
The. Doubt not sir, I will.
Or send my servant *Mycon* by the *Vale.*
Amy. Come *Sylvan*, if the dogs dot barke I'le braine 'em;
Wee'l sleepe to night together, and to morrow,
Cl. Will end I hope thy madnesse, not my sorrow.
Amy. Wee'l goe a hunting, so ho ho! so ho ho! *Exeunt.*

Mopsus from the Orchard.

Mop. Are the mad dogs gone yet?
A little more would have perswaded mee
Into a spaniell: and *I* may be one
For any thing *I* know: yet sure *I* am not
Because methinkes *I* speake; but an this speaking
Should be but barking now: *If I* be a dog
Heaven send me a better Master then the former.
Ceres defend me, what strange *Elves* are there!

Scen. 4.

Dorylas with a Bevy of Fairies.

Dor. How like you now my Grace? is not my countenance
Royall and full of Majesty? Walke not *I*
Like the young Prince of *Pigmies*? Ha! my knaves,
Wee'l fill our pockets. Looke looke yonder, *Elves*,
Would not yon apples tempt a better conscience
Then any we have to rob an Orchard? ha!
Fairies, like Nymphs with child, must have the things

They

They long for. You ſing here a *Fairy* catch
In that ſtrange tongue *I* taught you: while our ſelfe
Doe clime the Trees. Thus Princely *Oberon*
Aſcends his throne of State.

Elves

Nos beata Fauni Proles,
Quibus non eſt magna moles,
Quamvis Lunam incolamus,
Hortos ſæpe frequentamus.

Furto cuncta magis bella,
Furto dulcior Puella.
Furto omnia decora.
Furto poma dulciora.

Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Nobis poma noctu placent.
Illa tamen ſunt ingrata,
Niſi furto ſint parata.

Iocaſtus. Bromius.

Io. What divine noyſe fraught with immortall harmony
Salutes mine eare?
Bro. Why this immortall Harmony
Rather ſalutes your Orchard: theſe young Raſcalls,
Theſe peſcod-ſhalers doe ſo cheat my Maſter:
We cannot have an apple in the Orchard,
But ſtraight ſome *Fairy* longs for't: well if *I*
Might have my will, a whip again ſhould jerk h'em,

Into their old mortality:
Io. Dar'ſt thou ſchreetch-owle
With thy rude croaking interrupt their muſique;
Whoſe melody hath made the ſpheares to lay
Their heavenly lutes aſide, only to liſten
To their more charming notes?
Bro. Say what you will,
I ſay a cudgell now were excellent Muſique.

Oberon deſcende citus,
Elves. Ne cogaris hinc invitus.
Canes audio latrantes,
Et mortales vigilantes.

Io. Prince *Oberon*? I heard his Graces name.
Bro. O ho: I ſpy his Grace! Moſt noble Prince
Come downe, or I will pelt your Grace with ſtones,
That I believe your Grace was ne're ſo pelted
Since 'twas a Grace.
Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand.
Bro. Immortall Thiefe come down, or I will fetch you:
Methinks it ſhould impaire his Graces honour
To ſteale poore mortals apples: Now have at you!
Dor. Iocaſtus, we are *Oberon*, and we thought
That one ſo neere to us as you in favour,
Would not have ſuffer'd this prophane rude groome
Thus to impaire our royaltie.
Io. Gracious Prince,
The fellow is a foole, and not yet purged
From his mortalitie.

Do.

Do. Did we out of love
And our intire affection, of all Orchards
Chuſe your's to make it happy by our dances,
Light ayry meaſures, and fantaſtique rings!
And you ingratefull mortall thus requites us.
All for one Apple!
Io. Villaine th'haſt undone me:
His Grace is much incens'd.
Do. You know, *Iocaſtus*,
Our Grace have Orchards of our owne more precious
Then mortals can have any: And we ſent you
A Preſent of them t'other day.
Io. 'Tis right,
Your Graces humble ſervant muſt acknowledge it.
Bro. Some of his owne I am ſure.
Do. I muſt confeſſe
Their outſide look'd ſomething like yours indeed;
But then the taſt more reliſh'd of eternitie,
The ſame with *Nectar*.
Io. Your good Grace is welcome
To any thing I have: Nay, Gentlemen
Pray doe not you ſpare neither:
Elve. *Ti-ti-ta-te.*
Io. What ſay theſe mighty peeres, great *Oberon*?
Do. They cannot ſpeake this language, but in ours
They thank you, and they ſay they will have none,
Elves. *Ti-ti-ta-ti-Titiratie*
Io. What ſay they now?
Do. They doe requeſt you now
To grant them leave to dance a Fayry ring

About

About your ſervant, and for his offence
Pinch him: doe you the while command the traitour
Not dare to ſtirre, not once preſume to mutter.
Io. Traytour, for ſo Prince *Oberon* deignes to call thee,
Stirre not, nor mutter.
Bro. To be thus abus'd!
Io. Ha? mutter'ſt thou?
Bro. I have deſerved better.
Io. Still mutter'ſt thou?
Bro. I ſee I muſt endure it.
Io. Yet mutter'ſt thou? Now Noble Lords begin
When it ſhall pleaſe your honours.
Do. Tititatie.
Our noble freind permits, *Tititatie:*
Doe you not ſir?
Io. How ſhould I ſay I doe?
Do. Titi tatie.
Io. Titi tatie my Noble Lords.

Quoniam per te violamur
Elves *Vngues hic experiamur.*
Statim dices tibi datam
Cutem valdè variatam.

They dance.

Io. Titi tatie to your Lordſhips for this excellent muſick
Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to on's maſter.
Io. Still mutter'ſt thou?

Exit Bromius.

Dorylas from the tree: Iocaſtus falls on his knees.

Do.

And riſe up Sir *Iocaſtus*, our deare Knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a *melliſonant Tingle Tangle*,
(Indeed a ſheep-bell ſtolne from's own fat wether.) *aſide.*
The enſigne of his knighthood. Sir *Iocaſtus*,
Wee call to mind we promis'd you long ſince
The Preſident of our Dances place; we are now
Pleas'd to confirme it on you: give him there
His Staffe of Dignity.
Io. Your Grace is pleas'd
To honour your poore leigeman.
Do. Now begone.
Io. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you,
Tititatie my Noble Lords farewell. *Exit.*
Dor. Tititatie my noble foole farewell:
Now, my Nobility and honourd Lords,
Our grace is pleas'd for to part ſtakes; here *Iocalo*
Theſe are your ſhare; theſe his, and theſe our Graces.
Have we not gull'd him bravely! ſee you Raſcalls,
Theſe are the fruits of witty knavery.
Mopſus enters barking.
Dor. Heaven ſhield Prince *Oberon*, and his honour'd
Lords!
We are betraid.
Mop. Bow wow wow.
Nay nay ſince you have made a ſheepe of my Brother
I'le be a dog to keepe him.
Do. O good *Mopſus*!
Mop. Does not your Grace, moſt lowe and mighty
Dorylas,

Feare whipping now?
Do. Good *Mopsus* but conceale us,
And I will promise by to morrow night
To get thee *Thestylis.*
Mop. I will aske leave
Of the birds first. An owle? the bird of night; *An owle*
That plainly shewes that by to morrow night, *shreekes.*
He may performe his promise.
Do. And I will.
Mop. Why then I will conceale you. But your Grace
Must thinke your Grace beholding to mee.
Do. Well:
We doe.
Mop. And thanke the owle, she stood your friend.
And for this time my witty Grace farewell.
Do. Nay be not so discourteous; Stay and take
An apple first: you *Iocalo* give him one,
And you another, and our Grace a third.
Mop. Your Grace is liberall: But now I feare
I am not hee that must interpret th' Oracle.
My brother will prevent me, to my griefe
I much suspect it, for this *Dorylas*
A scarre-crow cozend him most shamefully,
Which makes me feare hee's a more foole then I.

Exit Mopsus.

Dor. So, we are clean got off: come noble Peeres
Of *Fairy*, come, attend our Royall Grace.
Let's goe and share our fruit with our Queen *Mab*,
And th' other Darymaids: where of this cream
We will discourse amidst our Cakes and Cream.

Elves.

Cum tot poma habeamus,
Elves. *Triumphos læti iam canamus.*
Faunos ego credam ortos
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

I domum Oberon ad illas
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas.
Quarum osculemur sinum,
Inter poma, lac, & vinum.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actvs 4. Scen 1.

Mopsus, Thestilis.

Mop. I would have you to know *Thestilis*, so I would,
I am no dog, but mortall flesh and blood
As you are.
Thes. O be patient gentle *Mopsus.*
Mop. Slid, fetch and carry!
Thes. Nay good sweet heart
Be not so angry.
Mop. Angry? why 'twould anger
A dog indeed to be so us'd, a dog!
I would not use a dog so: bid a dog
That comes of a good house to fetch and carry!
Discourteous! let him get dogs of his own,
For I have got my neck out of the collar.
Let him unkennell's Oracles himselfe
For *Mopsus*, if I starte or spring him one

I'le dye the dogs death, and be hang'd: mad foole!
Thes. But *Mopsus*, you may now securely visit
Mee and my house: *Amyntas*, heaven be prais'd,
Is now recover'd of his wits again.
Mop. How? and grown wise!
Thes. *Ceres* be prais'd as ever.
Mop. Shut up your doores then; *Carduus Benedictus*
Or Dragon water may doe good upon him.
Thes. What mean you *Mopsus*?
Mop. Mean I? what mean you
To invite me to your house when 'tis infected?
Thes. Infected?
Mop. I, *Amyntas* has the Wits.
And doe you think I'le keepe him company?
Though, as I told you still, I am suspitious
Iocastus is the man that must---
The. Doe what?
Mop. It grieves me to think of it.
The. Out with't man.
Mop. That must interpret; I have cause to think
(With sorrow be it spoken) he will prove
The verier foole, but let him; yet now my Augury
That never failes me, tells mee certainly
That I shall have thee, *Thestylis*, yet ere night;
It was an owle---

SCENE. 2.

Claius: *Amyntas.*

--- And ---see see, *Thestylis*,

Here

Here comes the Ivy bush. I'le ſtand aſide,
For I am ſtill moſt bodily afraid.
Amy. What Deity lives here? the ſoule of *Phœbus*
Breaths in this powerfull man: ſure *Æculapius*
Reviſits earth againe, and in this ſhape
Deales health amongſt us! I before was nothing
But bruit and beaſt: O tell me by what reliques
Of heavenly fire have you inſpir'd me with
This better ſoule of reaſon! worthy ſir,
If y'are ſome God (as leſſe I cannot deeme you)
That pittying of my miſeries, came downe
From heaven to cure mee, tell mee, that I may
With ſacrifice adore you.
Mop. Adore him?
Are there ſuch Ruffian Gods in heaven as he?
Such beggarly Deities?
Amyn. If you will conceale it,
And I by ignorance omit to pay
Thoſe ſacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd
To pardon me.
Mop. Heighday! well *Theſtylis*,
You may be glad your houſe is not infected;
Hee's ten times madder now then ere he was,
To deify this rude ill-favour'd *Silvan*,
This fellow with the beard all over: *Theſtylis*,
I dare not ſtay; unleſſe my heeles maintaine
My ſafety I ſhall turne a dog againe. *Exit Mopſus.*
Clai. I am as you are, mortall; 'tis my skill
In Phyſick, and experience in the rare
Vertue of herbes, that wrought this miracle;

No Divinity, or power in me.
Theſt. *Amyntas*, when ſhall wee requite this kindneſſe?
Amynt. Never, I would willingly
Have ſacrific'd unto him, but his modeſty
Will not permit it: though he will not ſuffer us
T'adore him as a God, yet we may pay
A reverence to him as a father.
Claius. O thoſe words doe touch the quick!
Amyn. For if he be
A father that begot this fleſh, this clay,
What's he to whom we owe our ſecond birth
Of ſoule and reaſon? Father, I muſt call you
By that name, father.
Claius. Now the floudgates open, *(aſide*
And the full ſtreame of teares will iſſue out:
Traitors, you will betray me!
Theſt. Sir, why weepe you?
Claius. To thinke of this man's father---O I lov'd him
As dearely as my ſelfe! *(my words and all*
Breake out ſuſpitious!) has he not a daughter?
As I remember well, he ſaid her name was....
The. *Amaryllis.*
Cla. Yes, I had almoſt
Forgot it, I would faine have ſeene her too.
Theſt. You cannot now, becauſe to night ſhe lodg'd
With one *Laurinda.*

SCEN.

SCEN. 3.

Vrania.

Amy. O my *Vrania*, welcome,
Amyntas bids thee so, I that 'till now
Was not *Amyntas*: come my joy, and meet mee
Full of our happinesse!
Vra. Grant *Ceres* now
My hopes be faithfull to me: my *Amyntas*,
How come your thoughts so setled?
Amyn. O *Vrania*,
Here, here he stands, to whom I owe my selfe,
And thou owest me: we reverence in our Temples
Marble, and brasse, whose statues serve for nothing
But to hang cobwebs on: oh! how much rather
Should we adore this Deity, that bestowed
Such happinesse upon us!
Vra. Would we knew
How to deserve it.
Cla. So you may *Vrania*,
If you will grant me one request.
Vra. Command it.
Cla. I would intreat you presently to vow
Virginity to *Ceres*, that *Amyntas*
No more may toyle his brain in thinking what
To give you for a Dowry.
Vra. Sir, I will
Presently about it, I'le only first
Get some unknown disguise.

Claius

Claius. I dare ſtay here
No longer, for I muſt begon ereyet
The light betrayes me.
Vra. Happineſſe attend you!
Cla. Remember it *Vrania.*
Amyn. Farewell father.

Exeunt Vran. Amynt. Theſtyl.

Claius Solus.

Clai. Thus like a bat, or owle I ſpend my age
In night or darkneſſe, as aſham'd of day,
And fearefull of the light: the ſunne and I
Dare never be acquainted. O guilt, guilt,
Thou and thy daughter feare are puniſhments
Perpetuall, every whiſtling of the wind
Doth ſeeme the noiſe of apprehenders, ſhadowes
Affright me more then men. Each ſtep I tread
Is danger. Life? why to live longer ſhould we
Not live at all: I heare a noiſe: falſe timorouſneſſe
Deceive me not,--- my eyes inſtruct me too,
Heaven ſhield me---

Scen. 4.

Alexis. Damon.

Fain I would enquire of them
For *Amaryllis*, but if one of theſe
Bee *Damon*, I am loſt.
Alex. How early, *Damon*, doe lovers riſe?
Cla. Tis he, I heare his name, good mole away. *Exit.*
Dam. No Larkes ſo ſoon, *Alexis.*

Alex.

Alex. He that of us ſhall have *Laurinda*, *Damon*,
Will not be up ſo ſoone: ha! would you *Damon*?
Dam. Alexis, no; but if I miſſe *Laurinda*,
My ſleepe ſhall be eternall.
Alex. I much wonder the Sunne ſo ſoone can riſe!
Da. Did he lay his head in faire *Laurinda's* lap,
Alexis. We ſhou'd have but ſhort daies.
Alex. No ſummer, *Damon*.
Dam. Thetis to her is browne,
Alex. And he doth riſe
From her to gaze on faire *Laurinda's* eyes.
Dam. O now I long to meet our Arbitreſſe.
Alex. On whom depends our only happineſſe.
Dam. It muſt be the firſt Virgin that we greet
From *Ceres* Temple.
Alex. Yes, the firſt we meet.
Dam. I heare no noiſe of any yet that move.
Alex. Devotion's not ſo early up as love.
Dam. See how *Aurora* bluſhes! we ſuppoſe
Where *Tithon* lay to night.
Alex. That modeſt roſe
He grafted there.
Dam. O heaven, 'tis all I ſeeke,
To make that colour in *Laurinda's* cheeke.
Alex. The virgins now come from the Temple.
Dam. Appeale unto the firſt.

SCEN. 5.

The virgins passe over the stage with waxe candles in their hands, Amaryllis *goes the first, but she is staid by* Damon, *as unknown to be* Amaryllis, *she being vail'd and having on her head the garland that* Laurinda *took from* Damon.

Chast beauteous Nymph,
Ceres so grant your prayers, as you determine
Iustly our cause!
Amar. Ceres has heard my prayers,
For all my morning orisons beg'd no more
Then one kind word from *Damon.*
Dam. Amaryllis!
Alex. That name breaths life & soul to poore *Alexis.*
Amar. The same;-- why startle you? you have not met
A poyson, *Damon.*
Dam. Yes, a thousand vipers
Have stung my soule.
Alex. As many joyes crown mine
With happinesse.
Dam. Would I had met this morning
Infectious vapors nursing plagues, not thee;
No curse but that had power to ruin mee!
Alex. No other blessing hath preserved mee.
Amar. What should this mean, my *Damon?* how have I
Displeas'd you, sweet? heaven knowes it is my praier
More then for heaven, to please you.
Da. O my torture!

Fly

Fly hence as farre as hell, and hide thy head
Lower then darkneſſe; would thou had'ſt been acting
Inceſt or murder, when thou cam'ſt to pray:
Thou hadſt in any thing ſinn'd leſſe then this:
Vnſeaſonable devotion!
Amar. Can it be
A ſin to pray for *Damon?*
Dam. Thou had'ſt bleſt mee
Had'ſt thou ſate all this while in ſome dark cell
Loading my head with curſes.
Ama. Innocence
Let me not underſtand you.
Da. I'le not ſtand
To her award, ſhe is a partiall judge,
And will decree unjuſtly.
Ama. How, to *Damon?*
To him ſhe loves ſo deerely?
Dam. That's the reaſon;
Shee does confeſſe, *Alexis*, that ſhe loves me,
That's argument enough againſt het.
Amar. Ceres, theſe obſcure paſſions move me.
Alex. I'le inſtruct you,
Take here the paper, pen and inke.
Ama. Why yet ſir
I know no more.
Alex. You are to paſſe your cenſure,
Being the firſt Nymph that we have met this morning,
Which of us two muſt have the faire *Laurinda.*
Write your award; our mutuall oathes doe bind us
Not to deny't.

Da. 'Tis a meere plot contriv'd
Betwixt this curſed Nymph, and you, *Alexis.*
Alex. *Damon* you wrong us both.
Dam. Where did you ſteale
This Garland? it was mine.
Amar. For that I love it,
Becauſe it once was thine.
Da. For that *I* hate it,
'Cauſe it is thine, had it been true to mee,
Me thinkes as ſoone as it had toucht thy head
It ſhould have withered.
Amar. So it would have done
Had it not firſt touch't yours. *Laurinda* gave me
This Garland, but nere told me of this accident.
Da. *Alexis*, you deale falſe, 'tis a conſpiracy
'Twixt you and her.
Alex. How can it? you know, *Damon*,
I have not beene one minute from your preſence.
Da. You tooke your time while *I* was ſleeping.
Alex. Neither,
Nor *I* nor you could ſleepe one winke this night,
The expectation of this morning tryall
Did keepe us both awake.
Da. I doe not know,
But there is ſome trick in't, and I'le appeale
From her too partiall ſentence.
Ale. I'le the while goe fetch *Laurinda*, ſhee ſhall force you ſtand
Vnto her tryall. *Exit.*
Amar. *Damon*, thy harſh language is more then death

Vnto

Vnto me.
Da. *I* doe charge you to teare the paper,
And refuse to judge between us.
Amar. No, *I* am resolv'd to write what *I* determine.
Da. Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou maist
Revenge my scorne. Take it, but *I*'le prevent thee.
he strikes her.
Amar. Welcome death!
From him all things are so. *Damon*, fly hence,
Thou hast shed bloud here in the *Sacred Valley*,
Make hast away or thou art lost for ever.
Dam. Thy counsell's good, no matter whose the guilt.
Exit Damon.
Ama. What was it he said last?--- Thou hast indeed
A time wherein thou maist revenge my scorne.
---With love, no otherwise: and there thou shalt not
Prevent mee, *Damon*. *I* will write --- This inke
Deserves not to record the name of *Damon*,
Tis black and ugly; thou thy selfe hast furnisht mee
With that of better colour. 'Tis my blood
That's truly *Cupids* inke: love ought to write
Only with that;---. This paper is too course;
O that *I* had my heart, to write it there!
But so it is already. Would *I* had
A Parchment made of my own skin, in that
To write the truth of my affection,
A wonder to posterity!--- Hand make hast
As my bloud does, or *I* shall faint *I* feare
Ere *I* have done my story.---

Scen. 6.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. These milkemaids are the daintiest rogues, they kisse
As sweet as sillibubs, surely *Oberon*
Lives a delitious life! Ha! who lies here?
A Nymph? If't were but now in *Oberons* power
To steale away her maidenhead, as she sleepes:
O 'twould be excellent sport, to see how shee
Would misse it when she wakes: what misery 'tis
To be a boy; why could not my good father
Have got me five yeares sooner? here had been
A purchase; well, 'tis but five yeares longer
And *I* shall hope to see a merrier world.
No body neere too! slid the very thought's
Enough to make me man oth sudden, well
I'le kisse her though.
Amar. Oh I faint.
Dor. She dreames;
Now shall I know all secrets: These same women
Are given so much to talke when they are awake
That they prate sleeping too.
Ama. My blood congeales
Within my quill, and I can write no more.
Dor. Love letters? she was troubled yester night
About inditeing, and she dreames on't now.
Poore sleepy secretary!
Ama. I will fold it up

And

And ſend it; who's that's here? my eyes
Are dim me, ha, *Dorylas*!
Dor. Now ſhe dreames ſhee gives it me to carry;
I halfe feare I uſe to carry letters in my ſleepe,
Wearying my ſelfe all night, and that's the reaſon
I am ſo loath to riſe i'th' morning.
Ama. *Dorylas*, carry this letter for mee.
Dor. I thought ſo,
That's all that I can doe, carry their letters,
Or runne of errands: well, come five yeares hence
They may imploy me better. Vnto whom is it?
Amar. Vnto *Laurinda*, take it.
Dor. How, a red letter?
Amar. Say I wiſh all health to her and *Damon*;
And being not able for to beare my griefes,
I ſought a remedy from mine own ſpeare and died.
Dor. How dead? oh mee,
See how her blood hath ſtain'd the *holy Valley*!
Well you have done me wrong to kill your ſelfe,
Only to have me ſacrifis'd on the Altar,
I nere deſerv'd it.
Amar. Fear not *Dorylas*.
Dor. Fear not, to dye ſo like a calfe? oh *Dorylas* oh----
Ama. Good *Dorylas* be gone, whileſt yet my breath
Will give me leave to ſay it was not you.
Dor. See that you doe, and ſo farewell. *Exit.*
Amar. Farewell!
How fearfull death is unto them, whole life
Had any ſweetneſſe in it! my daies have all
Been ſo oreworne with ſorrow, that this wound

Is unto me rather a salve then sore,
More physick then disease: whither my journey
Shall lead me now; through what dark hideous place,
Among what monsters, hags and snake-hair'd Furies,
Am I to goe, I know not: but my life
Hath been so spotlesse, chast, and innocent,
My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason
(If there be Gods) but to expect the best;
Yet what doth most torment mee, is the thought
How long 'twill bee ere *I* again enjoy
My *Damon's* presence: untill then, *Elysium*
Will be no place of pleasure; and perchance
When he comes thither too, he then may slight mee
As much as now.—— That very feare doth make thee
Dye, wretched *Amaryllis!*

Scen. 7.

Enter Clajus.

Cla. How no feare
Can make me loose the father! Death or danger
Threat what you can; *I* have no heart to goe
Back to the mountaines, 'till my eyes have seen
My *Amaryllis!*
Amar. O was ever love
So cros'd as mine! was ever Nymph so wretched
As *Amaryllis?*
Cla. Ha! *I* heard the sound
Of *Amarillis*; where's that blessed creature,
That owes the name? are you the Virgin?

Ama.

Ama. Yes,
That fatall name is mine. I shall anon
Be nothing but the name.
Cla. O speak, what hand,
What barbarous Tigers issue, what cursed whelpe
Of Beares or Lyon, had the marble heart
To wound so sweet a Nymph?
Amar. O sir, my bloud
Calls none but fortune guilty. I by chance
Stumbled on mine own dart, and hurt my selfe.
Clai. Then I have hearbs to cure it: heaven I thank thee
That didst instruct me hither! still the bloud
Flowes like a scarlet torrent, whose quick streame
Will not be checkt: speak *Amarillis*, quickly,
What hand this sinne hath stain'd, upon whose soule
This bloud writes murther; till you see the man
Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope
In Physick is despaire:--- She will not speak,
And now the cure growes to the last. Yet here
I have a Recipe will revive her spirits,
And 'till the last drop of her blood be clean
Exhausted from those azure veines, preserve her;
But then shee's lost for ever! Then, O *Ceres*,
If there be any in these groves, men, virgins,
Beast, bird, or trees, or any thing detesting
This horrid fact, reveale it! Sacred grasse
Whose hallowed greene this bloudy deed hath stain'd,
Aske nature for a tongue to name the murtherer!
I'le to the Temple:--- If this place containe
Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion,

Applies a medicine and rubs her temples.

If there be any God at home, or Prieſt,
Ompha, or Oracle, Shrine, or Altar, ſpeake
Who did it: who is guilty of this ſinne,
That dyes the earth with bloud, & makes the heavens
Aſham'd to ſtand a witneſſe?

Scen. 8.

Enter Pilumnus. Corymbus.

Pilum. What ſad voyce
Diſturbs our pious Orgyes?
Cor. See, *Pilumnus*,
A virgin all in gore.
Pil. *Ceres* defend us;
The *Sacred Vally* is prophan'd.
Cor. The place
So deare to *Ceres*, all defil'd with bloud.
Pil. By *Ceres*, and her holy *Ompha*, hee
That did it, with his blood ſhall ſatisfy
The Goddeſſe anger; who by blood offends.
By his own ſacrific'd, muſt make amends.
Cla. I durſt preſume upon the power of art,
Did I but know the murtherer.
Pil. Howſoever
'Tis death to him that did it.
Cor. Speake his name
Faire virgin.
Ama. O--if it be death to him
That did it, I have not the power to live

Behind

Behind him.
Cor. Why, who was it then?
Ama. My ſelfe,
And therefore in my death your law is ſatisfied,
The blood and act both mine.
Cla. It is not ſo,
For had it been by her own hand, my skill
Could have preſerv'd her life.
Amar. It was my ſelfe,
Or one as deare.
Cla. Who's that?
Ama. I'le rather dye
Then name him, though it be a name I uſe
Oft to repeat, and every repetition
Is a new ſoule unto mee: 'tis a name
I have taught the birds to caroll, every
Laurell and Cedar beares it regiſtred
Vpon his tender barke; it is a name
In which is all the life I yet have left;
A name I long to ſpeake; yet I had rather
Dye all the ſeverall ſorts of death twice over
Then ſpeake it once.
Clai. I charge thee by that duty
Thou ow'ſt to me, *Amarillis*, that thou oweſt to me
Who gave thee life.---
Pil. What ſhould this mean *Corymbus*?
Cl. And by the womb that bare thee, by the breaſts
Of thy dead mother, *Lalage*,
Cor. This is ſtrange.
Cla. Conceale him not! in plain, I am thy father

Thy father, *Amarillis*, that commands thee
By theſe gray haires to tell mee. I am *Claius*.
Pilum. How, *Claius*! and ſo fortunatly found!
Claius. I, glut your hate, *Pilumnus*; let your ſoule
That has ſo long thirſted to drinke my blood,
Swill till my veines are empty; and carowſe
Deep in my heart, till you grow drunke, and reele,
And vomit up the ſurfet, that your cruelty
Quaſt off with ſo much pleaſure; I have ſtood
Long like a fatall oake, at which great *Iove*
Levels his thunder; all my boughes long ſince
Blaſted and wither'd; now the trunke falls too.
Heaven end thy wrath in mee!
Pilum. Bleſſed be *Ceres*!
What unexpected happines is here?
Rejoyce *Sicilians*; miſerable lovers,
Crowne all your browes with roſes, and adore
The Deity that ſent him: he is come
Whoſe blood muſt quench the fire of *Ceres* wrath,
And kindle more auſpitious flames of love
In every breſt.
Cla. I, doe, I feare not death.
Let every Virgins hand when I am ſlaine
Ring me a knell of Plaudits: let my Dirges
Be amorous Ditties, and in ſtead of weeping
Dance at my funerall! Tis no griefe for mee
To dye to make my countrymen ſome ſport.
Here's one in whom I only wiſh to live
Another age.
Amar. What joy have I to live,

That

That nere liv'd yet: the time that I have ſpent
Since firſt I wept, then, when I firſt had entrance
Into this world, this cold and ſorrowfull world,
Was but a ſcene of ſorrow; wretched I!
Fatall to both my parents! For my birth
Ruin'd my mother, and my death my father.
O Tragick life! I either ſhould have been
Nere borne, or nere have died. When I began
To be, my ſinne began, why ſhould it then
Out live mee? for, though now I ceaſe to be,
That ſtill continues: Eyes, flow forth a pace,
And be aſham'd to ſee my wound run blood
Faſter then you drop teares---

Enter Damon.

See, here he comes.
His abſence never untill now I wiſht.
Dam. My Conſcience brings me back, the feet of guilt
Goe ſlow and dull, 'tis hard to run away
From that we beare about us!
Cla. The Murtherer
Is in this place, the iſſue of her blood
Is ſtop'd oth' ſudden. Cruell man, 'tis thou
Haſt done this bloudy act, that will diſgrace
The ſtory of our nation, and imprint
So deepe a blemiſh in the age we live in
For ſavage Barbariſme, that eternity
Shall nere weare out: *Pilumnus*, on my knees
I beg the juſtice of *Sicilian* lawes
Againſt this monſter.
Pilum. Claius, 'tis your hate,

And old revenge instructs you to accuse
My Sonne: you would have fellowes in your death,
And to that purpose you pretend, I know not
What mysteries of art!
Cla. Speak *Amaryllis*
I'st not this wolfe?
Pilum. Say, virgin, was it hee?
Ama. O, I am angry with my blood for stopping!
This coward ebbe against my will betraies mee;
The streame is turn'd, my eyes run faster now.
Pilum. Can you accuse my sonne?
Amar. By *Ceres*, no;
I have no heart to doe it: does that face
Look cruell? doe those eyes sparkle with hate,
Or malice? Tell me, Father, lookes that brow
As if it could but frowne? Say, can you think
Tis possible *Damon* could have the heart
To wound a Virgin? surely barbarous cruelty
Dwels not in such a breast: mercy, and mildnesse,
Courtesy, love, and sweetnesse breath in him,
Not Anger, wrath, or murther; *Damon* was not
Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did send
Her Doves to nurse him, and can he be cruell?
Whence should he learne so much of barbarisme
As thus to wrong a Virgin? if he wound mee
Tis only from his eyes, where loves blind God
Whets his pil'd arrowes; He besides, you know,
Had never cause to wrong mee, for he knowes
Alwaies I lov'd him: Father, doe not wrong
An innocent; his soule is white, and pure,

Tis

Tis ſinne to thinke there lives a ſinne in him;
Impiety to accuſe him.
Clai. In his lookes
He carries guilt, whoſe horror breeds this ſtrange
And obſtinate ſilence: ſhame, and his conſcience
Will not permit him to deny it.
Amar. Tis, alas,
His modeſt, baſhfull nature, and pure innocence,
That makes him ſilent: think you that bright roſe
That buds within his cheekes, was planted there
By guilt or ſhame? no, he has alwaies been
So unacquainted with all act of ſinne,
That but to be ſuſpected ſtrikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*
(I think my oath be lawfull) I my ſelfe
Was cauſe of this.
Cla. Still I am confident
'Twas hee.
Pilum. It is your envy makes you ſo.

Scen. 9.

Alexis. Laurinda.

Lau.---- I will *Alexis*,
And ſo he muſt if oathes be any tye.
Alex. To lovers they are none, we break thoſe bonds
As eaſily as threds of ſilke: A bracelet
Made of your maidens haire's a ſtronger chaine
Then twenty cobweb oathes, which while we break
Venus but laughs: it muſt be your perſwaſion

That

That works him to it.
Lau. Damon, you must stand
To what you promis'd, how shall I believe
Those other oathes you sweare, if you respect
This one no better: It was my device
To have her judge, was it not, *Amarillis*?
How, all in blood!
Cla. Yes, this unmercifull man
(If he be man that can doe such a crime)
Has wounded her.
Amar. Indeed it was not hee.
Pil. You see her selfe frees him.
Lau. When last we left her
She was with *Damon*.
Ama. Pray believe her not,
She speaks it out of anger, I nere saw
Damon to day before.
Alex. And when we left 'em
He was incens'd.
Amar. You are no competent witnesse;
You are his Rivall in *Laurinda's* love,
And speak not truth but malice, 'tis a plot
To ruin innocence.
Lau. O ungratefull man!
The wolfe that does devoure the brest that nurst it
Is not so bad as thou: here, here, this Letter
Th' eternall Chronicle of affection,
That ought with golden characters to be writ
In *Cupids* Annals, will (false man) convince thee
Of fowle ingratitude: you shall hear me read it.

Lau.

The Letter.

Laurinda, *you have put it unto mee*
To choose a husband for you, I will be
A judge impartiall, upright, just and true,
Yet not so much unto my selfe as you.
Alex. Now I expect to hear my blessed doome.
Lau. Alexis *well deserves*, but Damon *more*;
I wish you him I wisht my selfe before.
Alex. O, I am ruin'd in the height of hope.
How like the hearb Solstitiall is a lover,
Now borne, now dead again, he buds, sprouts forth,
Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute.
Lau. Take him, the best of men, that ever eye
Beheld, and live with him for whom I dye.
Amarillis.
Here look on't.—
Dam. Writ with blood? o let me kisse
My bill of Accusation! here my name
Lookes like my soule, all crimson, every line,
Word, syllable, and letter, weares the livery
Of my unnaturall action. *Amarillis*
That name of all is black, which was alone
Worthy so pretious inke, as if disdaining
The character of cruelty, which the rest
Were cloathd in: for as if that word alone
Did weare this mourning colour, to bewaile
The funerall of my vertue, that lies buried
Here in this living tombe, this moving sepulchre.
Lau. Know murtherer I hate thy bed, and thee,
Unkind, unthankfull villaine.

Ama. Nay, *Laurinda*,
You have bound your ſelfe to ſtand to my award;
The ſentence now is paſt, and you muſt love him,
It cannot be revers'd; you are deceiv'd,
He is not guilty of this ſinne, his love
To me, for mine, makes him againſt his conſcience
Seeme to confeſſe it, but believe him not.
Lau. Nor will, he is all falſhood, and ingratitude.
Da. Laurinda, you may ſpare in this harſh language
To utter your diſlike: had you a beauty
More then immortall, and a face whoſe glory
Farre outſhind Angels, I would make my choyce
Here, and no where but here; her vertue now
Moves a more noble flame within my breſt
Then ere your beauty did; I am enamour'd
More of her ſoule, then ever yet I doted
Upon your face: I doe confeſſe the fact;
Pardon me vertuous maid, for though the action
Be worthy death, the object moſt condemnes mee!
Take me to death *Corymbus*; *Amarillis*,
I goe to write my ſtory of repentance
With the ſame inke, wherewith thou wrotes before
The legend of thy love, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Corymb. Dam.

Pil. Laurinda, and *Alexis*, doe you call
The Sheapheards, and the virgins of *Sicilia*
To ſee him ſacrific'd, whoſe death muſt make
There loves more fortunate; this day ſhall be
Happy to all *Sicilians*, but to mee.
Yet come thou curſed *Claius*, the ſweet comfort

Which

Which I ſhall take when my revenge is done,
Will ſomething eaſe the ſorrow for my ſonne.
Clai. Amarillis, prethee call *Amyntas* to mee,
And *Theſtylis*: I faine would have mine eye
Behold them once again before I dye. *Ex. Pil. Cla.*
Ale. Come my *Laurinda*, through how many chances,
Suſpicions, errors, ſorrowes, doubts, and feares
Love leads us to our pleaſures; many ſtormes
Have we ſail'd through my Sweet, but who could feare
A tempeſt, that had hope to harbour here.
Ex. Alex. Lau.

Amarillis ſola.

Amar. All, all but the diſtreſſed *Amarillis*
Are happy, or leſſe wretched; fair *Laurinda*
Is ready for a wedding, old *Pilumnus*
Hath loſt a ſonne, yet mitigates his griefe
In *Claius* death, my father *Claius* dies
Yet joyes to have the ſonne of his old enemy
A partner of his ſorrowes; my father looſes
Only himſelfe; and *Damon* too no more;
Amyntas but a father, onely I
Have loſt all theſe; I have loſt *Claius*, *Damon*,
And my ſelfe too; A father with *Amyntas*,
And all the reſt in *Damon*, and which more
Affects mee, I am cauſe of all; *Pilumnus*
Had not elſe loſt his ſonne, nor had *Amyntas*
Wept for a Father, nor poore *Theſtylis*
Bewail'd a brother; *Damon* might have liv'd,
And *Claius* but for mee; all circumſtances
Concurre to make my miſeries compleat,

And sorrowes perfect: for I lost my father
As soone as I had found him, and my *Damon*
As soone as I had found he lov'd mee: thus
All I can find is losse; o too too wretched,
Distressed virgin! when they both are dead.
Visit their Ashes, and first weepe an howre
On *Claius* Vrne, then go, and spend another
At *Damon's*; thence again goe wet the tombe
Of thy dead father, and from thence returne
Back to thy lovers grave; thus spend thy age
In sorrowes; and till death doe end thy cares
Betwixt these two equally share thy teares.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actvs 5. Scen. I.

Dorylas, and a Chorus of Swaines.

Dor. COme neighbours, let's goe see the sacrifice
Must make you happy lovers: oh 'twill be
A fortunate season! Father *Coridon*,
You and old mother *Raucis* shall be friends.
The sheepe-hooke and the distaffe shall shake hands.
You lovely freeze-coats, nothing now but kissing,
Kissing and culling, culling and kissing, heighday!
In hope it will be one day so with mee
I am content to live. Now let's ascend.

SCEN. 2.

Alexis. Laurinda. Medorus.

Alex. Now my *Laurinda*, now (o happy now!)
All lets that ſtood between my joy and mee
Are gone and fled.
Lau. Long, o too long, *Alexis*,
My doubtfull fancy wavered whom to love,
Damon, or you; in both was happineſſe,
But double happineſſe was my ſingle miſery:
So far'd it once, *Alexis*, (for I well
Remember it) with one of my poore ewes,
Equally mov'd between two tufts of graſſe,
This tempting one way, that inticing t'other,
Now ſhe would this, then that, then this againe,
Vntill poore foole (true embleme of her miſtreſſe)
Shee almoſt ſtarv'd in chooſing which to feed on;
At laſt (ſo heaven pitied the innocent foole)
A weſterne gale nipt one; which being blaſted
Shee fed upon the other.
Ale. Pretty fool! lets now no more deferre our nuptial
(joyes.
Med. How ſweet a folly is this love? But raſh youth,
Alexis,
(As youth is raſh) runnes indiſcreetly on
While mature judgment ripened by experience
Stayes for loves ſeaſon.
Alex. Seaſon? why, can love
Be ever out of ſeaſon?

Med. Yes, *Alexis*,
Nothing's borne ripe, all things at firſt are greene,
Alex. Lau. And ſuch ſhall our affection ſtill be ſeene.
Med. You are to haſty reapers that doe call
For Sickles in the ſpring:
Alex. Loves, harveſt ſhall;
(Lovers you know) his harveſt ought to bee
All the yeare long.
Lau. In *Cupids* husbandry,
Who reapes not in the ſpring, reapes not at all.
Med. Woemen indeed too ſoone begin their fall.
Yet till curſt *Clarus* dye, as now he muſt,
Alexis, and *Laurinda*, let my counſell
Aſſwage the heat of youth; pray be perſwaded
A while for to deferre your nuptiall bliſſe;
'Tis but a while.
Alex. A while in lov's an age.
Lau. Maids in a while grow old.
Med. Temper loves fire.
Alex. 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in deſire.
Med. Yet, loving paire, ſtay 'till a fayrer gale;
He deſerves ſhipwrack, ('tis the Matriners flout)
And juſtly too, that in a ſtorme ſets out.
Lau. I will ſuppreſſe my flame, (ah ſtill it glowes.)
Alex. And I, but how unwilling *Cupid* knowes!
Med. Tis well; now let's goe take our place, to ſee
For our ſad griefes a ſadder remedy.

SCEN.

Scen. 3.

Amyntas. Amarillis.

Amar. --Yes, it was he: hee's in the temple brother,
A place wherein he doth deserve a shrine,
Yet is to him a prison; can you Gods
Suffer the place that's reard unto your honours,
Be made so vile a thing?
Amyn. Pray give mee entrance:
I am not mad, (and yet I would I were)
Am I not mad to wish so? Let me come
And see him, sure you had your selfe a father.
Did you not wish to see him ere he died?
If he be dead: wee'l only pray a while,
And weep; will tears pollute the hallowed Omphas?
For we must shed them, yes, we cannot choose:
Come sister, he will let us, for though *Lalage*
Was our sad mother, yet the Gods will let us
Weepe for her: come, come *Amarillis*, come. *Exit.*

Scen. 4.

Mopsus. Iocastus.

Iocast. Brother, aread, what meanes his graces favour?
Mop. It signifies you bear the bell away,
From all his Graces nobles.
Io. Divinely Augur'd;
For this I'le make thee Augur to his grace.
Mop. Belwether of Knight-hood, you shall bind me to you.

Io.

Io. I'le have't no more a ſheep-bell; I am Knight
Of the *Melliſonant Tingletangle.*
Mop. Sure one of my progeny; tell me gratious brother,
Was this *Melliſonant Tingletangle* none
Of old *Actæons* hounds?
Io. Ignorant mortall,
Thou doſt not underſtand the termes of honour.
Mop. How ſhould I ſir, my trees bear no ſuch apples:
Io. As mine, th'Heſperian fruit are crabbs to mine,
Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.
Mop. The fame whereof rings loud.
Io. We know it.
Mop. Foure ſuch knight-hoods more
Would make an excellent peale.
Io. I'le have'em ſo.
Mop. But you muſt get a ſquirell too.
Io. For what?
Mop. To ring your Knight-hoods.
Io. I'le have any thing,
His grace will not deny me, o ſweet orchard.
Mop. To ſee the fruit that came of ſuch an orchard!
Io. But ſhall we not ſee *Claius* ſacrific'd?
Mop. Oh by all meanes.
Io. But how deſerv'd he death?
Mop. No matter for deſerving it or no;
Tis fit he ſuffer for example ſake.
Io. And not offend?
Mop. Tis fit he ſhould offend.

They take their places.

Scen. 5.

Pilumnus *with a ſacrificing knife, fire laid on the Altar, a Prieſt holding a Taper ready to kindle it, another Prieſt powring water on* Clams *head, who was bound:* Corymbus *leading out* Damon *bound.*

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and religion
Are at contention in mee: my ſad ſoule
Divided 'twixt my Goddeſſe and my ſonne,
Would in her ſtrange diſtractions, either have mee
Turne Parricide or Apoſtate: Awefull *Ceres,*
For whom I feed the fatteſt of my Lambs,
To whom I ſend the holieſt of my prayers
Vpon the ſmoaky wings of ſweeteſt myrrhe,
Inſtruct thy doubtfull *Flamen!* As I cannot
Forget I am thy prieſt: for ſooner ſhall
Our Lambs forget to feed, our ſwaines to ſing,
Our Bees forget firſt, from the fruitfull Thyme
To cull them baggs of *Nectar:* every thing
Forget his nature, ere I can forget
I am thy Prieſt: Nor can I but remember
That *Damon* is my ſonne: yet take him *Ceres!*
You need not powre water upon his head,
I'le doe it with my teares. *Ceres,* I hope
Thy anger will not bind the Fathers eye
To look into the Bowels of his ſonne,
I'le therefore firſt ſpill on thy hallowed Altar
This Captives blood; and then retire my ſelfe
Not to be preſent at my *Damons* death

Least nature might turne Rebell to devotion.

Song.

Ceres, to whom we owe that yet
We doe not Mast and Acornes eat:
That didst provide us better meat,
The purest flower of finest wheat.
This bloud we spill at thy desire,
To kindle, and to quench a fire.
O let it quench thy flame of fire,
And kindle mercies more entire.
O let this guilty bloud attone
For every poore unlucky one,
Nymph, or Swain, who ere doe grone
Vnder sad Loves imperious throne.
That Love a happier age may see
In thy long tortur'd Sicily.
That blood which must th' Attonement bee
Thou Goddesse, thou, we pay to thee!

Amyntas, Amarillis.

Amy. Stay, stay that impious hand, whose hasty zeale
Thinks murther can appease the Goddesse wrath!
If it be murther must appease her wrath,
What is't can move her anger? Doe not then,
Doe not pollute her Altar, least it keep
The crimson staine of bloud, and blush for ever,
At this too cruell, ignorant devotion.
Pil. Avoid the mad man.
Amyn. Why *Pilumnus*, Why?

By

By the dread *Ompha*, spare this guilty blood,
And I'le expound the Oracle.
Amyn. What fire has yet his bloud or quench't or kindled?
Pil. Why it hath quencht the sadder flames of love,
And more auspitious fires begin to move.
Amyn. Where? in what breast? No love in all *Trinacria*
But under *Cupids* scepter faints and groanes
More now then ever. Thy unfortunate *Damon*,
And more unfortunate *Amarillis* stand
A sad example; Thy *Urania*
(O sad sweet name!) may with her poore *Amintas*
Witnesse his tyrannous reigne: here in *Sicilia*
Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchast,
The very Pellicans of *Trinacrian* woods
Are found unnaturall, and thirst the bloud
Of their young brood, (alas who can believe it?)
Whom they were wont to suckle with their own.
O wretched season! Bitter fruits of love!
The very Storks with us are Particides.
Nay even the senseless trees are sensible
Of this imperious rage: the gentle Vine
(The happy embleme once of happier Lovers)
That with such amorous twines, and close imbraces
Did cling about the loved-loving elme,
With slacker branches now falls down and withers:
If then to adde more fuell to the flame,
To powre in oyle and sulphure be to quench it,
The flame is quench'd. Nor are you hee, *Pilumnus*,
That must expound the Oracle, 'Tis a wit

Such as mine is neglected, that must hit
The Goddesse meaning: you, the living Oracle
Of *Sicilie*, the breathing *Ompha* of the Kingdome
Will misconceive the Goddesse; you are wise
Skil'd in the vertues of all herbs, and flowers,
What makes our Ewes can best, what keeps thē sound;
Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven,
The number, height, and motion of the starres;
Tis a mad brain, an intellect, you scorne
That must unty this riddle.
Pil. But I know
The wrath of *Ceres* cannot be appeas'd
But by the bloud of *Claius*.
Amy. So it is.
Pil. How can that bee? yet his accursed gore
Hath not imbru'd the Altar.
Amyn. But his bloud
Hath been already shed in *Amarillis*:
Shee is his bloud, so is *Frania* yours,
And *Damon* is your bloud; That is the bloud
The Goddesse aimes at, that must still her ire,
For her bloud hath both quench't and kindled fire.
Pil. What hath it quencht or kindled?
Amyn. Love, the fire
That must be quench't and kindled. *Damons* love
To his *Laurinda* in that bloud extinguish'd,
Is by that powerfull bloud kindled anew
To *Amarillis*, now grown his desire:
Thus *Claius* bloud hath quench't and kindled fire.
All. Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.

Pil. And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled
But to be quench't againe? *Ceres* a frost
Dwell on thy Alters, ere my zeale renew
Religious fires to warme 'em.
Amyn. Spare these blasphemies,
For *Damon* is acquitted & assoil'd
Of any trespasse.
Pil. How *Amyntas*? speake!
Thou that hast sav'd a Father, save a sonne.
Amyn. Thus, *Amarillis* is the Sacrifice
The Goddesse aim'd at: and the bloud of Sacrifice
(As you all know) may lawfully be spilt
Even in the *Holy vale*, and so it was;
Besides your *Damon* is a Priest by birth,
And therefore by that Title, he may spill
The sacrifized *Amarillis* bloud.
If this interpretation be not true,
Speak you *Sicilians*, I'le be judg'd by you.
All. Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.
Pil. Amyntas, thou hast now made full amends
For my *Philebus* death, *Thine* all envy,
Envy the viper of a venemous soule
Shall quit my brest: This is the man, *Sicilians*,
The man to whom you owe your liberties;
Goe Virgins, and with Roses strow his way,
Crowne him with violets, and lilly wreathes;
Cut off your golden tresses, and from them
Weave him a robe of love: *Damon*, pay here
The debt of duty that thou ow'st to mee;
Hence was thy second birth.

Such as mine is neglected, that must hit
The Goddesse meaning: you, the living Oracle
Of *Sicilie*, the breathing *Ompha* of the Kingdome
Will misconceive the Goddesse; you are wise
Skil'd in the vertues of all herbs, and flowers,
What makes our Ewes can best, what keeps the sound;
Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven,
The number, height, and motion of the starres;
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Hath not imbru'd the Altar.
Amyn. But his bloud
Hath been already shed in *Amarillis*:
Shee is his bloud, so is *Urania* yours,
And *Damon* is your bloud; That is the bloud
The Goddesse aimes at, that must still her ire,
For her bloud hath both quench't and kindled fire.
Pil. What hath it quencht or kindled?
Amyn. Love, the fire
That must be quench't and kindled. *Damons* love
To his *Lavinda* in that bloud extinguish'd,
Is by that powerfull bloud kindled anew
To *Amarillis*, now grown his desire:
Thus *Claius* bloud hath quench't and kindled fire.
All. Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.

Pil.

Pil. And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled
But to be quench'd againe? *Ceres!* a frost
Dwell on thy Alters, ere my zeale renew
Religious fires to warme 'em.
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And therefore by that Title, he may spill
The sacrifized *Amarillis* bloud.
If this interpretation be not true,
Speak you *Sicilians*, He be judg'd by you.
All. Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.
Pil. Amyntas, thou hast now made full amends
For my *Philebus* death; *Chaine* all envy,
Envy the viper of a venemous foule
Shall quit my breast: This is the man, *Sicilians*,
The man to whom you owe your liberties;
Goe Virgins, and with Roses strow his way,
Crowne him with violets, and lilly wreathes;
Cut off your golden tresses, and from them
Weave him a robe of love: *Damon*, pay here
The debt of duty that thou ow'st to mee;
Hence was thy second birth.

Da. Or hither rathers
The Balsame of *Sirilia* flowed from hence,
Hence from this scarlet torrent, whose each drop
Might ransome *Cupid* were he captive tane.
Amaril. How much owe I my *Damon*, whose blest hand
Made mee the publique sacrifice! could I shed
As many drops of blood, even from the heart,
As *Arethusa* drops of water can,
I would outvie her at the fullest tide,
That other Virgins loues might happy be,
And mine my *Damon* be as blest in thee.
Clai. O what a showre of joy falls from mine eyes!
The now too fortunate *Clais!* my *Amyntas*,
My *Amarillis*, how shall I divide
My teares and joyes betwixt you!
Pil. Lovers come,
Come all with flowry chaplets on your browes,
And singing Hymnes to *Ceres*, walk around
This happy village, to expresse our glee
This day each yeare shall *Cupids* triumphs bee.
Amyn. Still my impossible Dowry for *Vrania*
Leaves mee unfortunate in the mid'st of joy;
Yet out of piety I will heere a while
(Though blest I am not 'till she be my bride)
In publique joyes lay private griefes aside.

Exeunt cum Choro tantummodo.

Io. And I'le goe fetch the youngsters of the towne,
The mortall Fairies, and the lasses browne,
To bring spic'd cakes, and ale, to dance and play,

Queene

Queen *Mab* her selfe shall keepe it holy-day. *Exit.*
Mop. Ah *Dorilas* that I could not have the wit
To have been a mad man rather then a foole.
I have lost the credit.
Dor. Tis no matter
You shall have *Thestylis*,
Mop. Shall I, *Dorylas*,
I had as live interpret her as Oracles.
Dor. And here she comes, give mee your quaile pipe,
harke you.--- *Exit.*
Enter Thestylis.
Mop. Now, *Thestylis*, thou shalt mine Oracle bee,
Hence forth I will interpret none but thee.
Thes. Why haue the birds (my *Mopsus*) councel'd so?
Mop. They say I must, whether you will or noe.
Thes. How know I that?
Mop. The birds doe speak it plain. *Dorilas with a*
Harke, *Thestylis*, the birds say so again. *quaile pipe.*
Thes. I understand them not.
Mop. Will you be judg'd
By th'next we meet?
Thes. *Mopsus*, I am content,
So you will stand unto it as well as I.
Mop. By *Ceres*, *Thestylis*, most willingly.
Enter Dorylas.
Mop. Ah *Dorilas*, heard you what the birds did say?
Dor. I *Mopsus*, you are a happy man to day.
Mop. What said they boy?
Dor. As if you did not know.
Mop. But *Thestylis*.

Dor.

Dor. Why ſure ſhe underſtands it,
Have you to her this language never read?
Mop. No, *Dorylas*, I can teach her beſt in bed.
Dor. The Birds ſaid twice: (as you full well doe know)
You muſt have *Theſtylis* whether ſhe will or no.
Theſ. And am I caught? Tis no great matter though;
For this time *Mopſus* I will marry thee;
The next I wed, by *Pan*, ſhall wiſer bee!
Mop. And have I got thee? thankes my witty boy.
Do. Harke, *Theſtylis*, the birds doe bid you joy.
Theſ. For fooling *Mopſus*, now 'tis time give ore.
Mop. Mad man I may, but will be foole no more.
Theſ. Mad after marriage as a foole before.
For hee's a foole that weds, all wives being bad;
And ſhee's a foole makes not her husband mad.

Scen. 6.

Iocaſtus with a Morrice, himſelfe maid Marrian, Bromius the Clowne.

Dor. See, *Mopſus*, ſee, here comes your Fairy brother,
Hark you, for one good turne deſerves another.
Exeunt Dor. Mop.
Iocaſt. I did not think there had been ſuch delight
In any mortall Morrice, they doe caper
Like quarter Fairies at the leaſt: by my Knight-hood,
And by this ſweet *Melliſonant Tingle tangle*,
The enſigne of my glory, you ſhall bee
Of *Oberons* Revels.
Bro. What to doe I pray?

To

To dance away your Apples.
Iocas. Surely mortall,
Thou art not fit for any office there.
Enter Dorylas like the King of Fairies. Mopsus.
Io. See, blind mortall, see,
With what a port, what grace, what majesty
This princely *Oberon* comes, your Grace is welcome.
Do. A beauteous Lady, bright, and rare,
Queen *Mab* her selfe is not so faire.
Io. Does your grace take me for a woman then?
Do. Yes beauteous virgin; Thy each part
Has shot an arrow through my heart;
Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thinne,
Thy azure cheek, & christall chinne,
Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose;
Thy saphyre eares, and ruby nose,
All wound my soule, O gentle be
Or Lady you will ruin mee.
Io. Bromius, what shall I doe? I am no woman!
If geelding of me will preserve your grace,
With all my heart.
Bro. No master, let him rather
Steale away all your orchard Apples.
Io. I and shall,
Beauteous Queen *Mab* may loose her longing else.
Do. How's this? are you no woman then?
Can such bright beauty live with men?
Io. An't please your grace I am your Knight *Iocastus*.
Do. Indeed I thought no man but hee
Could of such perfect beauty bee,

Io. Cannot your Grace diſtill me to a woman.
Do. I have an hearb, they *Moly* call,
Can change thy ſhape (my ſweet) and ſhall.
To taſt this *Moly* but agree,
And thou ſhalt perfect woman bee.
Io. With all my heart, nere let me move
But I am up to th'eares in love.
But what if I doe marry thee?
Do. My Queene *Iocaſta* thou ſhalt bee:
Io. Sweet *Moly!* pray let *Bromius* have ſome *Moly* too,
Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid.
Bro. No indeed forſooth, you have Ladies enough already.
Do. Halfe your eſtate then give to mee,
Elſe, you being gone, there none will be,
Whoſe Orchard I dare here frequent.
Io. Sweet *Oberon*, I am content.
Do. The other halfe let *Mopſus* take.
Io. And *Theſtylis* a joynture make.
Bro. Why maſter, are you mad?
Io. Your miſtriſſe ſirrah.
Our grace has ſaid it, and it ſhall be ſo.
Bro. What, will you give away all your eſtate?
Io. We have enough beſide in *Fairy* land.
You *Theſtylis* ſhall be our maid of honour.
Theſ. I humbly thank your Grace.
Io. Come Princely *Oberon*,
I long to taſt this *Moly*: pray beſtow
The Knight-hood of the *Melliſonant Tingle tangle*,
Vpon our brother *Mopſus*, we will raiſe

All

All of our houſe to honours.
Mop. Gracious ſiſter!
Io. I alwaies thought I was borne to be a Queene.
Do. Come let us walke, majeſtique Queene,
Of Fairy mortalls to be ſeene.
In chaires of Pearle thou plac't ſhalt bee,
And Empreſſes ſhall envy thee,
When they behold upon our throne
Iocaſta with her---*Dorilas.*
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Io. Am I deceiv'd and cheated, guld and foold?
Mop. Alas ſir you were borne to be a Queene.
Io. My lands, my livings, and my orchard gone?
Dor. Your grace hath ſaid it, and it muſt be ſo.
Bro. You have enough beſide in Fairy land.
Theſ. What would your Grace command your maid of honour?
Dor. Well I reſtore your lands: only the orchar'd I will reſerve for fear Queen *Mab* ſhould long.
Mop. Part I'le reſtore unto my liberall ſiſter
In leiw of my great Knighthood.
Theſ. Part give I.
Io. I am beholding to your liberality.
Bro. I'le ſome thing give as well as doe the reſt,
Take my tooles coat, for you deſerve it beſt.
Io. I ſhall grow wiſer.
Dor. *Oberon* will be glad on't
Theſ. I muſt goe call *Vrania* that ſhe may
Come vow Virginity. *Exit.*

Scen. 7.

Pilumnus. Amyntas. &c.

Amyn. *Ceres*, I doe thank thee,
That I am author of this publique joy:
But is it justice (Goddesse) I alone
Should have no share in't: Every one I see
Is happy but my selfe that made 'em so,
And my *Vrania* that should most be so.
I thirst amidst the Bowles; when others sit
Quaffing off Nectar, I but hold the cup;
And stand a sadder *Tantalus* of love,
Starving in all this plenty; *Cere's* Demand
Feeds mee with gall; stretching my doubtfull thoughts
On many thousand racks: I would my Dowry
Was all the gold of *Tagus*, or the ore
Of bright *Pactolus* channell: --- But, *Vrania*,
Tis hid, alas I know not what it is.

Scen. 8.

Vrania. Thestylis.

My *Thestylis*, since first the Sea-gods Trident
Did rule the small three pointed peece of earth
Of this our conquering soile, it has not been
A place of so much story as to day,
So full of wonders: O 'twill serve (my *Thestylis*)
For our discourse when we goe fol'd our Ewes,

Those

Those Sheapheards that another day shall keep
Their Kiddes upon these mountaines shall for ever
Relate the miracle to their wondring Nymphs,
Of my *Vrania*; it will fill their eares
With admiration.
Thes. Sir, *Vrania's* here.
Amyn. How! in this habit! This me thinks befits not
A Lover, my *Vrania*.
Vra. Yes, *Amyntas*.
This habit well befits a Virgins life.
For since my Dowry never can be paid
Thus for thy sake I'le live and dye a maid.
Amyn. O is it just, so faire a one as you
Should vow Virginity? must the sacred womb
Of my *Vrania* fit to have brought forth
A fruitfull race of Gods, be ever barren?
Never expect Lucina? shall this beauty
Live but one age? how curs'd is our posterity
That shall have no *Vrania's*! can one Tombe
Contain all goodnesse? *Ceres* rather blast
The corne thou gav'st us: let the earth grow barren;
These trees, and flowers wither eternally;
Let our Plowes toyle in vaine; and let there be
No more a harvest: Every losse is small,
Yea though the *Phœnix* selfe should burne to ashes
And nere revive again! But let there be
Some more *Vrania's*.
Pilum. Tis necessity,
We must obey.
Amyn. But yet *Vrania*,

I hope we may ſometimes come pray together,
'Tis not prophane, and mid'ſt our ſacred Oriſons
Change a chaſt kiſſe or two; or ſhall I too
Turne Virgin with thee? --- But I foole my ſelfe,
The Gods intend to croſſe us, and in vaine
We ſtrive (*Vrania*) to croſſe them again.

Vrania kneeling before the Omphæ.

Vran. Great *Ceres*, for thy daughter *Proſerpines* ſake
Raviſht by *Pluto* from *Sicilian* plaines
To raigne with him Queen of *Elyſian* ſhades,
Accept the ſacrifice of a Virgin, for
It is thy Pleaſure, thine, by whom the earth
And every thing growes fruitfull, to have mee
Be ever barren: Thy impoſſible Dowry,
Makes me deſpaire to be *Amyntas* bride;
Therefore that cold chaſt ſnow that never ſhould
Have melted but betwixt his amorous armes
I vow unto thy Cloyſter (Awfull Goddeſſe!)
Almighty *Ceres*, is not this life holy *Echo.* Folly.
Better then live in an unhappy love? *Ec.* Happy love.
Be judge ye woods, & let *Amyntas* ſpeak. *Ec. Amyntas*, ſpeak.
Pil. The Goddeſſe is well pleas'd, ſhe daines to anſwer
By gracious Echo's; goe *Amyntas* ſpeak.
Amyn. Why, will ſhe anſwer mee before *Vrania*?
No, 'twas the muſique of her Angels voice,
Whoſe heavenly Accents with ſuch charming notes
Raviſh'd the Goddeſſe eares, ſhe could not chooſe
But bear a part in that harmonious ſong;
Yet if ſhe will after ſuch melody
Endure to hear the harſh *Amyntas* ſpeak. *Ec. Amyntas*, ſpeak.

When

When wilt thou think my torments are enow? *Ec.* Now.
Alas, how is it possible I should hope it? *Echo.* Hope it.
How shall I pay the Dowry that you aske mee? *Echo.* Aske mee.
I aske a Dowry to be made a Husband. *Echo.* A Husband.
Answer directly to what I said last. *Echo.* What I said last.
A Husband, *Ceres?* Why is that the guesse? *Ec.* Yes.
That which I have not, may not, cannot have,—
I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband.
Tis true, I am a man, nor would I change
My sexe, to be the Empresse of the world.
Vrania, take thy Dowry, 'tis my selfe,
A Husband, take it.
Vran. Tis the richest Dowry
That ere my most ambitious praiers could beg!
But I will bring a portion, my *Amyntas*,
Shall equall it, if it can equall'd bee.
That which I have not, may not, cannot have
Shall be thy portion, 'tis a wife, *Amyntas*
Amyn. Should greater Queens woo mee in all their Pride,
And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,
I should prefer this portion 'fore the best.
Thankes *Ceres*, that hast made us both be blest. *Echo.* Be blest.
Clai. Pilumnus, let us now grow young againe,
And like two trees robb'd of their leafy boughes
By winter, age, and *Boreas* keener breath,
Sprout forth and bud again. This spring of joy
Cuts forty yeares away from the gray summe.
Once more in triumph let us walke the Village!
Pilum. But first I will intreat this company
To deigne to take part in this publique joy.

Pilum.

Pilumnus Epilogizes.

All Loves are happy, none with us there bee,
Now sick of coyneſſe, or unconſtancy.
The wealthy ſummes of Kiſſes doe amount
To greater ſcores then curious art can count!
Each eye is fix'd upon his Miſtris face,
And every arme is lockt in ſome embrace.
Each checke is dimpled, every lip doth ſmile:
Such happineſſe I wiſh this bleſſed Iſle,
This little world of Lovers: and leaſt you
Should think this bliſſe no reall joyes, nor true,
Would every Lady in this orbe might ſee
Their Loves as happy as we ſay they be!
And for you gentle youths, whoſe tender hearts
Are not ſhot proofe 'gainſt love and Cupids *darts;*
Theſe are my Prayrs, (I would thoſe prayrs were charmes)
That each had here his Miſtriſſe in his armes.
True Lovers, (for tis truth gives love delight)
To you our Authors only means to wright,
If he have pleas'd (as yet he doubtfull ſtands)
For his applauſe clap lips inſtead of Hands.
He begges nor Bayes, nor Ivy, only this,
Seale his wiſht Plaudite *with an amorous Kiſſe.*

Exeunt Cantantes.

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FINIS.